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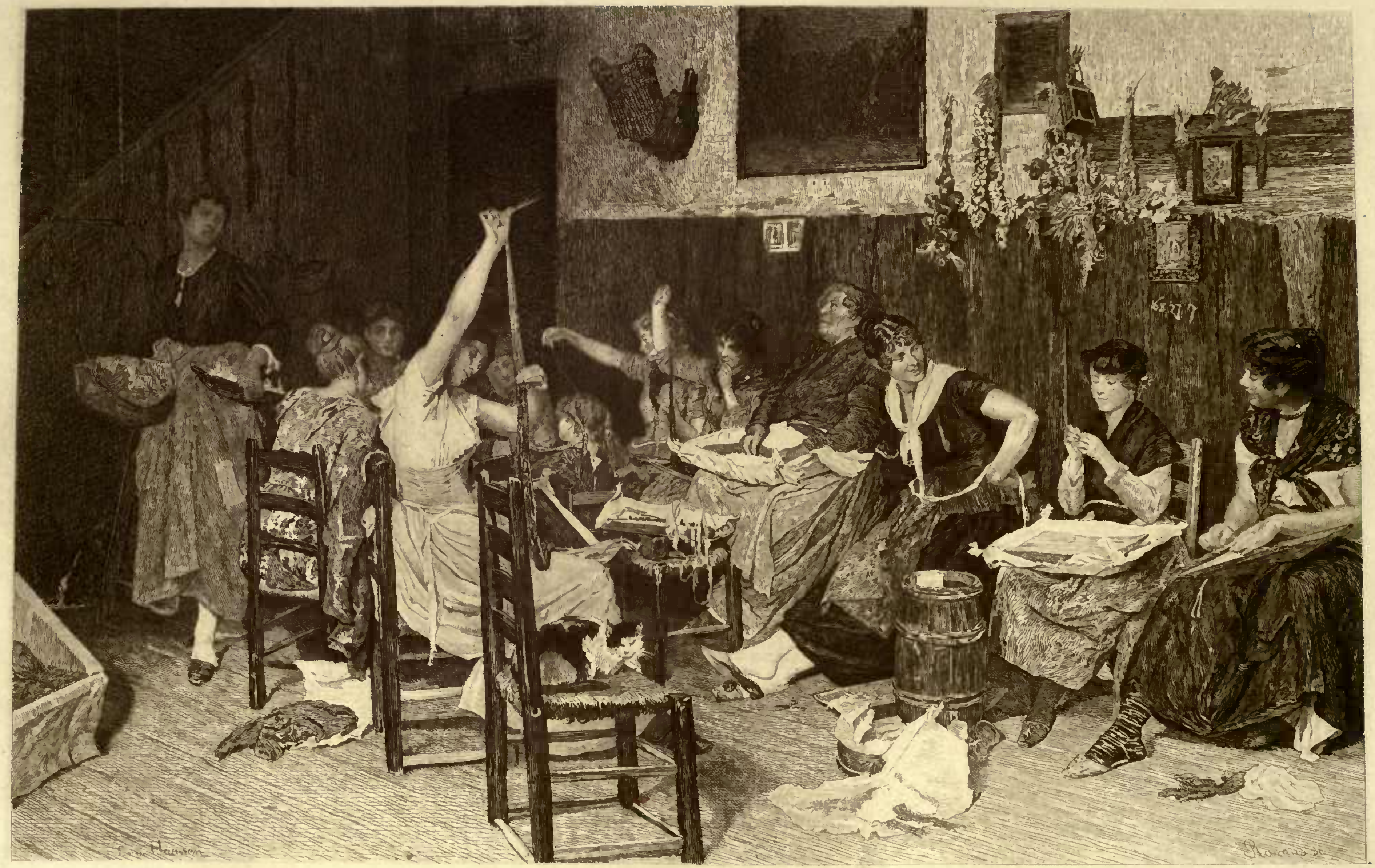

C.C. Van Haanen pinx

VENETIAN BEAD STRINGERS.

THE

MODERN SCHOOL OF ART

EDITED BY

WILFRID MEYNELL

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VOL. III.

W. R. HOWELL & COMPANY

LONDON

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THE

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EDITED BY

WILFRID MEYNELL.

ILLUSTRATED.

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THE

MODERN SCHOOL OF ART.

Yrs. tly
John Gilbert

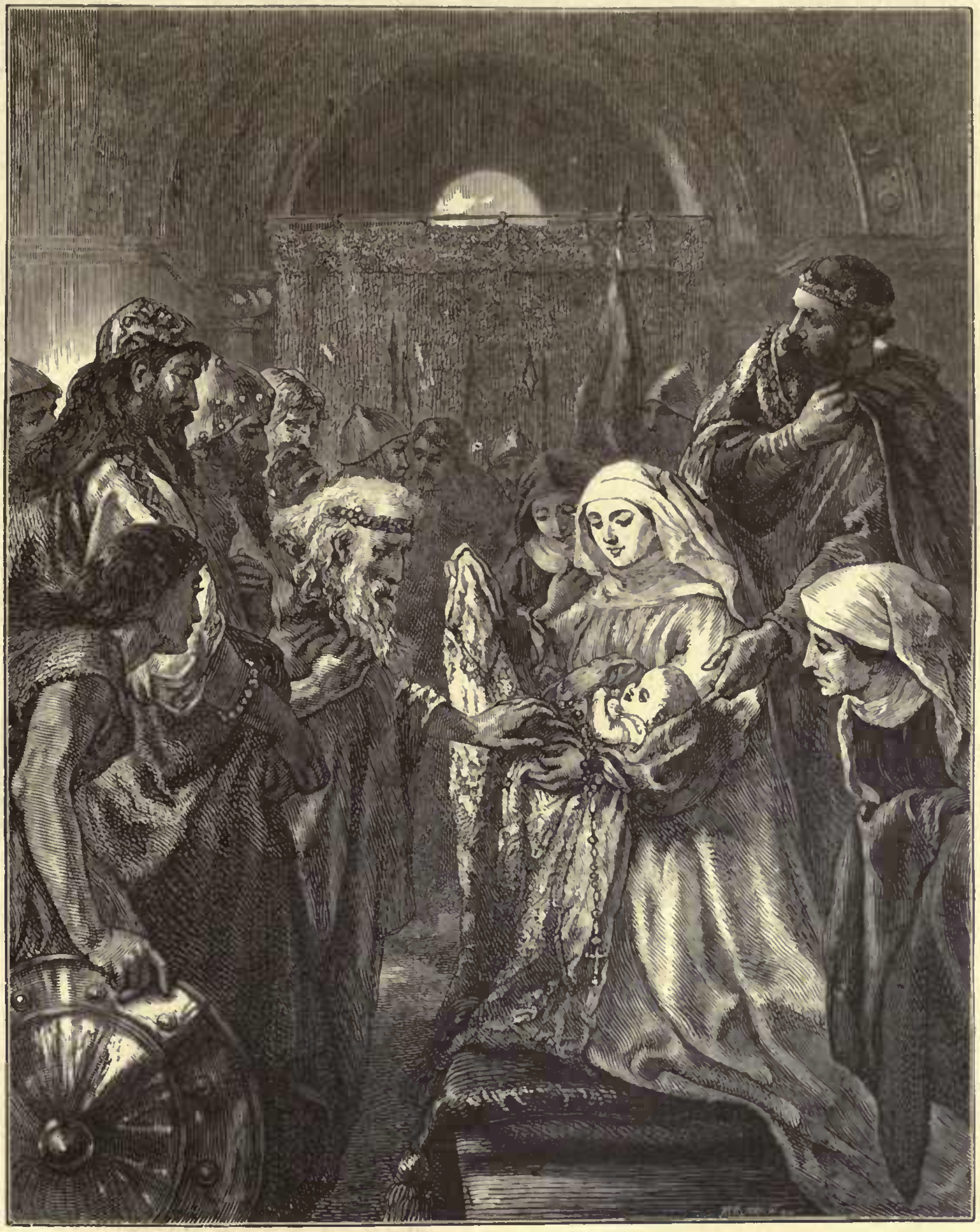
(*From a Photograph by Done and Co., Baker Street.*)

SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

NO frequenter of picture exhibitions is unfamiliar with the Gallery of the Royal Water-Colour Society, in Pall Mall. Its exhibitions do for lovers of the aquarellist's art what the Academy's do more especially for the admirers of paintings in oil—they bring together one of the best collections of the year. A long-established institution—as the "old," which common consent prefixes to the original title, denotes—the Water-Colour Society is, however, happily exempt from that decrepitude which has fallen on several exhibiting associations of a similar kind. It need not refer to the past to prove its right to exist, nor go back to its early archives in search of names eminent in art; in claiming our highest consideration, it has nothing to do but point to the works which every season brings together on its walls, or to the list of those whom it now claims as its members and associates. First of all, in honorary membership, is John Ruskin, the greatest living artist in words; then, among those regularly of the craft are Alma-Tadema, whose water-colours are often more charming, if less learned, than his oils; Birket Foster, Carl Haag, Alfred Hunt, Holman Hunt, Arthur Hopkins, R. W. Macbeth, and Stacy Marks. Nor is there here in Pall Mall, as at Burlington House, a sort of masculine monopoly, for the Water-Colour Society has Miss Clara Montalba and Mrs. Helen Allingham, among other ladies, on its list. And over all this brilliant company Sir John Gilbert fittingly and worthily presides.

Born at Blackheath, in 1817, Sir John was destined for a mercantile career. But he found neither resting-place, nor scope for his ambition, in a City counting-house, where he was constantly caught sketching on the "business-paper," quite in the manner of a greater than he who long ago, on Italian hills, neglected his sheep; or like Wilkie, who deserted his lessons to decorate his slate. Forsaking, therefore, the pursuits for which no amount of training could give the qualifications that Nature had denied, Gilbert began a sedulous study of art. Failing to obtain admission into the Academy schools, he became his own teacher; and with the exception of a few lessons from George Lance—famous in his day as a fruit painter—he may be said to have learned his art by quite unaided labour. Book and newspaper illustrations opened in those days a splendid field for the exercise of talent and industry such as the youth possessed. He soon obtained so much facility in that branch of his art that he was able to draw direct on the wood, without any previous study. Besides being a regular contributor to the *Illustrated London News*, he drew for another pictorial paper, and illustrated, as all the world knows, hundreds of our English classics, from "Pickwick" up to *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. He has told, pictorially, a large proportion of the stories that our greatest bards have made familiar by their song; and, as if inspired by his text, he has, with happy fittingness, put his very best work between those pages which, of secular writings, are perhaps the most immortal of all. We doubt whether even the artist himself could tell the number of the illustrations to which, all the world over, his initials are attached.

Of oil-paintings he was not nearly so prolific in his earlier years. In 1836 he had his first canvas in the Academy, then quartered at Somerset House; and he began to exhibit regularly at the British Institution, to which he continued to contribute until its close. But, altogether, his oil-paintings, both at the British Institution and at the Academy, where they still make yearly appearance, have appeared by ones and twos at the most. Those among them which have deserved most attention are a "Convocation of the Clergy," a group of mitred and coped prelates, very rich and deep in colour, exhibited in 1871, and now the artist's



THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES.

representative work in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy; "The First Prince of Wales," which shows the king presenting his child to the Welsh princes, exhibited in 1873, and reproduced in one of our engravings; "The Field of the

THE RETURN OF THE VICTORS.

Cloth of Gold," a gorgeous historical piece, exhibited in 1874; and "Wolsey at Leicester Abbey" (1877), a large and crowded composition, where, amid contending moonlight and torchlight, the life-weary cardinal says:—

> "O father abbot,
> An old man, broken with the storms of State,
> Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
> Give him a little earth for charity!"

In the same Academy was the quieter but equally picturesque scene of "The Doge of Venice in Council," where the old doge sits forward in his magisterial chair to read from a great book which a member of the Council, upright, holds open before him. The group is as dignified as Sir John Gilbert's large draperies and flowing lines can make them. He takes up again, however, the picturesque tumult which is one of his specialties, in "Crusaders"—a fierce bit of *mêlée* indeed, where the knights are at very close quarters with the paynims, standards are clashed through, turbaned heads crushed under the feet of maddened horses, and swords swung against scimitars:—

> "They rein their steeds, they strike, they ward by turns;
> Their fury kindles as the combat burns."

It must be owned that however this painter's work may lack the qualities—which, indeed, he does not aim at—of naturalistic character, it has an action and a movement even rarer than any other merits more highly prized. In "Richard Resigning his Crown to Bolingbroke" (a picture of the same year), we see the worn but stately form of the king in his black robes, with his arms raised and the crown in one hand, the accompanying figures being splendid in gold embroideries and damask, and the colour of the whole group very rich. Strangely enough, however, it was in colouring that the next year's picture, "May-dew," seemed to be somewhat deficient. This rather elaborate processional composition showed a number of girls of some indefinitely picturesque period of the world's history hastening to gather the dew of the May-day, which was long held to be the most magical of cosmetics. Many other virtues were ascribed to it; it was a love charm, for instance, and a preservative of constancy. But assuredly it was only in its quality as a beautifier that the early dew of the first of May had power to bring so many maidens out of bed by daybreak. As they trip along Sir John Gilbert supposes them to be singing some verses of Dr. Charles Mackay's, which conclude with the irresistible promise:—

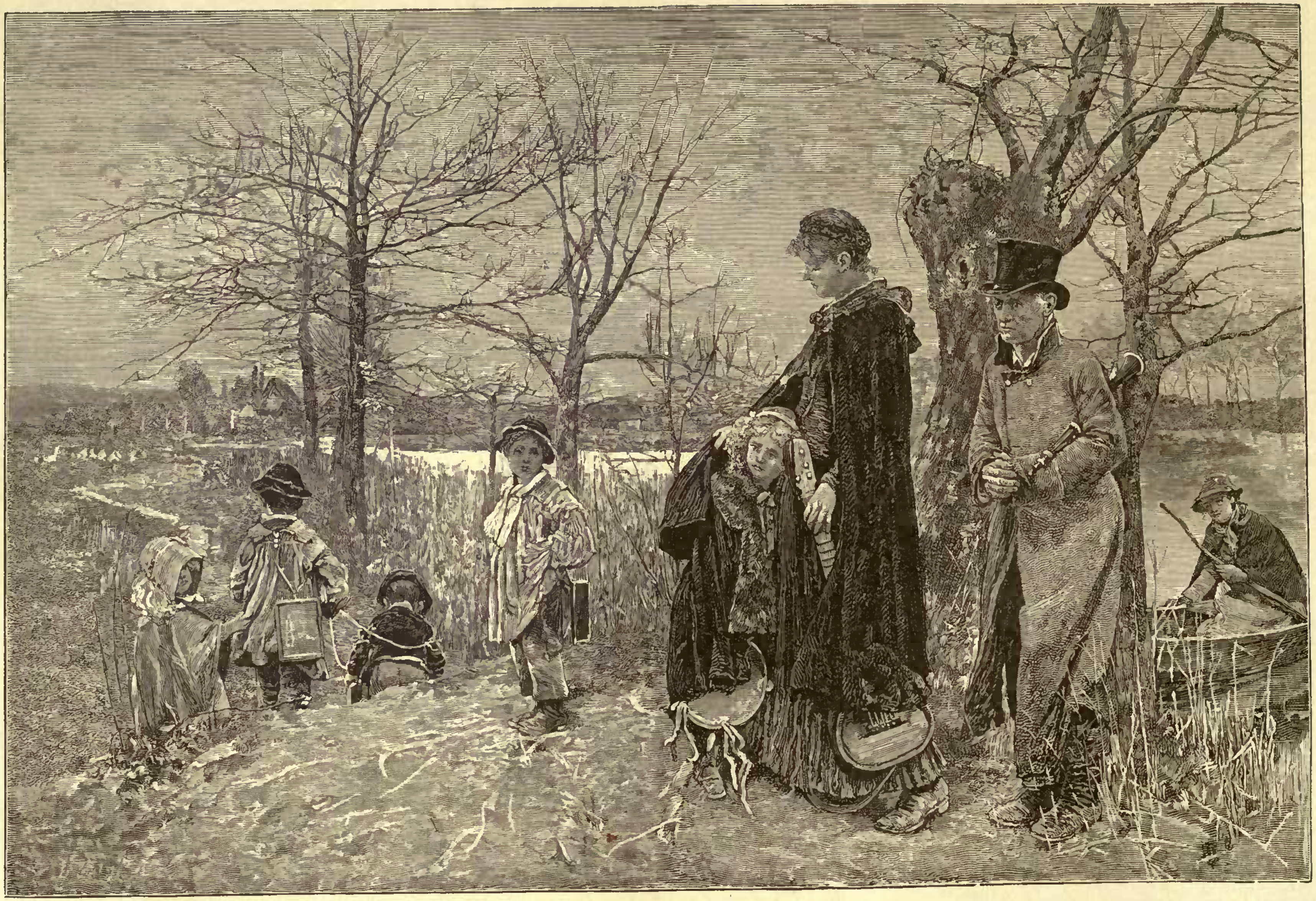
> "Your eyes shall shine with light divine,
> Your cheeks their youthful bloom renew,
> And time shall spare your faces fair,
> By magic of the dew."

With this was exhibited a more masculine subject—"Ready!"—Cavaliers in steel armour, and horses coming on foreshortened.

"The Return of the Victors," which, if we mistake not, Sir John had already treated in water-colour, is both masculine and feminine in interest—the victorious knights being accompanied by a kind of whirlwind of ladies' drapery, and a rain of flowers scattered by their children. This is one of the most important of the artist's pictures—a fine example of all that is admirable in his work. Equally effective in its way is the "King Henry VI." of the following season. It illustrates the moment when the body of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, is borne in on a bed, and Warwick bids the distracted king go and view it—the king, who cries out, raising his desperate hands, that to see it is to see how deep his own grave is made, for all his solace is gone with the murdered man's soul. At the side of the throne the queen sits sullen under suspicion, with the guilty Suffolk whispering at her ear. Cardinal Beaufort is on Henry's right; and the standing group advances with a swift movement down the steps of the throne. In 1881 Sir John Gilbert exhibited a subject of legendary romance, "Fair St. George." The young warrior stands at his horse's head, with his huge spear uplifted, and the rescued damsel at his side. Next year the painter returned to Shakespeare—at least, as regards suggestion—in his picture of many figures, "Youth and Age," with which he exhibited a vigorous "Fight for the Standard," and a landscape—"Winchelsea, Sussex"—with no figures save one horse and rider. In 1883 came "A Trumpeter," standing by his magnificent horse, with one hand on the pommel. This was in turn succeeded by a kinsman, "The Standard-Bearer," gallant in a gorgeous costume and feathered hat, leaning on the staff of his standard. And in 1886 Sir John again took for his motive the slaying of a dragon—the one which frightened the "gossibs" with his "monstrous large extent" and his "talants" in Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

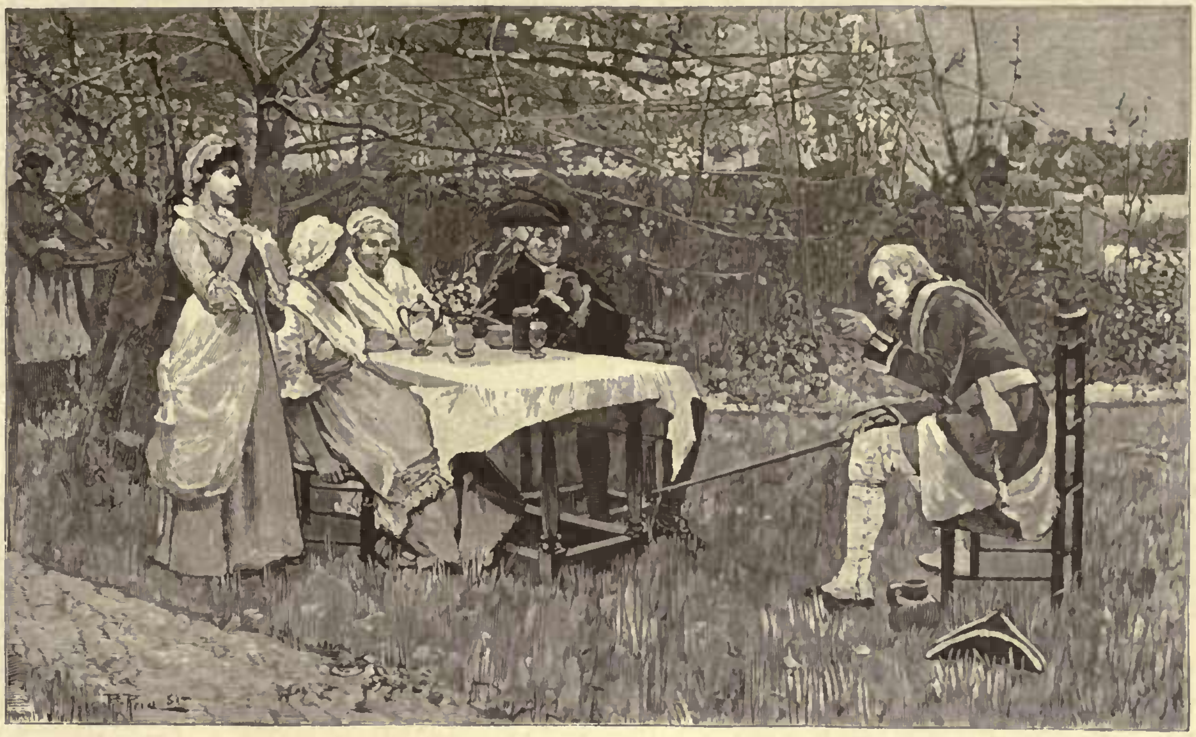
We have named only Sir John Gilbert's oil pictures, but during all these years his water-colour drawings have been as brilliant and as numerous as ever. He had abandoned wood-drawing for painting in oil, because he found the former a profession altogether too exacting; and now, at what may be called the third stage of his artistic life, whether with any special motive we do not know, he has turned his attention very particularly to water-colours. In 1852 he was elected an Associate, and in the following year a Member, of the Water-Colour Society, to whose exhibitions he has ever since annually contributed. A mere perusal of the titles of Sir John's works, whether in oil or in water-colour, gives a clue to the artist's characteristics and manner. His fancifulness, his festive imagination, his fertile grace, free handling, and charm of colour, are too familiar to be dwelt on here.

Sir John was represented at the last Paris International Exhibition by an oil-painting of "A Doge and Senators of Venice in Council," and by a water-colour drawing of "Othello and Desdemona before the Doge;" nor will the medal there awarded to his work be deemed an insignificant recognition, even for one whose art has already made him a Royal Academician (in 1876, after a four years' Associateship), the head of the old Water-Colour Society, and a knight. No man ever worked harder for his honours, and few men have so much right to enjoy them.



"HOMELESS AND HOMEWARDS."

(From the Painting by J. R. Reid.)



PEACE AND WAR.

J. R. REID.

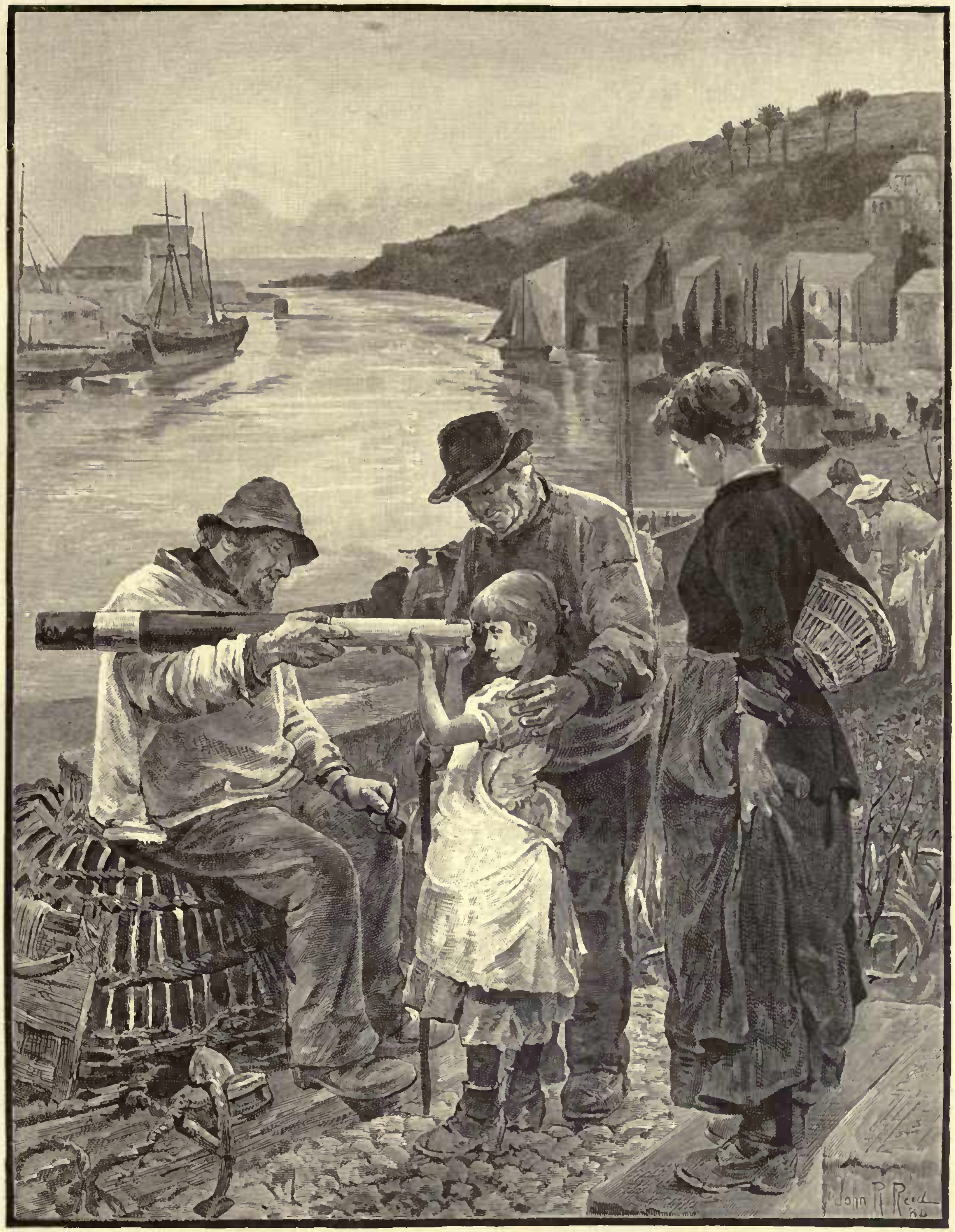
NOT many of our painters have offered themselves to the life-long difficulties of out-of-door painting. The work of the few who have done so is therefore all the more conspicuous. So is their youth; for the science of open-air light and tone which has absorbed the life of painters in France during the last twenty-five years has not laid its exacting commands upon English artists whose activity dates further back than half that time. It is the effort of strenuous labour which we have been most slow to adopt; and no wonder, say the painters, for to work from Nature—absolutely and completely—is to spend oneself at a lavish rate. Who would not husband his powers in the comparatively relaxed efforts of the studio, when the public is just as pleased with what is produced there as with what is paid for by the tense laboriousness of painting in the fields? Not only tense is that labour; it is disheartening as well, for its difficulties seem to multiply as they are overcome. To a few, indeed, among picture-lovers, even in England, it seems well worth while; but the little group of artists who wait upon truth in this difficult way are probably independent of public opinion, and content with the approval of a good conscience. Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Logsdail, Mr. Adrian Stokes, and, latterly, Mr. Tom

Lloyd, have made great and striking artistic successes in this respect; but Mr. J. R. Reid has been at the work more constantly than them all.

First among this artist's more notable pictures comes "Forbidden Ground," in 1877, followed in the next year by "The Young Poacher" and a "Country Cricket Match." In the last-named exceedingly realistic canvas Mr. Reid showed his truthfulness, not to illumination and tone only, but to human character. The subject is treated with watchful study of facts and with perfect simplicity of intention. The easy little dramatic inventions with which conventional and ordinary painters give what they consider to be a desirable animation to scenes of this kind are altogether avoided by Mr. Reid. Denying himself this cheap kind of interest, which in fact has long ceased to be interesting, he has trusted to the multifarious points of the Nature he studies to make an interest of a fresher kind. His composition shows a bright field in the middle distance, with cricket in full progress, and a shadowed foreground, where a group of unidealised rustics are discussing the fortunes of the day in the undemonstrative manner peculiar to our countrymen. Painters like Mr. Reid have happily given up making believe that English people use conventional gesture in daily life; and we have even a few actors at last who have abandoned a like "make-believe" on the stage, where it has so long been the futile and insipid fashion. The year 1879 was memorable for Mr. Reid, for it brought him the great success of a purchase under the Chantrey bequest, his picture of "Toil and Pleasure" being one of the three works chosen by the Academy. Here the excellence of the light of a grey day in the fields was the chief and striking interest, the subject—poor rustics at work within sight of the hounds and huntsmen—not being intended to excite any particular emotions. Young women and round-faced boys, and a man or two in smockfrocks, look up from their turnips in unenvious admiration of the pink coats and the horses. More of a concession to popular taste was the same year's "Village Belle":—

"The village maiden came
To read her own dear name"

where the rural lover has graven it. So, too, in the matter of subject, was "Mary the Maid of the Inn" (1880), another true and clever picture of open-air daylight, with the forlorn figure of Southey's distraught maiden wandering in the foreground, watched by observers, partly sympathising, partly curious. This love-crazed barmaid of an elder day is not, to our mind, the most pathetic of the doubtful sisterhood of mad heroines. But, indeed, putting aside Ophelia, whose whole woe is summed up in one of the sincerest of even Shakespeare's lines, where she is described "as one incapable of her own distress," the mad maids are not particularly interesting. Insanity is so terrific a thing, and its treatment in more or less trivial verse is so unworthy and so unrealised, that we read — as indeed the poets generally have written — without conviction. And yet how few of the poets, until perhaps the present generation, have refrained from trying their hand at a mad girl. The

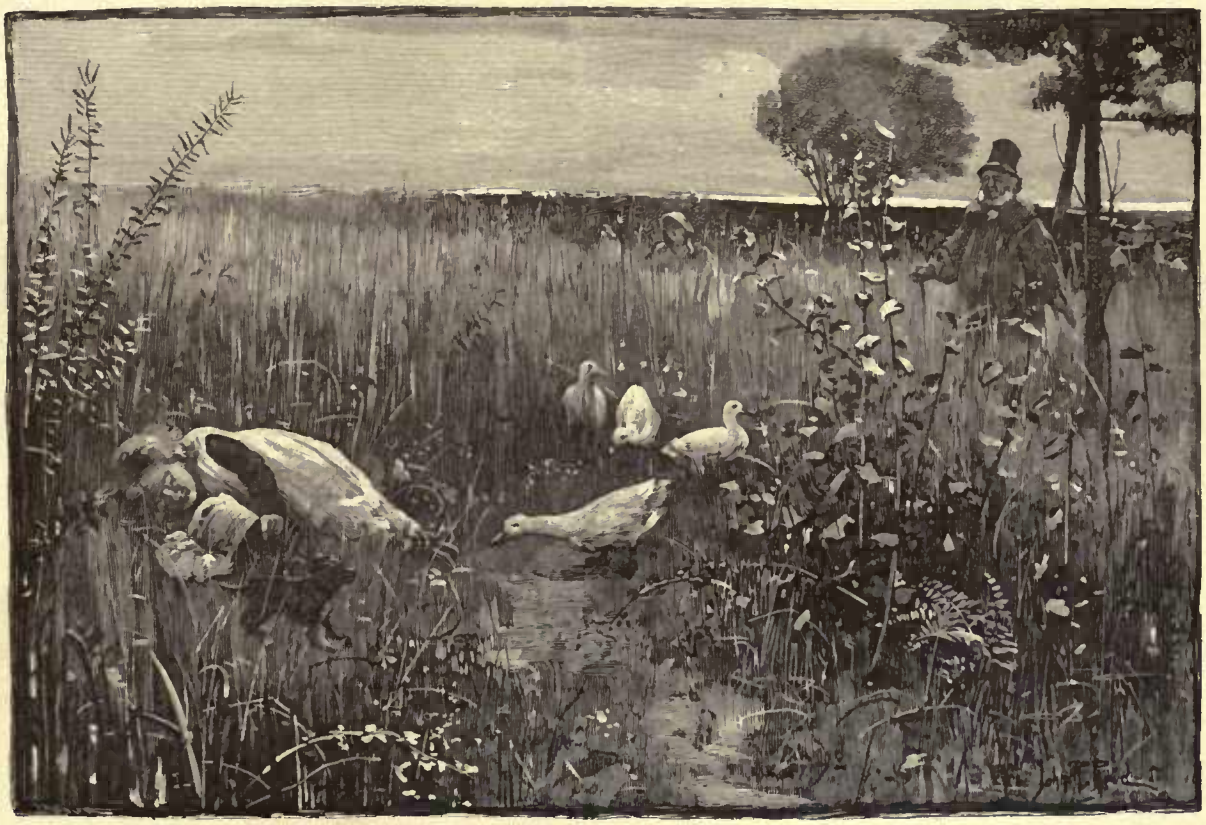


THE RIVAL GRANDFATHERS.

following is a stanza quoted from Southey by Mr. Reid in explanation of his heroine:—

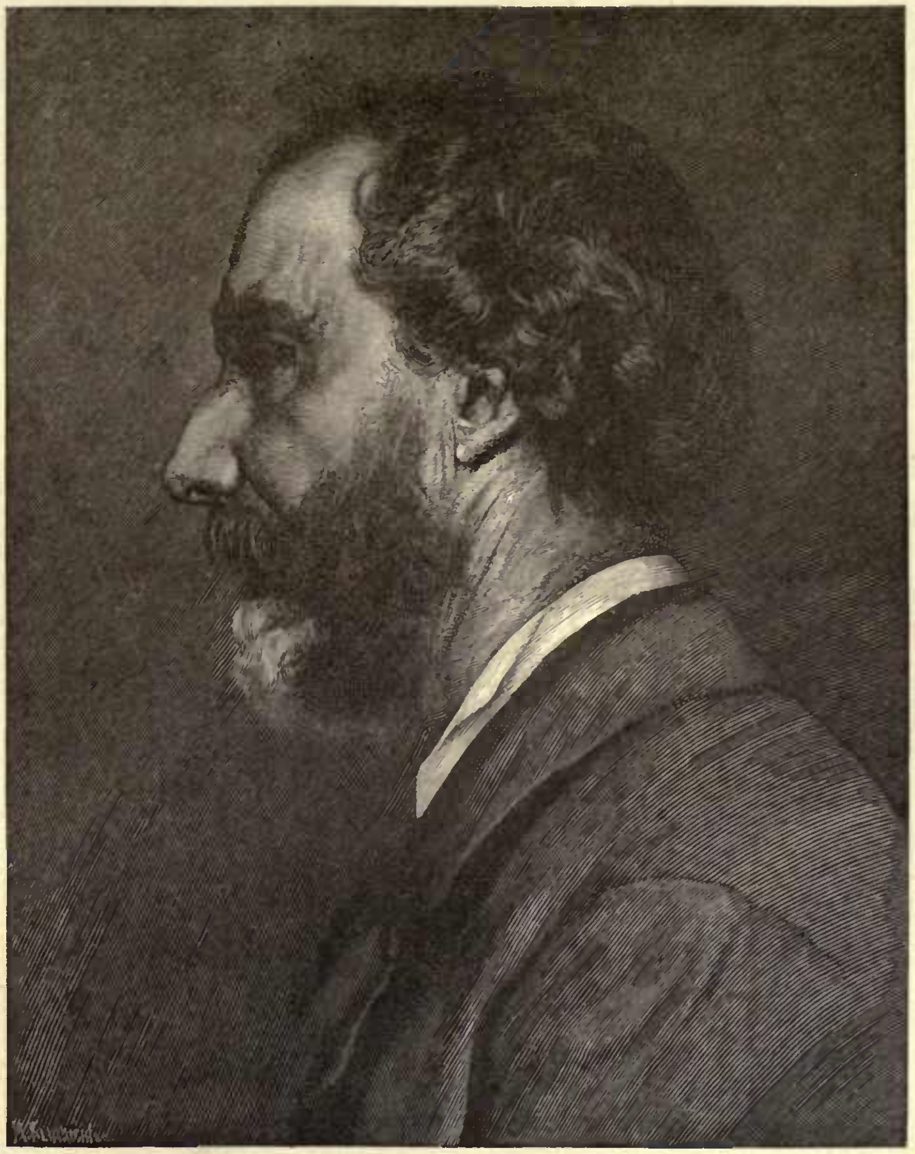
> "No pity she looks for, no alms doth she seek;
> Nor for raiment nor food doth she care.
> Through her tatters the winds of the winter blow bleak
> On that withered breast, and her weather-worn cheek
> Hath the hue of a mortal despair."

It was in 1881 that Mr. Reid exhibited perhaps the most delightful of all his pictures—"Peace and War." The little scene has all the tranquillity and absence of dramatic effort which distinguish his best work. An old soldier—a veteran of Marlborough's campaigns—has been admitted into the dainty garden where a country parson and his wife and daughters are at breakfast. He sits and chats, and shows "how fields were won," and the clean, beautiful daylight flows over and around his war-worn figure, and over the fresh girls in their chintz frocks and the withered elders, and floods with pure brilliancy the white tablecloth, with its crisp creases. White is painted often, and with comparative ease, in golden or transparent effects of illumination, but here Mr. Reid has placed it in the opaque light of out-of-doors on a bright but not sunny day—a more difficult matter. Besides this, there is a great charm of touch in the distant garden and landscape. The picture was hung at the Academy far too high for the spectator to have any cognisance of the expressions in the group of faces. Next year the painter exhibited "Leaving the Old Home," "Dead for a Ducat—Dead," and "Homeless and Homeward." The last-named is a very clever study of a passage of winter landscape towards twilight. Without the more obvious devices of snow and storm, Mr. Reid has contrived to make the scene look very cold. At a loss whither to turn for shelter is a group of wandering musicians; the man, pinched with chill and hunger, stands pressing his elbows, with his poor clarionet under one of them, against his sides; the woman draws her cloak round her little girl, and turns to watch a chubby young family of children trotting home, playing at horses as they go, towards the lights beginning to twinkle in cottage windows in the distance. Their school-slates are swung across their backs, and it is evident that their young minds, as well as stomachs, have been well and sufficiently fed that day. With regard to the picture that followed—"A Spill—Not much Harm Done"—we are tempted to protest against the subject in relation to the size. A singularly uninteresting sportsman, who has had a soft fall in a field, is really not an object we care to contemplate on an important scale. We shall not be suspected of an undue love of pictorial story-telling, but we are free to object to subjects which are not only negatively uninteresting, but obtrusively empty and null, and thus positively disagreeable. Mr. Reid very seldom offends in this way, for while he avoids almost invariably any strongly-marked emotion, he chooses, as habitually, sympathetic people and things. A charming example of this may be found in one of his Grosvenor Gallery pictures—"The Rival Grandfathers." Here, in some nook of Southern English sea-coast, two old sailors are emulous in their attentions to a little girl of some nine years old, for whom one of them holds a telescope, while the other directs her how to make out some vessel in the distance. The comely mother, daughter to the one and daughter-in-law to the other, stands by, and in all the gentle actions and commonplace poses there is the unmistakable touch of Nature and truth. It may be said, indeed, that the subject is mild; so, in fact, it is, but its natural and pleasant humanity gives the subject itself a distinction which the whole picture gets from its technical excellence. So with "The Yarn," another Grosvenor picture, in which, by the same steep harbour, an old man is telling sea-stories to a group of children. Never, perhaps, has Mr. Reid, with all his faculty of genuine simple attitude, given truer impulse to the quiet actions he represents than in this charming canvas. In "Lost and Found," again, the subject has as much simplicity as the treatment has technical distinction. The little daughter of the farmer has fallen asleep over her book in the meadow, where her father finds her, though not till her hiding-place has been discovered by her dog and her geese.



"LOST AND FOUND."

In 1885 the artist exhibited a subject (in open air, of course) full of figures. It is a scene of *al fresco* marketing on the downs near a calm sea. A little calf is for sale in its halter, and a sympathetic child gently touches the tender calf face. A woman stands by, with a baby on her shoulder and her basket over her arm. Rustics and graziers, farmers and children, lounge by, doing the leisurely business of the day. Every figure is full of reality, well observed. But the picture is, or at the Academy looked, very low-toned, and its truth of light and relation was perhaps hardly appreciated. Mr. Reid's contribution to the same exhibition in 1886 was entitled "Shipwreck." He seldom or never exhibits more than one picture at each of the two principal galleries of the year. Nor is it difficult to account for this moderation by the extreme care which Mr. Reid's method, with its close study of Nature, its waiting upon climate, and its precision and exactitude of atmospheric effect, entails upon the painter. The simplest scene, rendered as he evidently makes it a point of artistic conscience to render what he paints, becomes a kind of compendium of the painter's knowledge, study, and love of Nature. It gathers up the care of years, and expresses the intent labour of months, labour of the most unrelaxing quality, admitting no slovenliness of observation, no idleness of judgment, and no ignorant or merely tentative execution. Everything in such true art is the best of which the artist is capable, and fully accomplished up to that point of science whereto devotion to his purposes has brought him.



(From the Portrait by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.)

GIOVANNI COSTA.

AN exhibition of Professor Costa's works at the Fine Art Society's rooms was in some respects the most memorable event of its season. Before, the Roman painter had been comparatively unknown in England. His private friends were many, and among his admirers were artists so illustrious as the President of the Academy—whose masterly portrait we reproduce—and amateurs so accomplished as Mr. George Howard. There were others, too, who, without having the privilege of his acquaintance, had long watched his progress with attentive sympathy; who year after year scanned the walls of Burlington House and the Grosvenor Gallery in the hope of discovering one of those views of blue mountains, or reedy banks and olive-grown shores, which had for them so rare and indefinable a charm. But to most of us the exhibition was the revelation of a new power in contemporary art. While collectors and dealers were thronging to the Hamilton sales, and vying with each other in offering fabulous prices for dubious Old Masters and buhl tables and cabinets less precious for their ornamentation than as the property of illustrious personages dead and gone, many turned with relief from the crowded rooms at Christie's to the quiet gallery where they could study at leisure so many examples of a thoughtful and original painter, or, forgetting to be critical, dream themselves back into the pleasant South once more.

There is much in Professor Costa's art which is of the deepest interest to the student of landscape. It has the rare quality of distinction, without a trace of formalism or artificiality. It reveals profound learning, and an exquisite obedience to the leading principles of composition. It is always marked by the truest refinement, and often by a touch of irresistible poetry. Then it is utterly unlike the art of his compatriots and contemporaries. The great majority of the modern Italians seldom paint landscape, unless as a background for the actors in some romantic or mythological scene. They revel in theatrical effects, in sensational colouring, and violent contrasts; or they seek to attain popularity by mimicking the cheapest mannerisms of the worst French school. Professor Costa, on the contrary, loves Nature for her own sake, and studies her every aspect with unwearying affection. He refrains from all that is startling and discordant, and while he knows how to blend the brightest hues in a perfect harmony, he habitually inclines to the use of subdued tints and a sober delicacy of colour. Again, his work bears but little relation to the art of the later Renaissance, and still less to the classical landscapes of the succeeding age. He has not gone for inspiration to Claude or Poussin, but has sought it in the beautiful world about him. In the restraint and tranquillity of his art, in the choice of his subjects, and the style of his colouring, he reminds one of the old Florentines and Umbrians. Often, as you look at his pictures, you think of Perugino's backgrounds, sometimes of painters earlier yet; and now and then you feel the same before his portrait studies. And with him, as with these old painters, there is no trace of hurry or unrest. *Ohne Hast, Ohne Rast* has been his device. His achievement bears many signs of diligence and thoughtfulness, but not one of weariness or impatience. So irresistible is this impression that many of the visitors to his exhibition were heard to exclaim that surely all this must be the work of a fortunate man—of an artist whose career had been tranquil and favoured beyond the common.

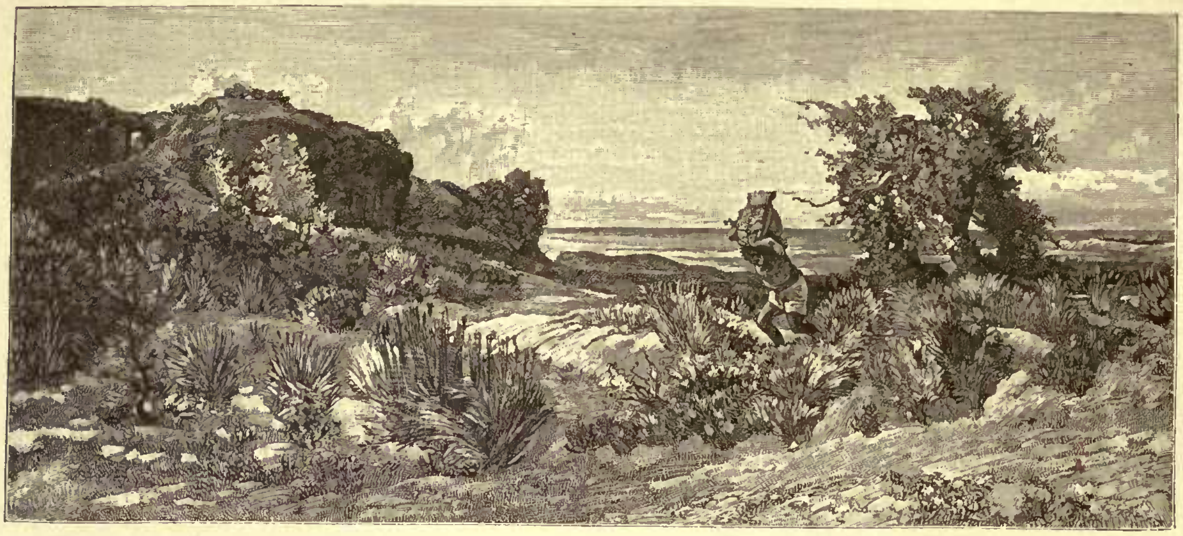
The fancy is in curious contrast with the facts. Few living painters have lived a more stirring life than the man whose creations breathe this air of serene repose; none assuredly has spent so much of time and thought and energy upon politics and the game of war. For Giovanni Costa has both fought and suffered in his country's cause, and much of his work was produced in the stress of that long and desperate struggle which brought about the independence of Italy. He was born at Rome in 1826. The Italy of his youth and early manhood was the Italy of Carbonarism and the Austrian Domination. It was quick with conspiracy and discontent; it was a hotbed of patriotic excitement and resolve; it bred conspirators and political fanatics as naturally and thickly as, three centuries before, it had bred painters and humanists and sculptors. Costa was one of its children; and he was not two-and-twenty ere he had drawn the sword for himself and his fellows. He has himself recorded the honourable part he took in the great and moving political events of his earlier years. His record is addressed to the readers of this work; and we shall quote it in its integrity, as it deserves.

"During my whole political life," he says, "without thought of party strife, I have supported whichever side appeared at the moment to be working most honourably for the freedom and welfare of my country. I have placed myself and my fortune, therefore, at the service of one party after another, seeking neither honour nor place in return, and receiving none. In 1848 I fought under the Papal flag against the Austrians; and in 1849 I went out with the Republicans against the Government. Later, I served on Garibaldi's staff. From that time until 1870 I took no public part in politics."

At the unification of Italy, Professor Costa's political career was ended, but his exertions were active as ever. He laboured strenuously to relieve the sufferings caused by the inundation of the Tiber in the following autumn, and, as a member of the municipal council, has always been foremost in every charitable work. That he has in these respects deserved well of his country, there can be no manner of doubt; and if he has not reaped the rewards due to his courage, it is because his public spirit has been of a more disinterested nature than that of most people—Italian or other.

"The fact that I worked with all parties in turn," he continues, "has left me the goodwill of none. I am now living in retirement and repose, and am free to devote myself to the study of art, which, besides supplying me with the means of existence, has brought me good friends and a contented mind." Turning to that aspect of his life which calls for our more special attention, Signor Costa proceeds to give a short account of his artistic development, and of the steps by which he has mastered his admirable method. "I loved art from my childhood," he writes, "but my wish to become an artist was opposed by my parents. I learnt Latin, and I was educated by priests, first of all at Montefiascone, and afterwards at the Collegio Bandinelli. It was not until 1852 that I was able to devote myself to art. Then I began to study landscape-painting from Nature, in order to free myself from the cramping traditions of the schools. At this time I painted the picture, 'Women Carrying Wood to the Boats near Castel Fusano,' which was first exhibited in Rome by the 'Promotrice' Society, and which was specially mentioned by the *Débats*. The interest manifested by French critics encouraged me to exhibit the picture in Paris, where I was welcomed as a brother artist by the first painters of the day—Corot, Gleyre, Meissonier, Troyon, Ricard, and the rest of them. It was during these years, while I was still studying Nature, that I formed friendships with Colman, Mason, Leighton, Böcklin, Emile David, Cornelius, and Overbeck. I may say that from 1852 to 1859, I lived in the Roman Campagna, between the Alban hills, the Sabine range, and the sea, without once neglecting a sunrise or a sunset. 'The Brugnoletta,' 'Fishermen Resting before the Work of the Night,' and the design of 'Women at the Fountain at Ariccia,' were all closely studied from Nature at this time.

"After 1859 I took up my residence in Florence. Here I met with a few young men who realised those principles of art which should be studied by a nation called to a new life. They abandoned the old studio and romantic tradition to follow me in my out-door studies, and pursued the quest after truth in Nature with real enthusiasm and love. At this period I idealised the picture, 'A Sirocco Day on the Seashore near Rome,' and some others for which I took sketches in the forest of Gombo, near Pisa. In 1864 I returned to Rome to take part once more in politics. I lived on there in retirement, painting portraits and working at the pictures which I had begun in Florence. In 1867, after Mentana, I returned to Florence and began the picture, 'Earth's Last Kiss to the Dying Day,' originally inspired by the scenery of the Tuscan Maremma. I went on painting portraits, too, as well as landscapes, and in 1870 was elected Professor at the Florentine Academy of Fine Arts. While in Rome, after 1870, I loudly condemned the art of the following of Fortuny and Vertunni, who were then uppermost; and setting my face against all foreign imitations, which were only practised as likely to sell well, I tried to unite the young artists in a noble endeavour to raise the tone and character of art, and to form a conception of landscape-painting based upon the simple study of Nature. But my efforts were fruitless. I only succeeded in



A SIROCCO DAY ON THE SEASHORE NEAR ROME.

(By Permission of the Rev. Stopford Brooke.)

Ludwig Knaus, pinxᵗ A. Gilbert, sculpᵗ

HUNGER HATH NO EARS.

becoming the most unpopular artist in Italy, and was doomed to total obscurity by the neglect and apathy of my fellow-countrymen. For this reason I made friends with the foreign painters who visit Rome; and I have now exhibited my pictures in London, where I have found my best friends in the first artists of this noble country. And, I may say," he adds, with pardonable pride, "that the exhibition in which I collected the greater part of my life's work has won me the sympathy and interest of the most cultivated and refined part of the nation, including the Royal Family and many most distinguished statesmen and artists."

It is scarcely to be wondered at that a nation which, under the pretence of restoration, has wantonly defaced and destroyed, as Italy has done and is doing, its noblest monuments, should be incapable of appreciating the best of its artists; but while we regret the ignorance of Professor Costa's countrymen, we can only rejoice in the good fortune which has brought his work to England. The exhibition of his work consisted chiefly of a selection of landscapes lent by his English friends, and including subjects from all parts of Italy. Professor Costa has painted the Pontine marshes and the desolate plains of the Campagna with as true an insight, as delicate a feeling, and as complete a technical mastery, as the lemon-groves of Capri or the jagged peaks of the Carrara hills. No one familiar with Italian scenery can fail to be struck by the essential truthfulness of all his work. We are speaking not so much of the petty literal accuracy which is so dear to the inferior artist and so important an attribute of inferior art, as of the unerring sympathy with which he catches the innate and peculiar spirit of the scene before him. It is a fact that his work suggests such epical descriptive phrases as Shelley's "inviolable quietness," and the "sleep that is among the lonely hills"

EARTH'S LAST KISS TO THE DYING DAY.

(*By Permission of the Painter.*)

of Wordsworth. Memories of travel, visions that long ago sank deep into the heart, awake again as we look at these pictures of Italy. We, too, have seen that sunset dying behind the tombs of the Appian Way, over these plains crimson with decaying verdure, and "spiritualised with endless recollections." We, too, remember that autumn walk among the Alban hills, when the brown leaves were still on the trees, and there was not a breath of air to stir their boughs, not a sound to interrupt

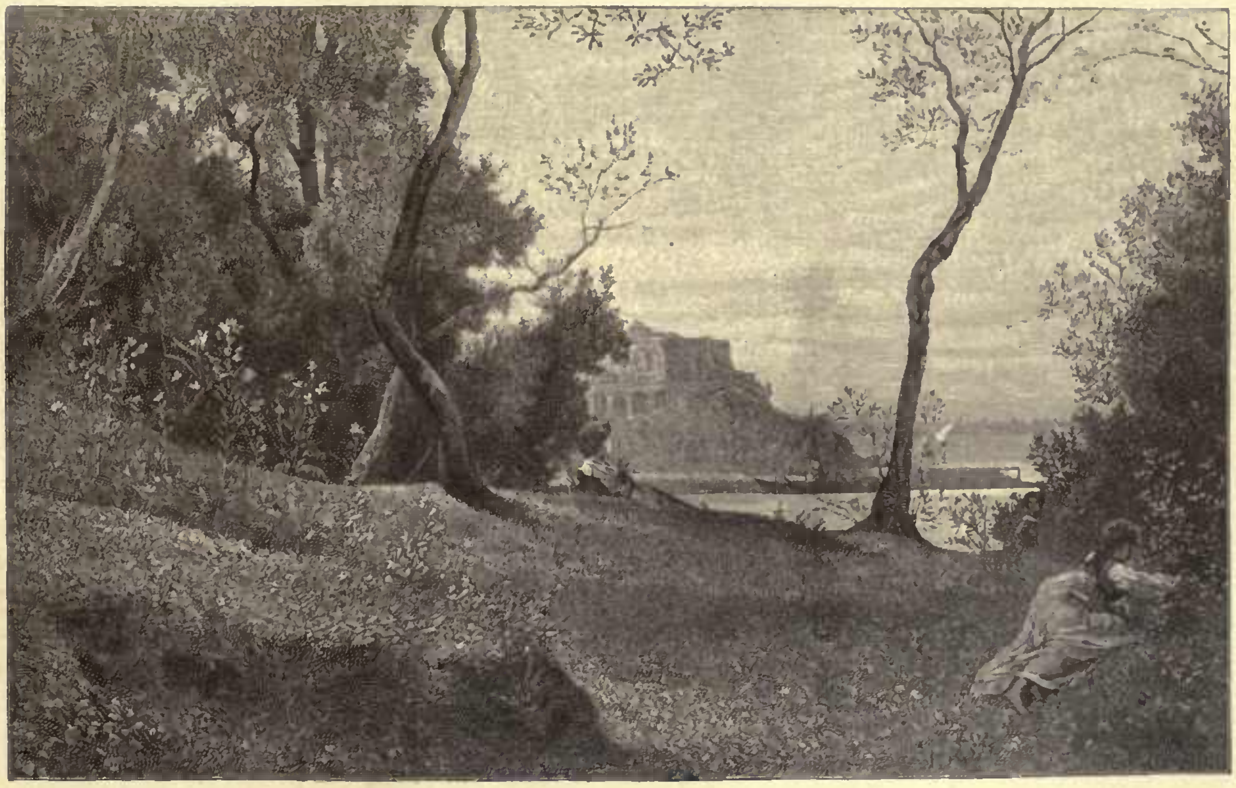
> "The intense tranquillity
> Of silent hills and more than silent sky."

One secret of the painter's success resides in the exquisite variety and subtlety with which he renders the Italian atmosphere. The bright clearness of *tramontana* time, so utterly unparalleled in English weather; the flying dust you breathe and taste and feel when the sirocco is blowing; the hot, breathless look of rocks and sky, the parched appearance of the sandy shores, and the motionless sleep of the waves in sultry weather; the wet, grey clouds and chilly mists muffling the hills after a night of rain: he knows and renders them all, and so vividly and well that they seem to breathe upon you from his canvases, and his work appears to you like very Italy.

Another point worthy of notice in Professor Costa's art is that he seldom chooses what other artists would seize upon as picturesque or striking forms. True it is that the fine outline of the Carrara peaks has furnished him with more than one motive. But, as a rule, he seems to prefer scenes which are comparatively tame, and lines that are comparatively vague. What he loves best is a flat expanse of seashore, with peasants at the plough, and a procession of lateen sails hovering like white sea-birds in the distance; or a sloping field of corn, lit up by a cluster of scarlet poppies, or a red cart half hidden in the brushwood. It is in the representation of such scenes, and the sentiment peculiar to them, that his power is greatest, and his art at its strongest and most original. Let us take, for instance, his little picture, "A Winter Day in the Woods of Fajolo," belonging to Sir Frederick Leighton. It shows a group of seven trees: a peasant reposing beneath them, while his sheep nibble the short grass hard by. Between the bare stems is a view of low wooded hills under a grey sky, with a break of yellow light towards the west. The subject is simple enough, and yet it would be hard to find a picture which is more expressive in itself, or which summarises more exactly the peculiar scenery of the Alban hills. Or again, consider a still smaller sketch, the "Study of Reeds." It is literally this, and nothing more. But the reeds bend to and fro on the breeze with graceful motion; the sun shines in the clear pools below; a yellow water-lily peeps from among the broad green leaves. A breath of country freshness steals over you as you look; and instinctively your thought reverts to green fields and cool waters, far away from the "mazes of heat and sound," and alone with Nature.

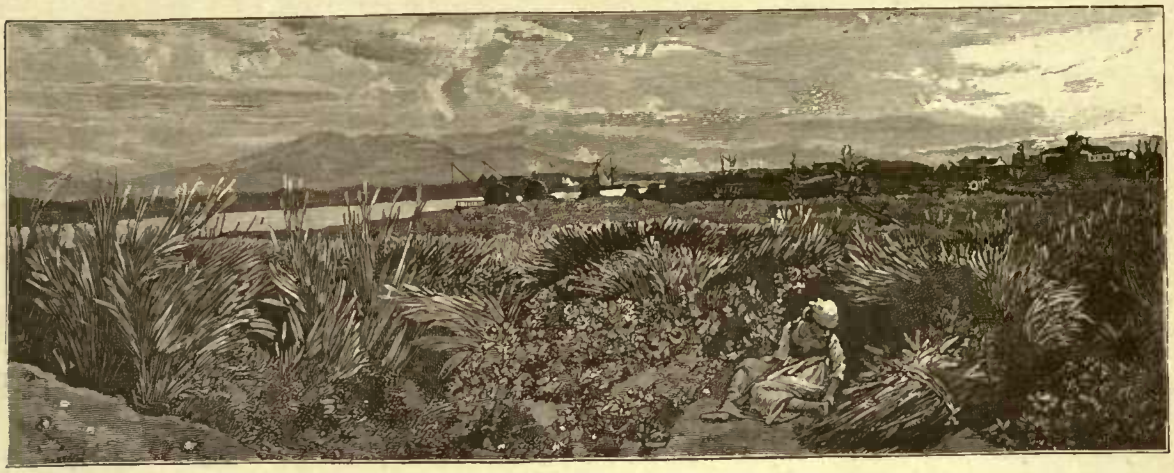
The Latin shores near Rome have supplied Professor Costa with many subjects;

more especially the immediate vicinity of Porto d'Anzio, the Antium of Horace, where the wealthy Romans had their villas, and where, among the blackened ruins of Nero's palace, they found the Belvedere Apollo. This coast is evidently the original scene of our first engraving, "A Sirocco Day on the Seashore near Rome," the landscape which—as he tells us—he painted and then "idealised." This picture, which belongs to Mr. Stopford Brooke, is certainly one of the best of Professor Costa's larger works. Here, without losing his habitual delicacy and refinement, he has put forth unwonted vigour, and has been entirely successful. The broken ground, with its stunted brushwood, stands out against a background of foam-crested waves, while a gleam of sunlight breaking through the dark clouds upon the weary woodman below gives the whole a certain nobleness. The figure is finely painted, and goes far to redeem Professor Costa from the reproach—if that be a reproach which was equally a characteristic of such mighty *paysagistes* as Corot and Constable, and Théodore Rousseau—of being better able to deal with Nature than with man. We must add that we greatly prefer this picture to that other "largest landscape" of the Roman painter's which has been engraved. In this latter, however—"Evening on the Sands at Ardera," as it is called—the action of the wind on the trees by the beach is realised extremely well; and the quiet



LERICI.

(*In the Collection of G. Howard, Esq.*)



"DAYBREAK: BOCCA D'ARNO."

(By Permission of Mr. Stewart Hodgson.)

distance, with a stone-pine and ruined tower afar to the right of the troubled scene, is one of those touches of poetry in which the artist excels.

The value of Professor Costa's long studies during the years spent in the Campagna is shown in the great variety of moods under which he has represented Nature. He has shown us how well he can paint brilliant sunshine and blue seas in his study of the famous Faraglioni rocks from Capri, where every ripple of the dancing waves seems to sparkle with light. But as a rule his favourite moments are the early morning when the hills are still in shadow, and a golden sunrise is breaking over the sky, or the "quiet evenfall" when the sun has set but the glory of its parting beams still lingers on the plains, or touches the western clouds with red. It is hard to imagine anything more full of breezy freshness and radiant light than his "Venice," rising out of green waves on a summer morning; while the sense of gladness in a world waking to new life is finely expressed in the little picture called "Daybreak: Bocca d'Arno," which forms the subject of our fourth engraving. Dawn is breaking over the purple hills towards which the birds are winging their way; and in the foreground a peasant is stirring among the feathery grasses of the marshy bank.

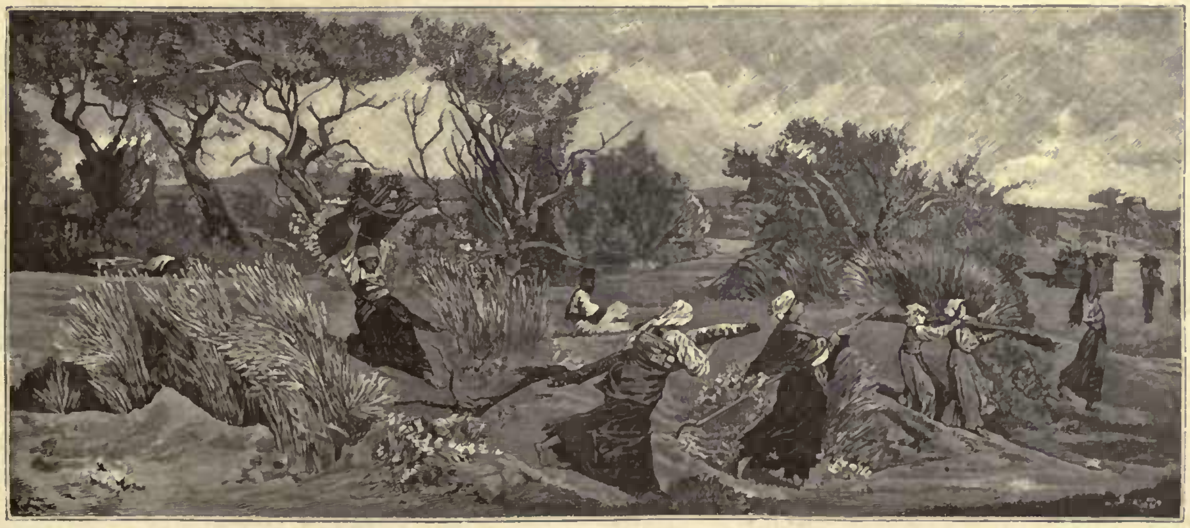
The picture from which our second illustration is taken was painted after sunset, as we learn from its title—"Earth's Last Kiss to the Dying Day." The sun has dropped below the horizon, and the sky is dark and stormy. The sea-gulls circling overhead, and the waves rolling upon the beach, help to give an impression of dreariness and regret for the day that is done, and a past that can return no more:—

> "Che paia il giorno pianger che si muore."

But the painter's thoughts of evening are not always cold and sad, as we might suppose from this picture, inspired by the lonely wastes of the Tuscan Maremma, and painted when the hope of a new Italy had passed away for a time in blood and darkness. To assure ourselves of this we need only turn to the sunlit slopes, and palm and orange gardens of his superb "Capri;" or to that dream-like sketch—of the banks of Arno—in the Cascine of Florence: of trees and boat and river—all flooded with the solemn rapture of sunset.

Several of Professor Costa's earlier studies were exhibited in the collection. They are interesting examples of the different steps by which he reached his present mastery of form and colour. More than one is remarkable for grace of composition and richness of tone. For instance, the "Women of Ariccia Waiting to Fill their Jars" seems worthy of treatment on a larger scale; while for depth of colour the painter has never surpassed the splendid tone of the red sunset glow —which spreads over a sea and beach where tired fishermen are sleeping—in the wonderful little picture belonging to Sir Frederick Leighton. Professor Costa's later works are generally more subdued in colour, and are all marked by a high degree of finish. His delicately drawn foliage; his silver-grey olive-groves, where happy children gather flowers, or a young mother rocks her child to sleep; his hills of palest blue, and woods lightly touched by the mellow tints of autumn, are the work of powers matured, and a talent refined and elevated by long years of study, with no loss of vigour of prime. His "On the Road to Gubbio" displays all the rich luxuriance of the Umbrian plain, with its gardens of fig and vine, its olive and cypress groves spread out against the arid slopes of the Apennines. In his picture of the Carrara hills, seen across a broad expanse of plain through the misty atmosphere of an early autumn morning, he has invested forms undeniably grand in themselves with a more solemn splendour and a deepened poetry.

Professor Costa has not confined himself exclusively to the scenery of his own country. Although Italian landscape naturally formed the chief part of his exhibition, English lanes and English pastures have supplied the Roman artist with



EVENING ON THE SANDS AT ARDERA.

several subjects; and he has painted our cloudy skies and moist verdure with his accustomed skill, and with the profound sentiment of Nature peculiar to him. Conspicuous among these English sketches is his delightful "Study of the Old Garden at Naworth Castle," where he has successfully introduced a lady in a green dress against a background of trees and grass—just as in the vine and fig and palm trees of his Italian landscapes, every shade of green is mingled together in perfect harmony. He has even made poetry out of the Black Country, and found a motive to his mind—the motive of an "Idyll"—in a hollow where pools of water sleep at the foot of mossy trunks, and far hills appear through the trees beyond.

Professor Costa has spoken warmly of the recognition which he has met with in England. It must not be forgotten, on our part, that he has still a claim on our gratitude for his recognition of Mason, and the important share he had in the culture and development of Mason's talent. The "Idyll in the Black Country," already referred to, was painted by him when he was staying with Mason in Staffordshire; and there can be no doubt that the artist of the "Evening Hymn" owed much to his example and influence. It is easy to see the links which drew the two together in a friendship which may have produced larger results than we imagine. The same refined sense of beauty, the same poetic feeling, are present in the work of both. They both looked with deep sympathy on the lives of the workers and toilers around them, and have shown in their pictures how fully they realise the intimate connection that exists between the daily tasks and simple joys of the poor and the beauty of earth and sky which embraces them. In those long days when the Roman painter lived on the Campagna, watching each sunrise and sunset with ever-new delight, he did not shut his eyes to the labour of the peasants in the field. The titles of several smaller studies—"Winnowing in the Campagna," "Threshing," "The Charcoal-Burners"—bear record to the interest with which he took note of the different industries in which they were engaged. This union of the highest appreciation of natural loveliness with the truest sympathy for the lives of the poor meets us frequently in the nobler forms of modern art. It is a subject on which Wordsworth loves to dwell, and which inspired many of Millet's masterpieces. In Costa's work there is something of the sentiment that inspired the "Semeur" and the "Angelus;" and this alone is enough to raise him high over his fellow-countrymen. Above all, by his happy method of combining real with ideal beauty, he has found out for himself the true lines on which the modern landscape painter—if he would be, in the true sense of the word, an artist—must work.

(*From the Bas-relief by Augustin Saint Gaudens.*)

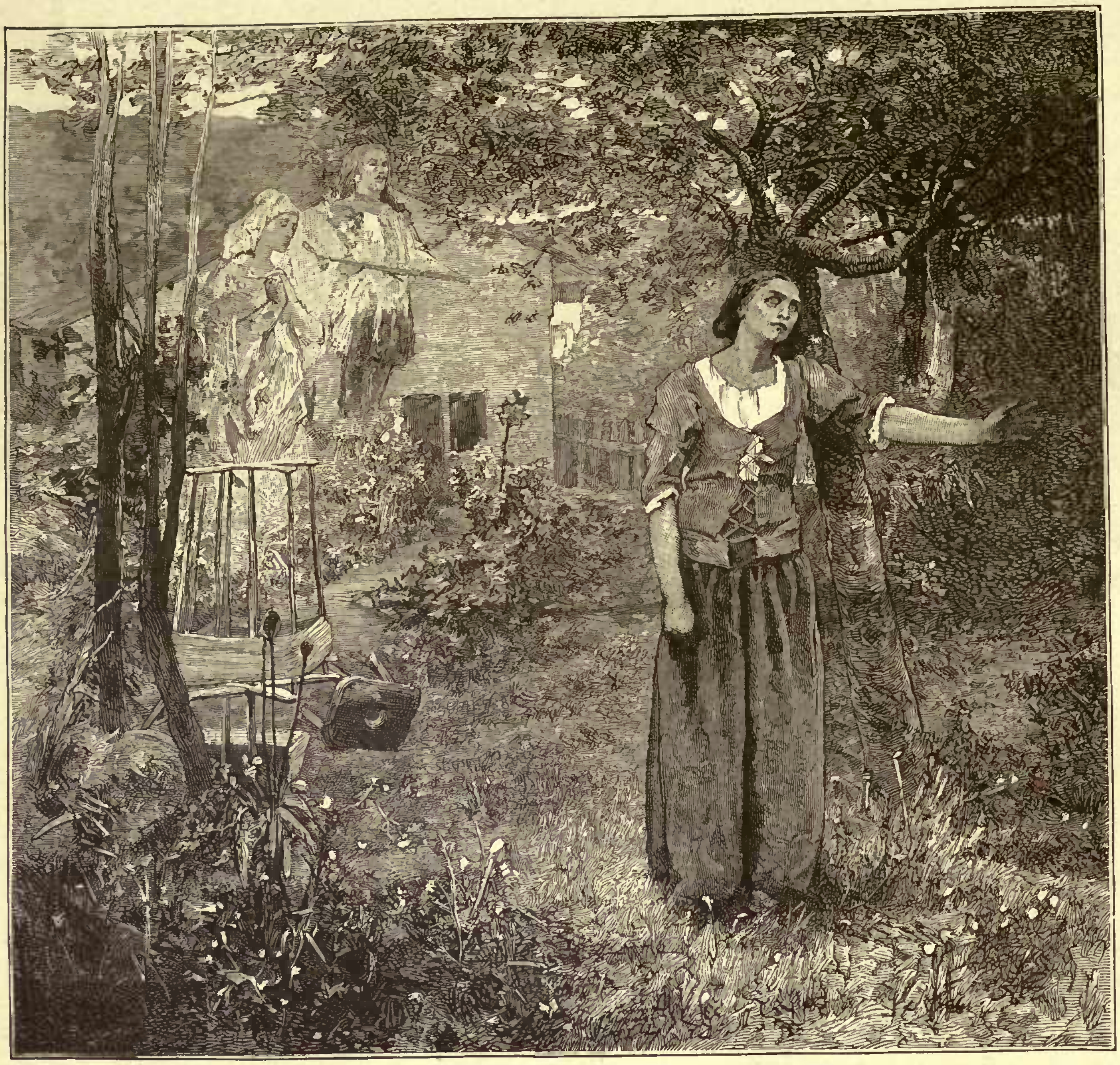
BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

M. BASTIEN-LEPAGE, whose early death will long be lamented, was not perhaps, the greatest of living French painters, but he was, for a few years, considerably the most interesting. It is for this reason of course that he was most discussed. Nearly everything he has done has provoked controversy; and in a *milieu* where the ground of artistic discussion is so well cleared and its terms so well defined as they are in Paris, controversy about the work of an artist is merely another form of eulogy. Its continuance and animation in the case of M. Bastien-Lepage, too, are very sufficient proof that he escaped classification. Indeed, his success in this respect may almost be set down as effrontery; for, notwithstanding the various fundamental differences of French criticism, it never really has any doubt as to the category under which a painter's work is to be considered. But M. Bastien-Lepage was perplexing, not because of his versatility — there are many painters quite as versatile who arouse no such interest—but because it was so difficult to really get at and fix his individuality. Yet his individuality was the most marked characteristic of his pictures. And this paradox gives his work an interest in addition to that which proceeds from its merits more strictly intrinsic. It need not be added that these latter also must be considerable and incontestable.

This was true of M. Bastien-Lepage's career from the outset. Conventional categories, so to speak, never took hold upon him. Some twenty or more years ago he left his village home at Damvillers, in the Department of the Meuse, to draw under Cabanel, at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. There he spent two or three years. The rest of his study, which was unremitting (in France the time when painters merely basked and ripened was over long ago), was solitary. His studio in general one may easily believe to have been the fields and vineyards of his native province. To have produced what he did, long and intimate observation of Nature, study of her as a model, is manifestly as necessary as "museum work" is to a different order of production. His first picture was a decisive success. It did not get the Prix de Rome, but that it did not was considered a scandal by his fellow-students, who every day laid crowns and wreaths before it, which the authorities thought it necessary as constantly to remove. One can understand how it must have wakened the youthful enthusiasm of his fellow-pupils, and how impossible it was for academic judges to give it more than the second place. A "Vision of the Shepherds" was probably never before conceived and executed like this; yet its originality is so direct and unaffected that it could not be rightfully accused of eccentricity. This poise marked everything M. Bastien-Lepage did afterwards—the "Saison d'Octobre," the "Mendicant," the "Foins," "Sarah Bernhardt," the "Père Jacques," and other works with which every art-loving public is familiar in misinterpreting reproductions, but which need absolutely to be seen at first hand to be judged aright. Later on he did a number of water-colours, which mark a nice sense of the different functions of oil and water-colour so far as treatment goes, and of whose conception the same general remark may be made—they are strikingly individual without being eccentric.

It is not only, or indeed mainly, the originality of M. Bastien-Lepage's point of view which is objected to, however. It is his *technique*. This is less puzzling. One may feel more certain here than in dealing with the painter's psychological side. There are, it is true, many and various ways of rendering natural objects in painting. The entire attitude towards their art of Titian and Rubens, of Correggio and Velasquez, is not more diverse than the respective ways in which they painted flesh, for one example. Still, we all know how common a practice it is for a critic, especially if he be not a painter, to adopt some particular one of the various technical standpoints as exclusively the proper one. English readers certainly do not need to be reminded of this. Mr. Ruskin's worst word for Meissonier, for instance, is that he is "all Holland and Belgium over again." And a recent critic controverts Fromentin in this way, "We should say, rather, that Rembrandt, whatever his merits may be—and we admit that they are many—is a bad chiaroscurist just because he is an extravagant one." It is as with creeds in religion. The question concerns truth. The notion that there are more kinds of truth than one, or at least that truth is so multifarious and elusive as to show herself differently to different beholders, is not admitted; intolerance is easy, and finally, before one quite knows it, one has called Rembrandt a bad chiaroscurist. How else, indeed, should "schools" of painting develop themselves so quickly, gain enthusiastic recruits, and the hostility of advocates of other "schools," who reproach the new-comers with—it is always the main count in the indictment—untruthfulness? So there is nothing at all remarkable in the ease and freedom with which M. Henri Houssaye, who has written for many years the Salon reviews for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, relieved his mind about M. Bastien-Lepage, when he had occasion to speak of the latter's *technique*. With a subtlety that cannot be too much admired, he made Manet the initiator of the group of painters at whose head was M. Bastien-Lepage, by remarking as their main and

A MENDICANT.



THE GIRLHOOD OF JOAN OF ARC.

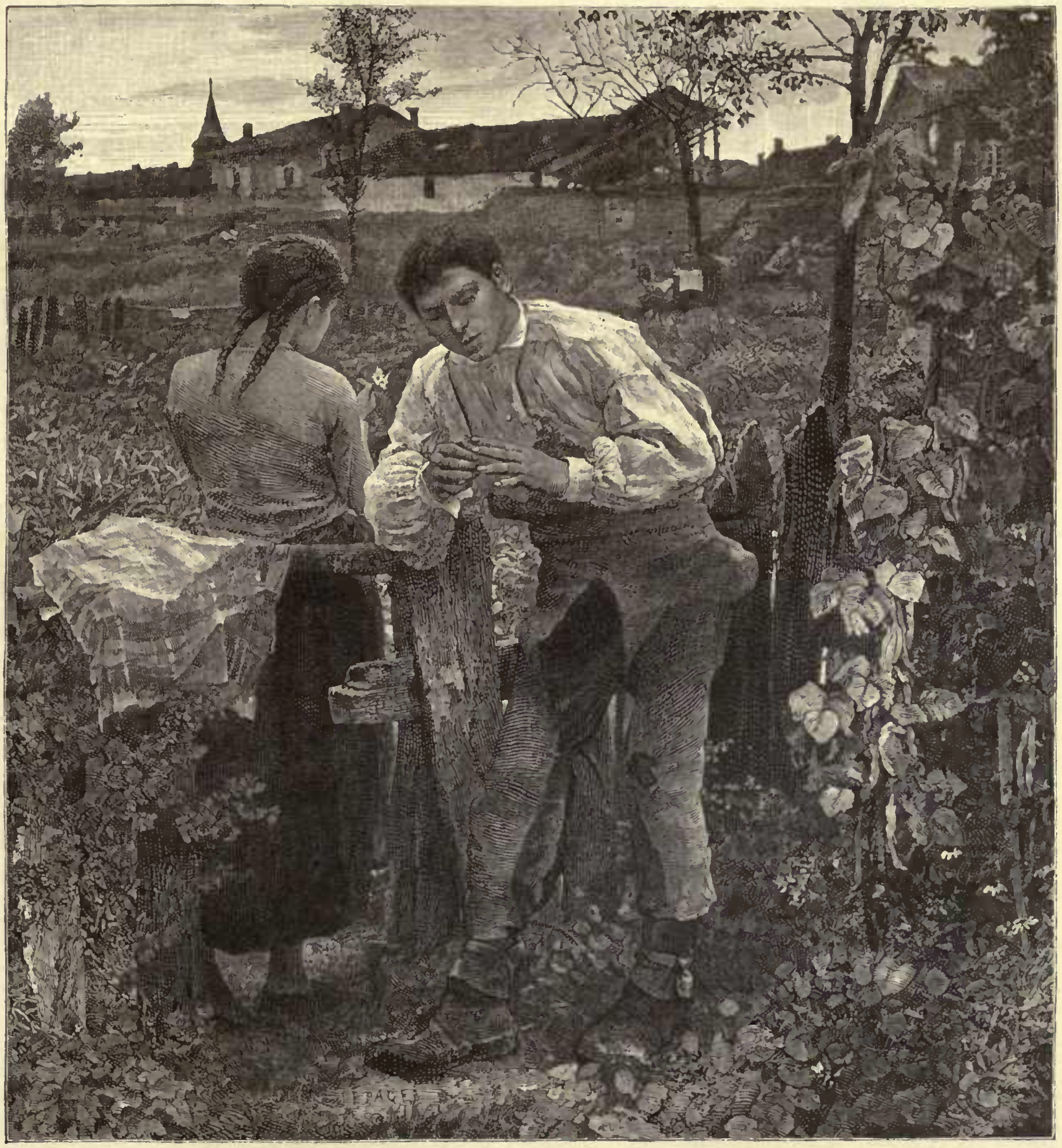
common characteristic their fondness for diffused light. The difference between Manet and Bastien-Lepage, he says, is that between "un peintre sincère et un peintre habile. M. Manet a semé; c'est M. Bastien-Lepage qui a récolté," he continues, and he concludes an outburst nearly as eloquent as it is ingenious by asserting, "Le mouvement impressionniste n'est pas une révolution dans l'art comme le fut le mouvement romantique; c'est une contre-révolution. Il restaure le préraphaëlisme." It has long been evident that Pre-Raphaelitism was a comprehensive term, and perhaps we ought not to be surprised at finding even the French impressionists classed under it. It is M. Bastien-Lepage's fondness for diffused light, at any rate, which is at the bottom of the trouble. He endeavours to paint what he sees, it is very evident; and it is equally evident that, though everything is lighted with equal intensity, he sees more detail in the foreground than elsewhere in his subject. Accordingly, he elaborates this detail. The result is not always agreeable—immediately, at all events. One is so habituated to a conventional chiaroscuro of some kind as a necessary accompaniment of even the most literal rendering of Nature, that to find the pictorial assistance of light and shade so pointedly disdained as it was by M. Bastien-Lepage is something of a shock. Occasionally one has to make a distinct effort to get things into their places; the absence of the customary plainly-marked compass-card of perspective is occasionally disconcerting. But to call such painting an affected archaism is so far from characterisation that it is merely to note a superficial resemblance. "C'est dans cette lumière-là que les Byzantins, puis Cimabué, Giotto, Gozzoli, Rogier Van der Weyden, les primitifs allemands, les Siennois du XIV^e siècle, les artistes de l'ancienne école de Bourgogne, ont peint leurs figures plates et plaquées contre les fonds," says M. Houssaye. Nothing could be more misleading. It is by no means the diffused light in the Pre-Raphaelite painting mentioned by M. Houssaye that one feels as a limitation, and that constitutes at once one of its gravest defects and greatest charms; it is its absence of atmosphere. And M. Bastien-Lepage would have been quite justified in retorting in kind upon his critic, and saying that his criticism, though ingenious, was disingenuous, since he could not be supposed to be ignorant of the pre-eminent importance of atmosphere in painting, or of its absence in Byzantine illumination, or of the possibility of attaining it by a nice discrimination of relative values, instead of by an admittedly factitious chiaroscuro.

The salient characteristic of M. Bastien-Lepage's much discussed *technique* is, not its eccentricity, but its uncompromising realism. It is idle to pretend that he perversely misinterprets the Nature of which, so clearly, he was so deeply enamoured. Perversity there may be, if one chooses, in his ways of seeing. How much, or how little, of system there is in his persistent attitude towards his model, is a question difficult to decide and useless to discuss. The painter himself could not settle it. But to say that, however similar the anatomy of his eyes to that of ordinary people's, he did not see what he tried to paint, is the looseness of exaggeration—the uncompromising quality of the work is so marked, its good faith so apparent. No one who has ever observed one of the countless originals of M. Bastien-Lepage's backgrounds, the cold light of a sun hidden behind a monotonous and amorphous curtain of grey mist adding a quality to the already light green of the leafage, and to the never discordant notes of whatever else there may be of local colour in the landscape, can have found the famous artist's sense of reality at fault. His touch is magical in the felicity with which it reproduces the general effect, the landscape essence of the scene; and the way in which the foreground details are caressed and the distance softened and subdued, endues the whole with an intimate individuality as well. It is not only out of doors; it is the north of

France—no traveller would fail to recognise it; it is even some particular potato field, some peculiar vineyard, of the Department of the Meuse.

No, so far from accusing M. Bastien-Lepage of untruthfulness, it is in his absolute fidelity to Nature that consists the originality of his treatment. So far as we can yet know, it was the last step left to take, the last transformation to work—really, literally, with a submissiveness thoroughly monastic, to reproduce Nature. The English Pre-Raphaelites may have had the same pretension, and undoubtedly they professed that this was the aim of the painters of the early Renaissance; but never at any time before M. Bastien-Lepage was this aim logically carried out. He, and in a less striking degree, and within a narrower range, his followers, illustrated it admirably—with an excellence bordering on perfection. A natural scene just so placed with relation to the spectator would be visually identical with its copy by M. Bastien-Lepage: deprived entirely of the rectification of indirect vision, on which one always depends, though always unconsciously, one would require as much time in the one case as in the other to resolve the details into their just perspective. At least this may be said of the painter's happiest efforts. And, as if his originality were as varied and many-sided as it was distinct, let us hasten to add that this very excellence, this perfection of achievement, is just what we had to reproach M. Bastien-Lepage with the most. Let us confess it at once: the Anglo-Saxon race, spite of all its panegyrists may say, has never illustrated the aptness for strict and uncompromising logic which one is always finding in one way or another to be a pre-eminently French characteristic. The English Pre-Raphaelites talked a great deal about the return to Nature; this, indeed, was their *raison-d'être* as a "school." Their American imitators did the same; but how feeble was the result of the movement judged by its own distinctly enunciated standard! The men who really gave it dignity soon began to feel towards Nature as the peasant who, witnessing Rousseau sketching, asked, "Why do you paint the tree; the tree is there, is it not?"—and began to use trees and other natural objects to make pictures of. It cannot be doubted that this was logically weak, and it is plain that in just this respect M. Bastien-Lepage and his followers were especially strong. But the result of logically eschewing all "picture-making" is inevitably the loss of pictorial qualities, and it is for their pictorial qualities—their composition of line, light, and colour, their relation of masses to detail, in a word, their design—that we have acquired the habit of caring for pictures. That is to say, our feeling towards a work of art, as distinct from the Nature which is its material, is directly proportioned to the amount of man, of mind, of design that it contains plus its natural material. But Nature is rarely or never M. Bastien-Lepage's material, she is nearly always in exact strictness his model.

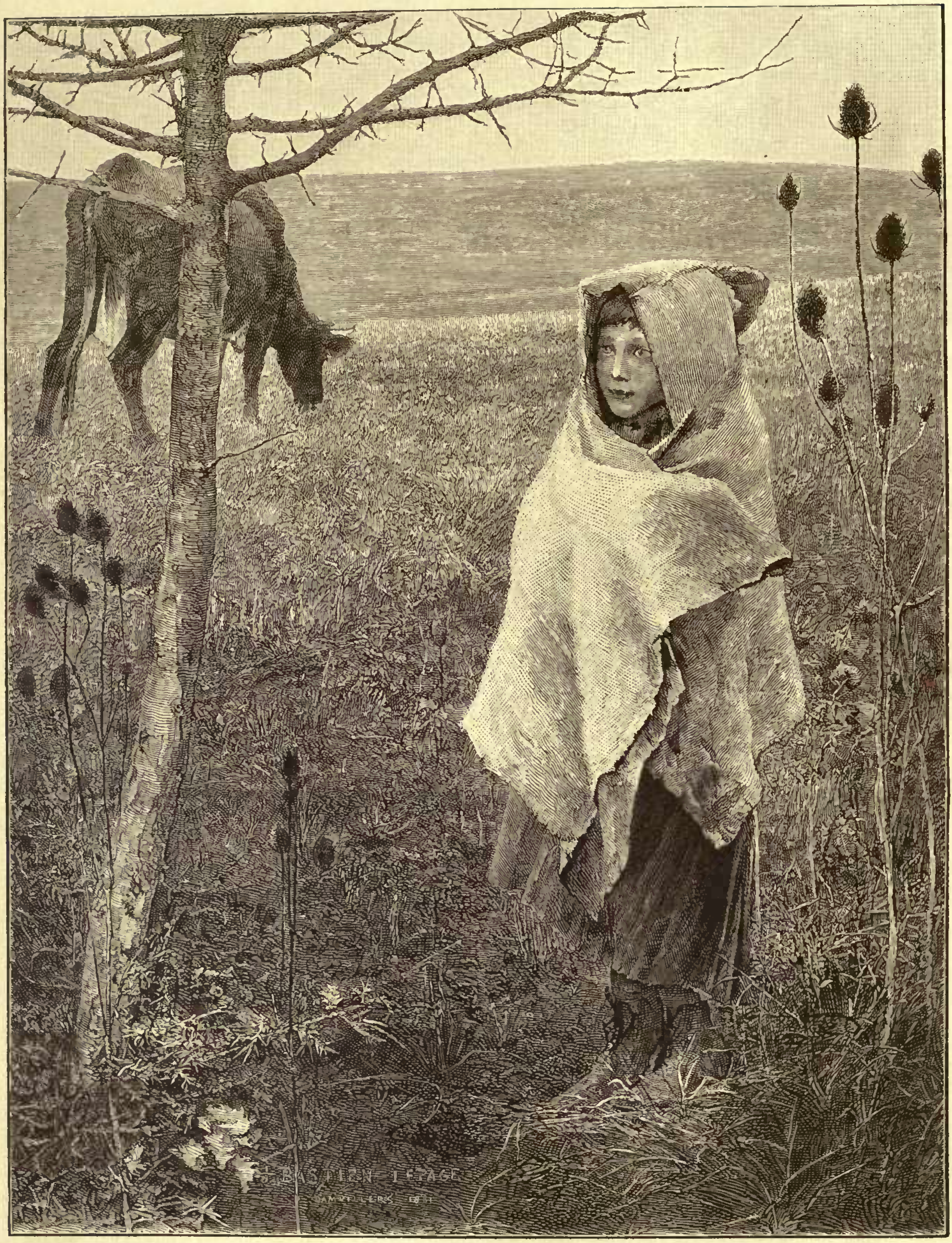
Either in spite or independently of his notable lack of design, however, M. Bastien-Lepage produced a remarkable number of interesting works after his failure to secure the Prix de Rome. Whatever he did it was impossible to neglect, on account of the striking skill displayed on the one hand, and on the other on account of the serious intellectual elements of the work. One of the pictures most discussed was a union in one frame of two portraits, of the painter's father and mother. The whole is in a light key—a Damvillers background, with the clear greens and greys so inevitable in his work; there is as little of the tone and hue as of the drapery and pose traditionally consecrated to the composition of important portraits. The figures are two-thirds length, seated and turned towards each other, but a gilt



L'AMOUR AU VILLAGE.

band separates them, so that each is unconscious of the other's presence, and sensibly isolated, and there is thus no resemblance to the familiar device of combining portraiture with *genre* to assist the illusion. Yet the reality of the two figures is startling. One can easily understand that the work caused a lively discussion; scarcely a detail that does not flout some convention if you put it in the category of portrait-painting, where it would naturally fall if—but then nothing of M. Bastien-Lepage's falls into any category whatever. One readily comprehends, too, the sincerity of the painter's remark, made in answer to some suggestion of the present writer's: "Yes, I think a painter should never allow himself to become the slave of his art. Not what he can do, but what he wants to do, is his true aim. Sometimes one succeeds in the latter effort—measurably, that is to say—paints a spot as large as your hand that seems about as he would wish to have made it. Well, that is something; but it is not always sure. But to paint simply to show what you can do, to illustrate your skill already acquired!" It was not difficult, in listening to M. Bastien-Lepage, to account for the essential difference between his work and much that is *à la mode* at present. The strongest desire to do something beyond former achievement could not here lead him astray. There is something filial in the fidelity of the work in general scheme, in the absence of any extrinsic beautifying, in the way in which the moral as well as pictorial character of the originals is divined and interpreted, something even of devotion in the touch. Evidently, one says to himself, if one has to paint the portraits of his parents, one had better employ the method of M. Bastien-Lepage. Some of the work, considered as mere handling, is exquisite; in other parts it is as broad. M. Bastien-Lepage familiarised us with his extraordinary gamut of execution; but never, so far as we know, did he produce a work of the elevation and dignity of this interpretation of character. One is inclined to hazard the suggestion that ordinarily his practice excluded interpretation, whereas here, owing to the relation involved, the strictest confinement to mere representation must have been guided and quickened by unconscious sympathy. The portraits are at all events unconventional without being eccentric, real without loss of refinement, and profoundly impressive. If the epithet "great" may be applied with sobriety to any work of M. Bastien-Lepage, we should apply it to this. Decidedly, rather than to the "Jeanne d'Arc."

The "Jeanne d'Arc" was the sensation of the art year in which it appeared. It had a score of brilliant qualities, but it had also the flaw which is most fatal to a work of large pretensions: it was not simple. As with all so-called "epoch-making" pictures, its theory, its system, was too palpable. Very likely this way of looking at, and this way of copying, Nature, may end by triumphing, people said, but at present the change seems too abrupt, the reform too sudden, not to shock us; these theories may be right, but just now they are too evidently theories. After all, one looks at a picture not to be convinced but to be charmed. Still, it is impossible not to honour the attempt made in this immense canvas, and all the more so from



PAUVRE FAUVETTE.

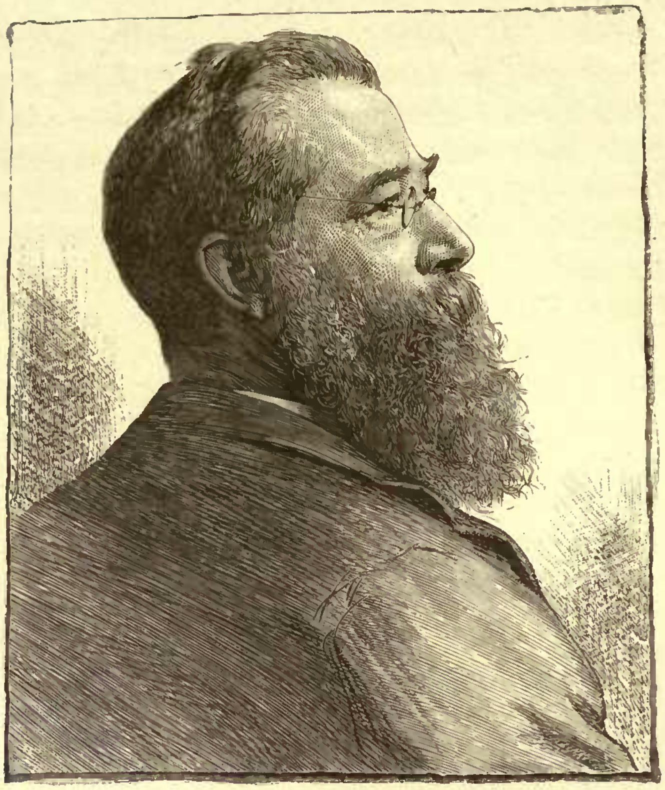
(From the Painting by Bastien-Lepage.)

one point of view because you can see that its unsatisfactoriness was perhaps inherent in the undertaking. To make realisable the almost miraculous story of Jeanne d'Arc, saturated as it is with legend and sentiment; to define it with the precision of ultra-realism, and rob it of all the accretions of an idealism, conventional if you like, but none the less inseparable, is plainly impossible. The painter starts out to represent the Maid as she *must* have been. To give her a Lorraine face, put her in a peasant's garb, and surround her with Domremy local colour, is simple logic; to endue her countenance with the rapt expression of religious ecstasy is at least allowable. Here he must stop if he is to be consistent. But to go thus far is to accomplish very little towards an "epoch-making" picture. So we have the visions seen by the Maid. But the introduction of the visions is as plainly wilful in M. Bastien-Lepage's work as a conventional representation of the Maid would be; it is simply less conventional. "Ah," retorted the admirers of the picture, "but it is pitiable to be so literal as that. The main thing is to have the essential part of the picture serious and true; can you not admit the visions as graceful and necessary, but after all unimportant, decorations, introduced to give a flavour of poetry to the whole?" The test, to be sure, is there; whether M. Bastien-Lepage's logic stands or falls, the point is, has he succeeded in giving his picture a flavour of poetry, does he in general so succeed? We are perfectly willing to grant as to the "Jeanne d'Arc," for example, that it was important, even in painting visions, to have them appear in historically accurate costume; only the result has the look of an optical trick; it goes too far or not far enough, it increases the confusion which the notable absence of organic design causes; it fails, in short, in the bold attempt to create out of hand a striking effect of combined reality and romance. There is, as always, exquisite and masterly painting in the "Jeanne d'Arc;" the face of the Maid is a veritable achievement; but the work as a whole leaves us cold.

This is the real obstruction which is felt by objecting critics in connection with M. Bastien-Lepage's work as a whole. He is not enough in love with beauty; he insists too much on what is ugly in Nature; he is too uncompromising in his refusal to adorn in the slightest degree the most forbidding object—that is really the feeling at the bottom of much of the hostile criticism which the "école naturaliste-impressionniste" meets with. People have different ideas of beauty, however, and it is not the smallest of M. Bastien-Lepage's distinctions that he at least did so much towards turning attention from the essential vapidity which under one form or another constitutes the "ideality" of the art that is always popular. After Bouguereau and Merle, after Lefebvre and Cabanel, and even Baudry and Henner, the directness, the reality, the robustness of M. Bastien-Lepage's work, comes as a great refreshment and stimulus to the jaded sense. One has the same feeling sometimes in coming upon a Rubens at the end of a gallery of seventeenth century Italian or French pictures; it is admirably competent work in the first place, in the second it rises distinctly superior in every particular to dependence on what is factitious. In one respect, indeed, the comparison is unjust to the modern painter, whose intellectual sense is particularly delicate and refined, and who never stoops to coarseness himself, whatever be his subject.

And this species of fastidiousness brings us naturally to what we take to be M. Bastien-Lepage's chief characteristic, his essential quality, involving of itself his main defect. It is, that his moral attitude towards the world he painted was apparently that of the spectator. It is impossible to say, of course, and it is lost labour to inquire, whether in reality a quick sympathy does not exist between all that peasant life he illustrated so finely and his own susceptibility. The appearance is that he regarded it simply as a highly interesting spectacle. One has only to think of the other painter of peasant life *par excellence* to appreciate the distinction here designed to be indicated. No one would doubt that Millet was himself a French peasant; no one would suspect the same of his successor. After passing in review the splendid series which the latter's contribution to modern art forms, one says how intimately the author must have studied this life he depicts so well, how admirably he has caught its picturesqueness and even its pathos. Then one thinks of the "Semeur," or a dozen other Millets. It is not that Millet was more of a poet, and so moves us more; it is that M. Bastien-Lepage does not move us at all. Perhaps the reader will find a trace of a loving touch, of a sympathetic absorption of the painter in his subject, in the picture called "Tired." It is certainly as distinctly charming as anything M. Bastien-Lepage has done, but one feels the painter himself as if he were a camera, and almost wonders at the girl's unconsciousness of a presence of such searching scrutiny. By the peasant character, illustrated in such works as the "Pauvre Fauvette," he is especially attracted. In the recent exhibition of the Société Internationale in the Rue de Sèze, there was another not so happily executed; and every one remembers the "Foins," which represents two labourers at their noontide rest, one, a man, asleep, and the other, a woman, wide awake, and wearing, like the rest, the curious half-conscious, half-ecstatic look of protest against misery, and pining for far-off things. This expression, utterly undefinable in words, was perhaps M. Bastien-Lepage's favourite problem. He interpreted it to perfection. One would look in vain for anything approaching it in Millet. It is not pictorial, it is not poetic; it is psychological, and his happiness in rendering it is one more proof of the exceeding quickness of his observation. It is something which might haunt another temperament, and compel the development of its potentialities into a great dramatic picture. Has the time gone by for that? Is the art of painting to become, like everything else of the present day, essentially scientific, and busy itself with collecting facts as the only worthy occupation? M. Bastien-Lepage's wild-eyed young peasants are as clearly "human documents" as the characters of Zola. The attitude of these two artists is nearly identical. It is easy to read in the painter's work elements of a more or less distinctly held credo such as these: "The art of painting has a future before it; it is yet to be developed in the worthiest of all the directions it has ever taken—

the illustration of human life, namely, the representation of Nature. In its own way it can do this as well as literature, having advantages peculiarly its own. Hitherto paintings have been, in one way or another, more or less inventions. Artists have been enthusiasts. Man and Nature are outweighed by their own visions and dreams. To the painter of the future such terms as imagination, invention, enthusiasm, will sound fantastic and antique; he will realise that what is needed is poise, observation, the scientific spirit, in fine, to be in harmony with the intellectual movement going on around him." M. Bastien-Lepage exhibited in London, and more recently in Paris, two important pictures of London street-life—a boot-black and a flower-girl—which illustrate the perfection of this doctrine, and in a measure enforce its value—at least to the extent of enabling one to understand the fascination (if the term be not inappositely romantic) exerted by it in practice. If there were ever "human documents" these are they. The "criticism of life" they contain is mordant. The semi-conscious hopelessness that is almost content, the absolute inability to conceive of a radically different position in life for themselves, the spiritless resignation to the Pariah estate, which strike every stranger so forcibly in the faces of the London poor, could not be better set forth in literature than they are here seized and presented in an instant. One may wonder when the organic combination of such "documents" is to come, when we shall have the *naturaliste* epic or tragedy. But if M. Bastien-Lepage made no attempt to give us that, he did nevertheless permanently and powerfully interest us. And perhaps a painter who could do that, at a time when it is a tacit convention that the last word has been said in art, need not have cared how we define him.



J. G. Brown

J. G. BROWN, N.A.

J. G. BROWN, the painter of "Pups," and "Tough Customers," and many a pleasant study of street-life besides, was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was apprenticed to the glassworks of that city, but during his two last years there he found time to study drawing during the evenings with W. B. Scott, a local artist. When his apprenticeship was completed, he had the world "before him where to choose." His enthusiasm for art simplified his decision. Wherever he went in order to ply his trade, one thing was settled—it must be where he could increase his opportunities of art-culture. Edinburgh, nearer at hand than London, naturally attracted his attention. Entering the glass manufactory there to gain a subsistence, he resumed his evening studies with the pencil. His talent was so evident that Lauder, who rarely took pupils, readily admitted him to his studio, and for thirteen months faithfully and kindly directed the young artist's efforts. It was while studying in Edinburgh that Brown took a medal in the antique class at the Royal

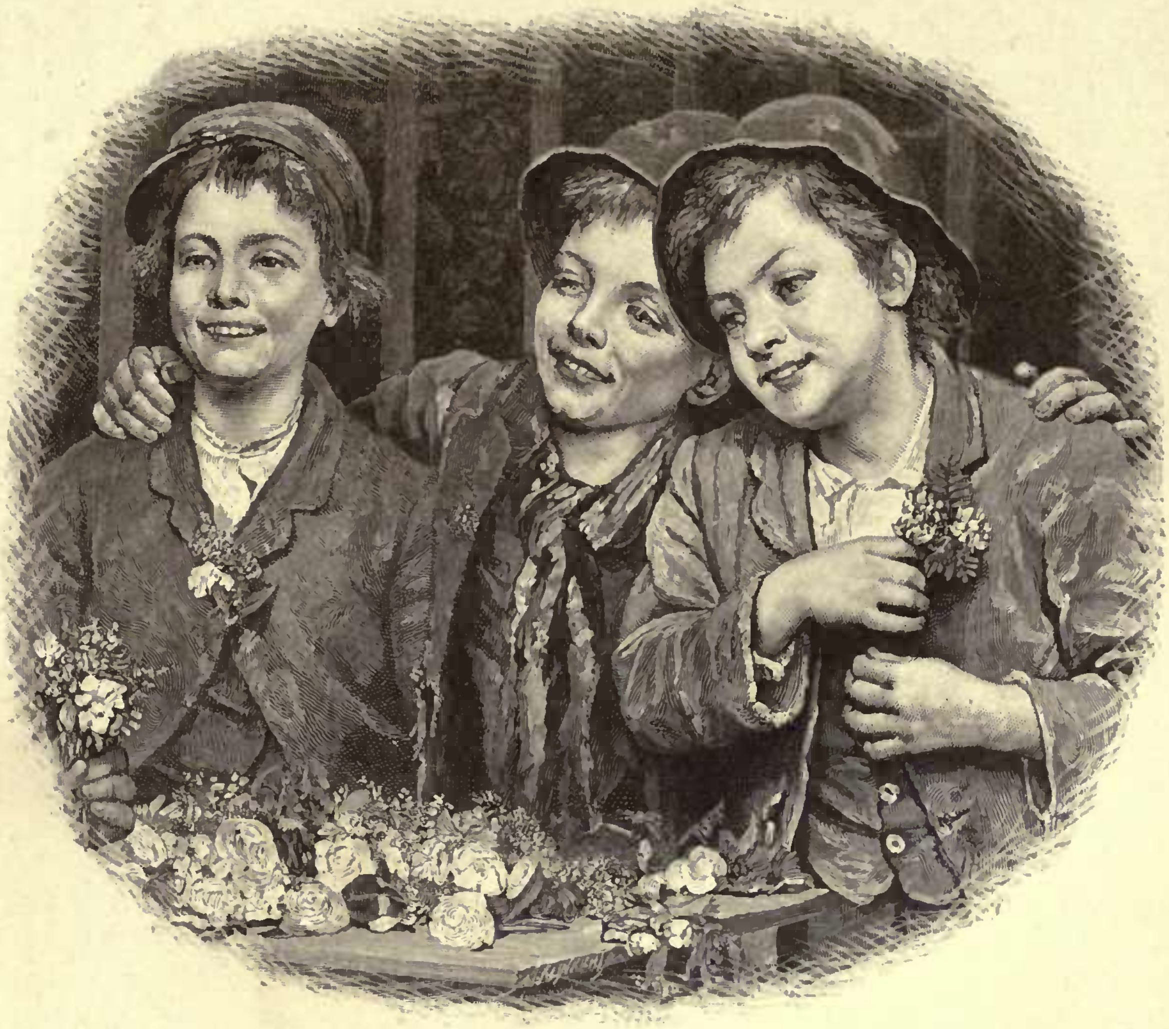
Scottish Academy. At that time he had no other purpose in view but to spend his days in Great Britain. No better art-field could be found, and there was little reason to doubt that he could eventually have won success in his native land; but it was written otherwise. There are thousands still living, both in England and her colonies, who remember Harry Russell and his emigrant songs. Many who have since made fortunes in the United States or Australia owe their first impulse towards those countries to those songs of the people. Tyrtæus led the Greeks to victory in war by the power of the lyric; and song in these latter ages has urged the people to the victories of peace. Among those whose life was influenced by Russell was the young art-student of Edinburgh. This was doubtless owing in part to the circumstance that he is unusually susceptible to the power of music, and is himself an accomplished violinist.

Mr. Brown was twenty-two years of age when he landed in New York in the summer of 1853. Not all are so well equipped for the inevitable struggle of life as he was, entering at the dawn of manhood on the path of fame and fortune in a land that holds out such a promising future to the world. He was well equipped, we say, not only because youth and health were on his side, but also because he was willing, nay, impatient to work, and had a trade that could support him until he gained a footing in his chosen career of art. It was not long after landing in the country that was to be henceforth his own that Mr. Brown (one of whose chief characteristics is enterprise and business capacity) obtained a position in the glass-works of Mr. Flint at Brooklyn. Such was the satisfaction he gave his employer, that, ere many years, he won the daughter's hand in marriage.

In the meantime Mr. Brown did not neglect his art nor forget that this was the pursuit he had marked out for himself. His first beginning in art in America was with occasional portraits, which gave such gratification that the young painter was soon fully occupied in that department. The success that attended his portraits of children, especially in family groups, obtained him invitations to New York, which is related to Brooklyn as Westminster is to Lambeth, the two municipalities being separated merely by a narrow arm of the sea called the East River. In New York it was suggested to Mr. Brown that he might make a hit if he would undertake *genre* compositions representing the various scenes and types of child-life in the streets of the great metropolis. The possibilities of the subjects had already occurred to his quick and observant eye. He had become aware, too, of the fact that New York is the centre of art in the United States, and had recognised the truth that the artist finds not only inspiration in such a place, but also those stimulating encouragements and corrective influences which are derived from contact with minds actively engaged in pursuits kindred to his own. Removing his quarters, therefore, from Brooklyn to New York, in 1860, Mr. Brown took the studio of Mr. George H. Boughton, who had just left for England, which has ever since been his home. This *atelier*, which Mr. Brown still occupies, is in the famous studio building in Tenth Street.

There could not have been a more propitious time for the attempt. It is true that the great Civil War had recently commenced; but while that conflict brought much suffering, sorrow, and privation to the North as well as to the South, it also produced, ere long, inflation and speculation, and while some lost their all, others made great fortunes. Great prodigality in the diffusion of wealth naturally followed, and a general activity in all pursuits kept equal pace with the extreme restlessness of the financial centres. Never before had Americans been more ready to encourage American art; never before nor since have they paid such generous prices for the productions of American studios. This condition of things continued years after the close of the war in 1865, until the inevitable crisis and panic which always follow a period of inflation arrived in 1874, and for a time affected the income of all American painters, except a favoured few who combined good art and popular favour to an unusual degree. Among this number Mr. Brown must be included. And yet another circumstance favoured him upon his settlement in New York. The immigration from Europe had now been going on for so many years that it had begun to modify the types of human nature in the streets, while the increasing number of poor foreigners accustomed to out-of-door occupations introduced new effects. Street vendors and booths, groups of strolling musicians, and other characters common to European cities, also began to show themselves in the cities of America, and, nowhere more than in New York, modified in its turn by the condition of things in the United States. Mr. Brown was quick to perceive the artistic possibilities of these effects, and to reap profit from his observations; and therefore it is that we say he began his career in New York at a most auspicious moment.

But while engaged in original composition, Mr. Brown was likewise keeping before him the advantage of improving himself in the technicalities of his art. He accordingly took drawing lessons for two years in the studio of Cummings, a delightful old gentleman, whose memory is pleasantly cherished by numbers of his pupils who have brought credit on their teacher by their subsequent efforts. Cummings' specialty was miniature-painting, which naturally required both firmness and delicacy of designing; and it is doubtless to him that Mr. Brown owes in part the exhibition of similar qualities in his own paintings. It is not a little singular that while so careful to perfect himself in the great and important matter of drawing, he has never taken any lessons in painting either in oil or aquarelle; and yet we feel no marked absence of merit in his employment of colour. It is true that it would not be as a colourist that he would be most distinguished, and that sometimes a finer feeling for the tender pearly greys of flesh-tones would render some of the faces in his work more harmonious and agreeable; but at the same time it must be conceded that there are no glaring blemishes in his scheme of colour. The tone of his water-colour paintings seems to us to be more attractive and artistic than that of his oil-paintings, which are, however, exactly of a nature to be improved by the mellowing touch of time. This is all the more likely, because his method of laying on pigments is safe. He does not experiment nor meddle with dangerous colours such as crack or incline to destroy each other. He is wont to employ a simple palette. For flesh-tints he almost invariably confines himself to the use of vermilion, yellow ochre, and cerulean blue or cobalt. To these he adds Vandyke brown, raw ochre, and burnt sienna for the accessories. It is rarely he resorts to other pigments. Unlike most figure-painters, he scarcely ever employs bitumen, mummy, or any other glaze, nor does he make any previous drawing on the canvas. His skill and long previous practice in drawing have given him such confidence that he commences at once with the brush and his three primary colours, adding turpentine in the first painting, as the child-models are easily fatigued, and it is important to get over much ground at the first sitting.



FROM "TOUGH CUSTOMERS."

His method of composition is to collect all the figures that are to appear in

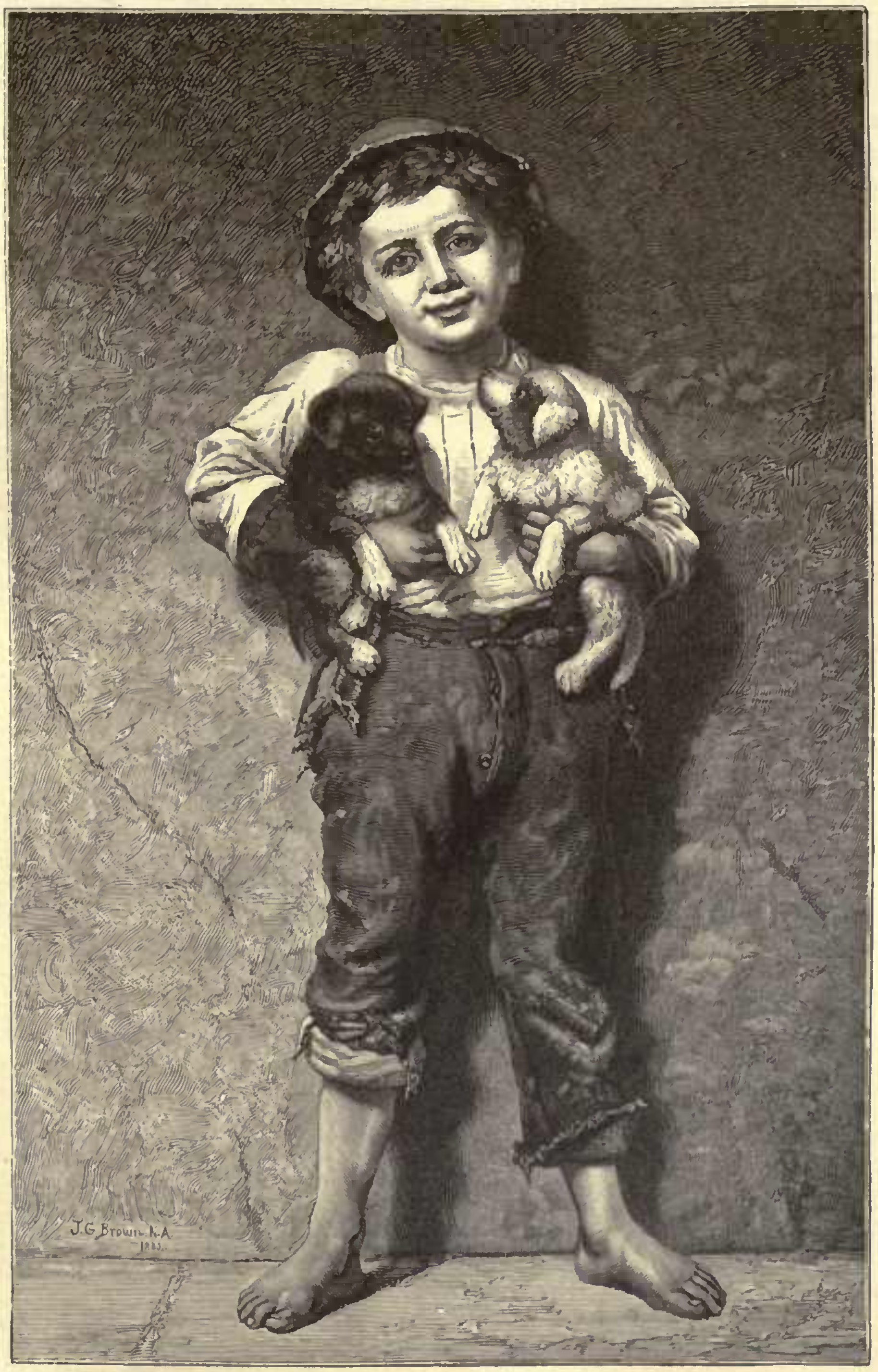
HATCHING THE PLOT.

a given design at one time in his studio. Posing them in various arrangements, he finally succeeds in arriving at what he is after. His art is evidently portraiture carried a point farther. There is little evidence of fancy in his works, or of sympathy with Nature aside from the human nature he has made his specialty. For the same reason it is apparent that to represent vigorous action is not within the scope of his abilities—at least he shows little inclination for it. We have never seen in any of his paintings such lively movements as we see in Wilkie's "Game of Blind Man's Buff." But when an object is stationary before him, he discerns it acutely, analyses and seizes its character, and depicts it with truth and spirit. A remarkable example of this appears in his well-known "Dress Parade." The war-spirit which has pervaded all ages and ranks inspires the street *gamins* as well. Too young to shoulder the musket, they yet imitate in their humble way the "pomp and circumstance" of a profession to which they aspire. Ranged in line, with old brooms for muskets, these comical lads gaze with varied but earnest expression towards their captain, a handsome youth who has contrived to pick up a cast-off shako. The band is represented by a serious, diminutive shoeblack, whose rude, dingy box serves for a drum. The variety of character displayed in this admirable composition, and the success with which it is rendered, make it one of the most important *genre* paintings in American art.

In 1862 Mr. Brown was elected an Associate of the National Academy. The year following he was chosen an Academician. At present he holds the position of Vice-President of the American Society of Artists in Water-Colours. He is also President of the mutual assurance organisation called the Artists' Fund Society. This institution insures 4,000 dollars to the family of each member. The annual dues are paid out of the proceeds of an exhibition held every winter, to which each member contributes a painting whose market value is not less than 100 dollars.

There are two features which especially distinguish Mr. Brown's art. It is, in the first place, distinctly and emphatically native to the soil. The *genre* painters of Holland were not more truly national than he is. We do not recollect a single work from his easel which shows evidence of foreign inspiration. Nor is this because he has confined himself to the painting of child-groups. Quite otherwise, for he has found numerous other subjects for his pencil as well. It is rather because, whatever the *motif* he selects, it is at once recognisable as being wholly American in subject and treatment. Take, for example, as a representative instance, the familiar face of the slave negro in the painting called "Hard Times." He is not an ordinary African; he is a type of the slave of the South, born and grown old on a Georgia plantation. Altogether the reverse are his studies and paintings of the hardy "down east" fishermen. At the entrance to the Bay of Fundy, off the coast of Maine, lies the Isle of Grand Menan. It is somewhat the shape of Alderney, a long narrow table-land elevated hundreds of feet above the sea, and surrounded by a wall of precipices. It lies in one of the most tempestuous parts of the coast of North America. In winter it is beaten by tremendous surges, and in summer it is often shut out from the world by dense fogs. It is only reached by sailing craft which are accustomed to cross the strait in almost all weathers, being manned by a sturdy class of sea-dogs, who are born amid the roar of breakers and are never out of sight of the ocean. Their vocation is fishing; they plough and reap their crops "from the farm that pays no fee." Even as the early Puritan worked in his field with the musket ever at hand, lest a stealthy Indian tomahawk should suddenly crash through his brain, so the fisherman of Grand Menan, in his little jigger, fishes with one eye on his line and another on the waves that may at an unexpected moment mount over his bark and overwhelm it. Leaving the streets of New York and his favourite haunts in early summer, Mr. Brown some years ago turned his face towards Grand Menan. As he expected, he found admirable subjects for his pencil in the rugged little isle—lassies with plump, rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and a bearing full of health and spirit. Men also were there whose every feature, look, and action were intensely powerful with originality and force of character—men who know little of the world, but are within their sphere manful, daring, and independent as Vikings. Here was a theme for the brush at once new and attractive, and Mr. Brown was not the man to neglect such a field. But when he undertook to paint these children of the sea, they utterly declined to pose for him. He hit on this expedient to overcome their reluctance. He joined them one day in one of their fishing excursions; while they were giving all their attention to their lines and seines, he succeeded in taking oil-sketches of several. These he showed them when they returned to land. The effect was magical. They were so pleased to see that he had not caricatured them, and so surprised at their satisfactory appearance on canvas, that after this all the opportunities he chose were offered him. In consequence, he produced a number of vivid and characteristic scenes, which are also artistically effective.

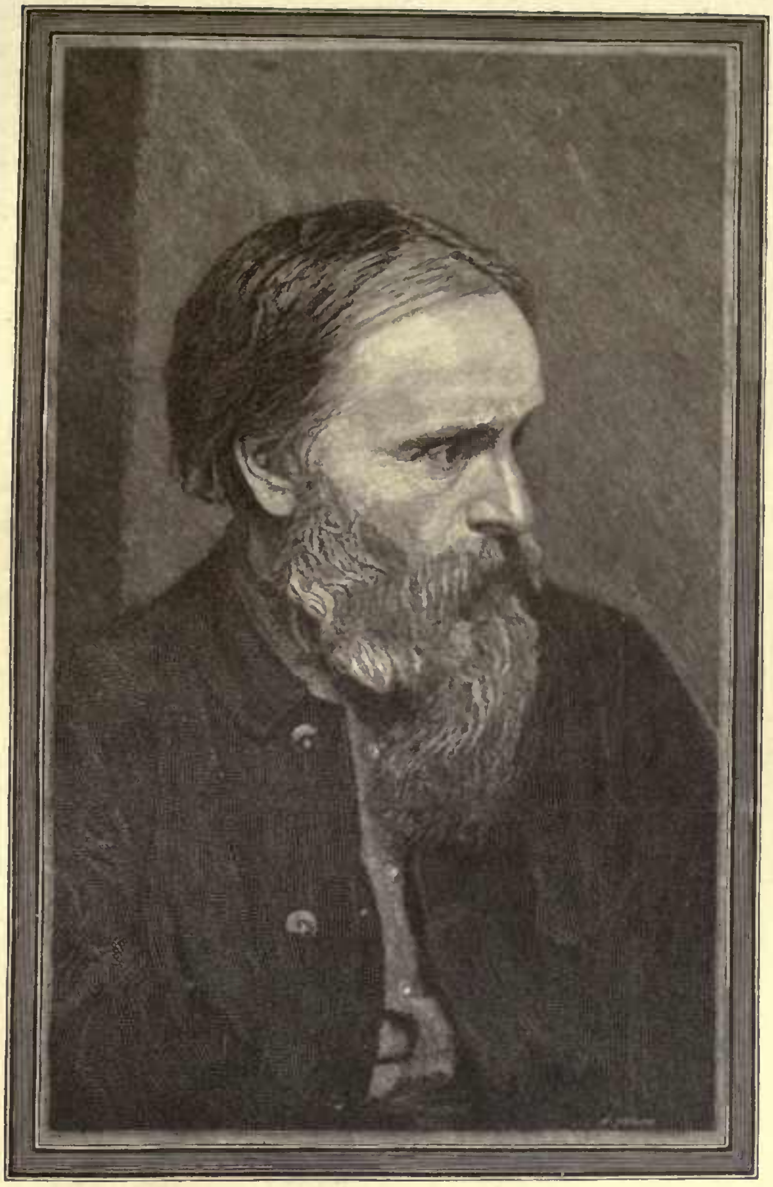
When we see these vigorous paintings we feel convinced that the picturesque is not confined to the Old World alone. In the works of Mr. Brown we learn to perceive, if we had not already seen it, that in variety of types of character there is no city richer than New York, no country more opulent than the vast territories of the United States. American painters have been long in finding out this truth. The efforts of such men as Mount, Catlin, and Ranney, were almost entirely sporadic, producing little influence on the national art. But the abundance of material entirely fresh and sufficiently pictorial which the country offers—whether it be Indian, Mexican, or Quadroon, "down-east" fishermen or farmers' daughters, street *gamins*, or apple-vendors—is beginning to attract attention, and a number of unusually meritorious artists are already devoting their energies to developing this vein. But it must be admitted that to Mr. Brown the credit is due of being one of the first to direct public attention to the artistic possibilities of low life and *genre* in America. Who, until he saw it, thought of painting that homely, every-day scene—a group of bare-legged, bare-footed tatterdemalions with no school and no business to occupy them, whiling away a healthy,



PUPS.

graceless apprenticeship in youthful indolence, strollers about the rusty wharves, fishing doubtless with stolen hooks and lines, and enjoying their sport none the less for that? Mr. Brown calls his representation of this familiar scene "Fishing off the Dock." Somewhat akin to it is "'Longshoremen at Dinner." We see before us a knot of stevedores, or men engaged in ship-loading. It is noontime. On a hot summer-day they are resting on the freight lying on the wharf, snatching a cold bite, and chaffing each other in the rough jargon of the day-labourer. This is a strong piece of work, but it is less to our liking than some of the painter's attractive compositions of child-life, such as "Tough Customers," from which we have engraved a group. This picture represents a little flower-girl, besieged by the admiring but penniless ragamuffins, who are endeavouring by a little blarney to win the roses they cannot afford to buy. "Pups," which explains itself, is a happy illustration of Mr. Brown's facility with single-figure pictures, as well as of the heartiness with which he identifies himself with the rollicking enthusiasm of a cheerful, healthy boy.

A painting still more recently executed impresses us as one of the most successful examples of the painter's talent for grasping character—a quality in which no mannerism nor any sign of failing power is yet observable. We refer to the fine composition called "The Lost Child." A little girl, five or six years of age, has strayed away from home. In childish despair, and longing for her mother in piteous tones, she is weeping, and wiping her pretty blue eyes with her plump little fists. Around this helpless waif a group of street urchins has collected, incited by curiosity or sympathy. The individuality of character and the variety of expression the artist has succeeded in imparting to the different faces show large resource of talent, and mark this as one of his most important works. It is not surprising that Mr. Brown, by such able renderings of popular subjects, receives not only the respect of his brother artists, but also the substantial applause of the public in the form of prompt sales at first-rate prices. Such paintings serve the excellent purpose of opening the eyes of the public to the artistic effects that are ever about them if they but choose to observe, and arouse their sympathy for the teeming and often helpless humanity with which every great city, in the New World as in the Old, abounds.



(From a Photograph by Hollyer.)

EDWARD BURNE JONES, A.R.A.

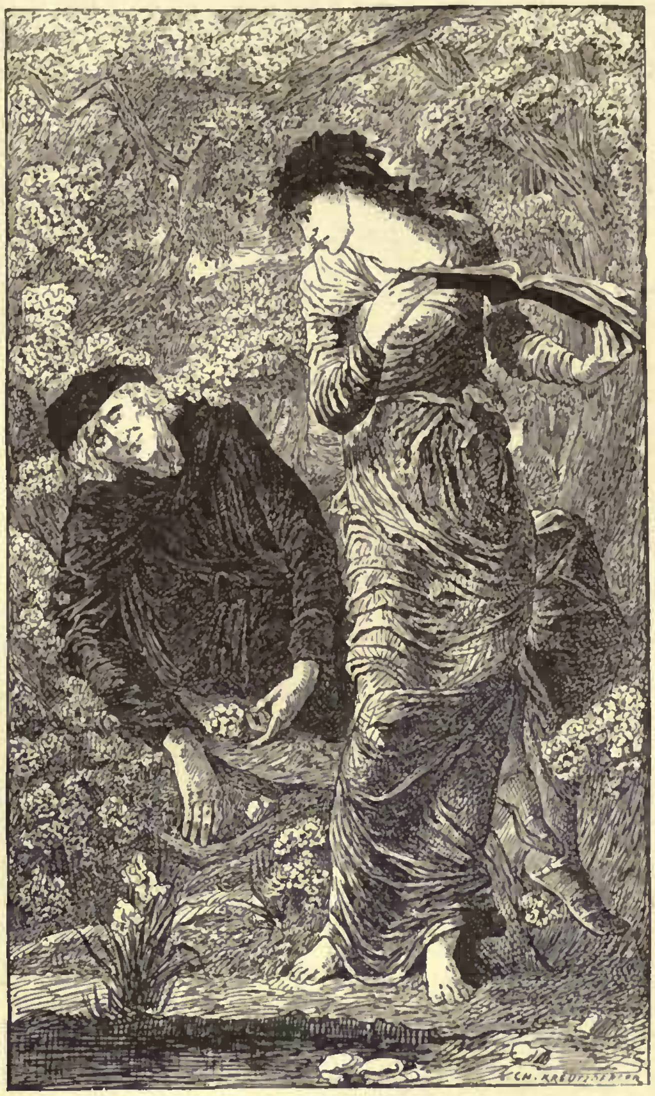
WHILE the founders of the first Pre-Raphaelite school, Millais, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti (in his first stage), were inspired with the love of Nature, and earnestly sought to render it with something of the untiring care and minuteness of the early Flemings and of the school of Dürer, the second school, or later development, of which Mr. Burne Jones is now the undisputed chief, has in externals approached more closely to the manner of the early Italian Renaissance. It lays claim to be the legitimate successor of the great Florentines of the fifteenth century, the exponent of their methods, the interpreter of their aims, and the guide who aspires to lead art back to the paths from which it has since strayed. It may be said to have been generated from the later manner of Rossetti, when abandoning the more intense and spontaneous, if cruder, conceptions of his early time, he assumed the strange *quintessencié* manner which he made his own; dealing with symbols and ideas which were only at second hand, if at all, derived from the external world; and perpetually struggling to give pictorial representation to the most delicate shades of emotion, thought, and fancy, through a medium unsuitable for the expression of the painter's meaning and for all practical purposes unvarying. Such an attempt, as was inevitable, resulted in failure—a splendid and striking failure, the more impressive as the genius of the struggler appeared the greater—but yet, as the work of a life, a sad and lamentable one. To Mr. Burne Jones, strongly influenced by the master, but never completely overshadowed or controlled by him, the school owes to a very great extent its archaistic tendency, its delight in what is eccentric in shape or quaint in conceit, and its excessive love for allegory of a type which aspires to appear high, grave, and unfathomable, but is oftener merely obscure, because it neither invites nor, perhaps, repays interpretation.

With the so-called Pre-Raphaelites of the first school—those whom Mr. Ruskin has so eloquently and so vehemently defended—Mr. Burne Jones has little or nothing in common. How strangely inapplicable to his intensely subjective, artificial style appears the following main precept enunciated in the "Pre-Raphaelitism":—"They should go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing." Or again, such a passionate defence as the following of the principles and practice of the "Brotherhood":—"The first current fallacy of society . . was that the Pre-Raphaelites imitated the errors of the early painters. . . There is not a shadow of resemblance between the two styles. . . The Pre-Raphaelites imitate no pictures: they paint from Nature only. . . If they adhere to their principles and paint Nature as it is around them, with the help of modern science, with the earnestness of the painters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, they will, as I said, found a new and noble school in England."

It must, however, be owned that such principles as those so laid down by Mr. Ruskin would constitute a justification, not only of the school he sought to uphold, but, indeed, of all schools which earnestly and without bravado seek to reproduce Nature as it is. Indeed, the main principle, "rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing," might serve as the motto of the ultra-naturalistic schools which the preaching and example of modern France have recently given to the world. Is it not, indeed, in another shape, "le document humain," the device inscribed on the banner of those who, in art, follow the theories and practice in literature of Zola and his school? A faithful observance of this too sweeping first principle—to which, indeed, Mr. Ruskin has fortunately adhered in theory only—

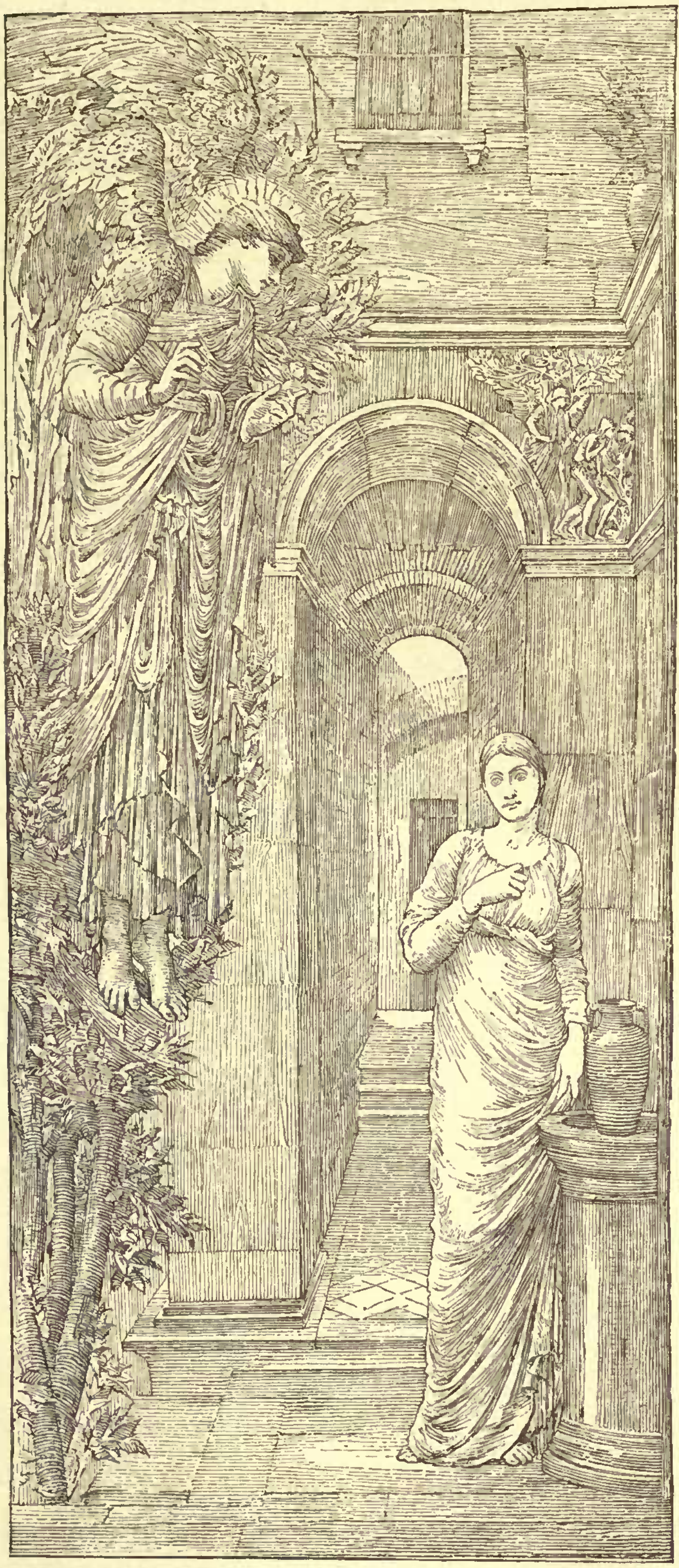
would rob art of its truest and noblest prerogative—that of selection; it would confound the essential and eternal truths of Nature with merely accidental and temporary realities, it would blur and blot her aspect, and render it less clear than ever to our eyes. What, to quote but a single instance, from such a point of view, are we to say to the noblest art of the Greeks, based always on Nature and never departing from truth, but the truer and the more representative because they proceeded by selection—seizing upon and combining the separate manifestations of Nature which together constitute the true ideal?

Yet, with this essential and all-important reservation, the first principles just quoted from "Pre-Raphaelitism" may be accepted as a basis and a test of sound, true, and enduring art, not only of the school to which they have special reference, but of all schools. How has Mr. Burne Jones satisfied the test thus set up? How does his art fulfil the requirements of such an ideal? Can it in truth be said that he studies Nature, save through strangely-coloured lenses of his own, or that his art is the outcome or even a generalisation of Nature? It is a smaller matter that in the earlier stages of his career he did not care to make full use of the aids of modern science, but preferred to err in his favourite company; for, by degrees, this mannerism, at least, he has in a great measure thrown off, and he has striven with well-nigh complete success to attain technical mastery in all branches of his art. Can it be truly said that, in returning to the manner, the *technique*, and the subjects affected by the primitive painters, he has laboured with their simple earnestness, with their *naïveté*, or their singleness of purpose? He has doubtless caught in a remarkable degree the strangeness of aspect, the technical methods, the occasional errors of draughtsmanship and proportion, the merely literary and humanistic



MERLIN AND VIVIEN.

side of the art of the Quattrocento—such eccentricities, indeed, as were the result in part of the want of an absolute technical mastery adequate to keep pace with the exuberant fancy peculiar to the time, in part of a too-unbounded admiration for the newly-revived classical culture. The great Quattrocentisti were themselves, by comparison with the preceding idealistic age of Giotto and his disciples, realists, striving to replace the generalised truth and the limited technical resources of the earlier century by a more accurate representation, in so far as their means permitted, of the facts and aspects of Nature and the sentiments evoked by these in the human heart. What we reverently admire in them is, not the quaintnesses and angularities of a style on the high road to perfection though not yet at the goal, but the noble striving after truth, the magnificent energy, the exuberance of fancy and idea, and above all the devout simplicity and unconsciousness—nearer earth than that of the preceding age, but yet genuinely inspired—which their works reveal.



THE ANNUNCIATION.

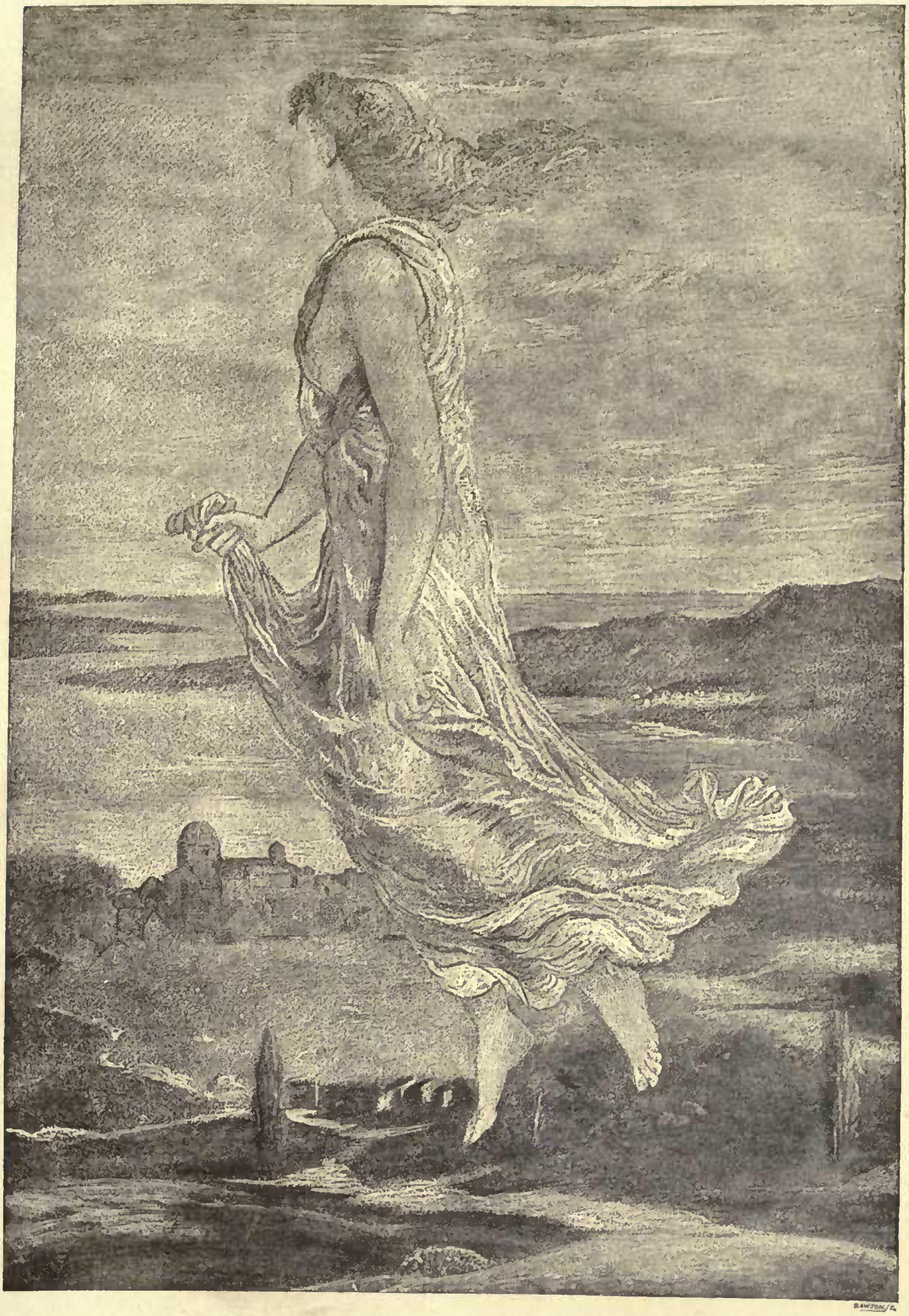
(*In the Collection of G. Howard, Esq.*)

It must be frankly owned that in the art of Mr. Burne Jones, exquisite as it is in some respects, and potent as are its spells over those who come within their range, we seek for such qualities in vain. The spirit which informs his art is essentially and entirely modern, and as far asunder as the poles from that which inspired his great prototypes. They looked forward, full of strength and hope, and, while they gladly welcomed the new culture, infused into it their own life and creative power, making of their art, even where they imitated, a new and living thing. He, despairing of the world as it is—because it wants the halo and the glamour which time casts over the past—turns away from it and from humanity, and seeks to create for himself a beautiful world 'twixt heaven and earth, and to people it with children of his own imagining—neither mortal nor divine. The pessimist spirit is paramount in him: a gentle, egotistic pessimism, seeking to shroud itself from the harsh and cruel realities of life and thought. But they are touched with no Promethean fire, these mild-eyed melancholy day-dreams of the painter-poet; they are extra-human, and in their strange visionary woes humanity takes no part.

What a gulf between the aim and emotional power of such art and that of Mr. Watts!—a painter who may be often technically hesitating and incomplete, who has often failed to give complete realisation to his noble conceptions, but who, in sympathy with the problems of life, in true elevation, and in devotion to the higher and subtler aspects of Nature, has, and has had, few or no equals among Englishmen. Such an allegory as his great "Love and Death," through the all-pervading sadness and grim mystery inseparable from the subject, reveals an undercurrent of hope and confidence. Set against it Mr. Burne Jones's "Wheel of Fortune"—full, too, of strange enigmatical charm—and the difference between the standpoint of the two men becomes manifest. Here the mighty goddess appears, not stern and relentless, but rather listless, unknowing, and uncaring; the laurel-crowned poet, the sceptred king, and the slave, bound to the terrible wheel, whithersoever its revolutions may carry them, are alike vacuous, cowed, and wretched—the unresisting victims of a cruel and all-powerful chance. But, it may be fairly argued, such criticism as the foregoing starts mainly from the literary and æsthetic point of view, and, as such, is not fairly applicable to the painter's art, which should be judged primarily from the painter's point of view for what it successfully achieves and depicts, and not for what it may suggest in the mind of each individual beholder. For, it will be said, may not such interpretations vary endlessly according to the mood and temperament of the interpreter, and can the scope and value of a painter's work be judged on so slippery and uncertain a basis? But Mr. Burne Jones has elected to be judged from the highest and most comprehensive point of view, as the painter-poet, as the high-priest and teacher of an esoteric creed. His most enthusiastic devotees are those who profess to find in his works—beyond the mere wealth of pictorial invention, the charm of colour, the quaint melancholy echoes of old time—poems symbolising the higher and nobler problems of life and the mysteries of faith, reviving the poetical glories of the past, and shedding a sunset glow over the prosaic realities of the present. Therefore an appreciation of his powers which should start from the lower and more circumscribed point of view would fail to evoke any clear idea—whether true or erroneous—of his peculiar idiosyncrasy or of his aims as an artist.

It would be possible to attain to a far higher degree of sympathy with Mr. Burne Jones's genius and accomplishment—to which, indeed, it is impossible to refuse that admiration which is due to the enthusiastic and single-minded cultivation of art for art's sake—were it not that his example has brought forth a school surely the most trivial and the least entitled to serious consideration of any which has recently appeared in Europe. What real meaning underlies these feeble and superficial imitations of the faults, and the faults only, of the noble workers of the fifteenth century? What real significance is there in these idle conceits, these motiveless anachronisms, these wrappings up of nothing in a guise alike so pretentious and so ridiculous? Such art is indeed calculated to make the searcher after truth turn with relief even to the most brutal, uncompromising realism of the modern French school in its worst exaggerations—to any style, in fact, which brings us back to humanity and earnestly seeks to observe and represent some phase of life, even the most prosaic and repellent. Indeed, Mr. Burne Jones is the greatest sufferer by the shallow eccentricities of his following: nor is he alone in the unfortunate position to which the spells he has cast over a certain section of his contemporaries condemn him. The school which followed Michelangelo, and imitated only the faults and exaggerations of his later manner, without any portion of the fiery genius which produced those very faults and served as their excuse, was surely one of the most pernicious and meaningless the world has seen. And the Roman school, created and directed by Raphael, when no longer controlled by the magic of his genius and his hand, fell into the most trivial eccentricities, of which, alas! the last Raphaelesque works in the Vatican, executed after the great master's death, are the most convincing proof.

To find a true parallel in the past for the method and motive of Mr. Burne Jones's art, we must turn, not to the first Pre-Raphaelite school of the "Brotherhood," not to the revivals of the Munich school of the beginning of the century—the pseudo-Umbrian style of Overbeck and his followers—but rather to a singular revival which took place some two thousand years ago—to the archaistic school of sculpture originated in Italy by Pasiteles in the first century B.C. This was an art which closely imitated in form the riper archaic Greek works of the Pre-Pheidian period, while remaining as far from the aims and true meaning of those schools as it was possible to be; which apparently sought to stimulate the taste of the conquering nation, cloyed with the contemplation of the marvels of Hellenic art, by aid of a piquancy derived from the clothing of more modern conceptions with a pseudo-archaic exterior. This school, so similar in feeling and aim to that of our Pre-Raphaelites of the second period, though, so far as is known, it applied its principles to the plastic arts only, was without widespread or lasting influence on the Græco-Roman styles. So, too, must inevitably be the school of the present revival, already much weakened in influence and fast fading. If, indeed, it leave its trace in English



THE EVENING STAR.

(In the Collection of G. Howard, Esq.)

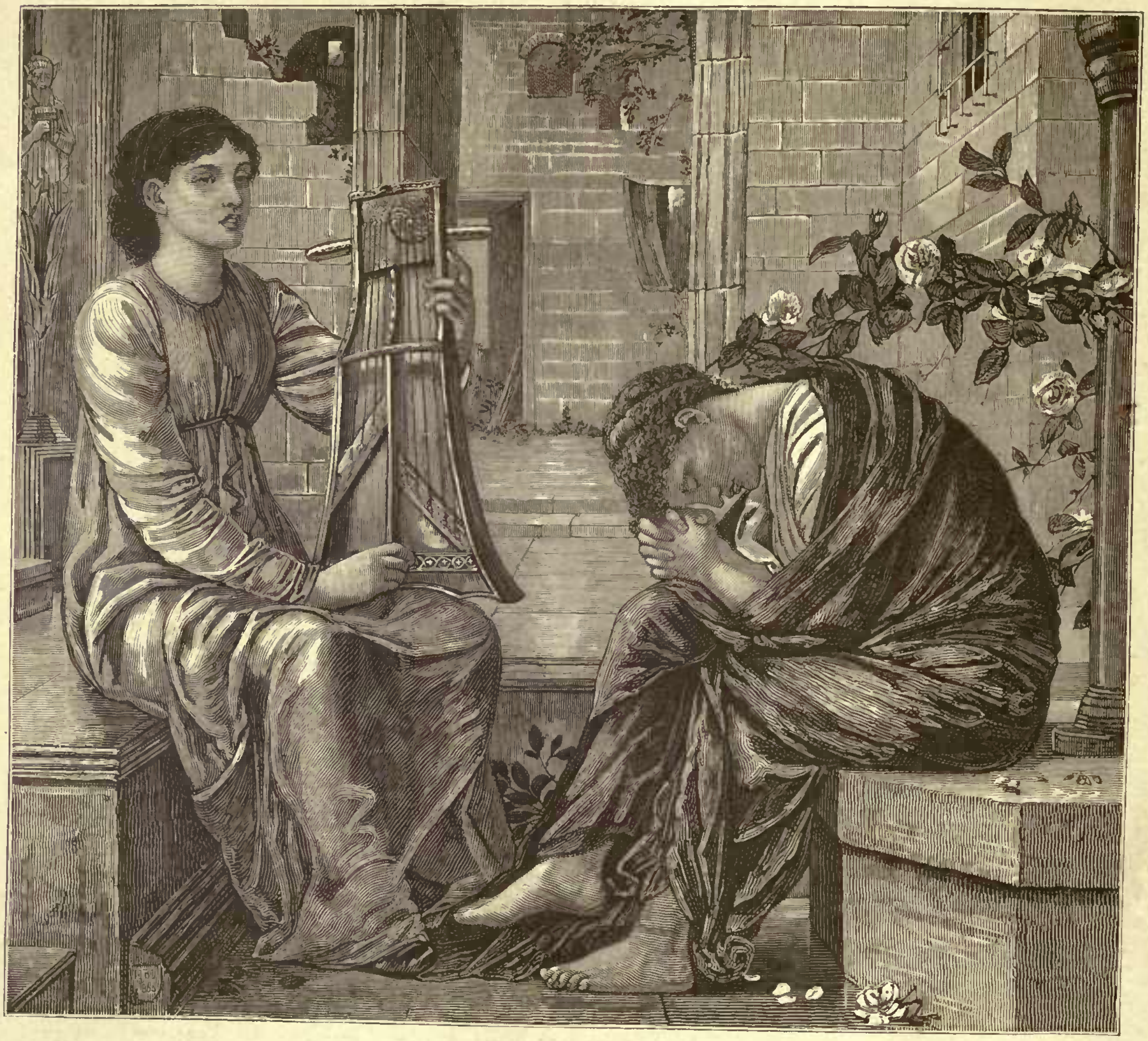
art, it will rather be through the superior refinements of colour and harmony which it has introduced, and for the undoubted impetus which it has given to purely decorative art, in which the school has achieved real results, assimilating to good purpose and with great effect the principles and practice of the earlier Renaissance.

The opening exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery (1877) was a memorable one, inasmuch as it contained three important and typical works by the subject of this sketch. Foremost among these, and in some respects one of the most important creations of the master, though as regards technical accomplishment it has been surpassed by some subsequent works—especially the "Cophetua"—was the "Days of Creation." This picture (now in the collection of Mr. William Graham) represents in six separate wings or compartments, joined so as to form a polyptychon, six angels symbolising the six days of the Creation. Each stands holding a crystal globe which reflects with varying distinctness a peculiar act of Creation, and each is crowned with a plume of fire of different hue. With each successive angel appear, joined though duly subordinated, those who have presided over the acts of Creation of the preceding days; so that he of the sixth day appears with his five forerunners, who thus form a background to the main figure. Below this angel of the final day, seated among flowers, is a beautiful crowned genius playing on a dulcimer, who is evidently intended to typify the seventh day of rest and the rejoicing for the accomplished work. In the pose and general conception of this figure the influence of Raphael, a master with whom Mr. Burne Jones is rarely in sympathy, unmistakably asserts itself. Very delicate and ingenious is the manner in which the colouring of each separate panel is wrought out so as to assist the exposition of the motive; in the first it is that of a cold grey-green dawn, and the colour-note is skilfully varied in each so as to carry out and amplify the harmony appropriate to each successive day. This very mode of expression, however, refined and telling as it unquestionably is, renders it impossible that the picture should show a general scheme of balanced colour; but owing to its peculiar shape, the loss to the work as a decorative whole is not strongly felt. The figures of the angels into whose hands has been given the accomplishment of the acts of Creation are noble and elevated, notwithstanding a certain vacuity of expression and monotony of type which they present. But these sad, awe-stricken beings appear weighed down with sorrow and foreboding at the dread mystery of which they are the instruments: it is as if they saw, through their ministration, spread broadcast through the world all the ills which were closed in Pandora's casket, and that even the supreme consolation of hope which remained behind was not within their gift. The singular failure or disinclination to render variety of human type, and the want of command over facial expression, which are among Mr. Burne Jones's most regrettable weaknesses, are here, from the nature of the subject, somewhat less inappropriate and less felt as a drawback than in other works of the painter, where they often become an intolerable mannerism. The well-known "Merlin and Vivien," of which a slight reproduction accompanies this notice, though it is one of the most popular of the painter's works, and in

1878 represented him at the Universal Exhibition in Paris, is scarcely the happiest or most complete example of his powers. The standing figure of Vivien, with its purple-black draperies and the mannered forms which they reveal—both echoes of Botticelli—has a charm of its own; but the figure of the mighty enchanter is strangely weak, womanish, and inexpressive. The lighting shows neither a full command of chiaroscuro, nor on the other hand the clear, even illumination of open day which marks the works of the primitive Italian schools. In the "Mirror of Venus," and in the much-discussed "Laus Veneris" of the subsequent year, both in a higher and more brilliant key of colour, Mr. Burne Jones displayed in a marked degree that particular phase of his style—the pensive yet sensuous mood—with which he has been chiefly identified by the public. In 1879 appeared the curious series of four pictures called the "Story of Pygmalion," and the work on which Mr. Burne Jones's claims as a worker in the domain of sacred art chiefly rest, "The Annunciation." This is a large upright canvas, showing the house and garden of Mary, in the foreground of which she is seen standing near a well, to which she has come to draw water. To her appears Gabriel, the angel of the Annunciation, floating effortless in the air above a bay-tree of fine, conventionalised design, clad in robes of rich purple-brown, with hands uplifted and long draperies of sweeping perpendicular fold —suggesting this time less the Florentines and Mantegna than Byzantine influences and the strange figures seen in the porches of Chartres and Angers. A subtle, penetrating, unfamiliar charm the picture unquestionably has: due, it may be, in part to the loving care and thoroughness, *sui generis*, displayed in the workmanship, in part to the very strangeness and external peculiarities of the design.

It is in purely decorative work that Mr. Burne Jones shines his brightest, and here it is possible to admire him with fewer reservations than elsewhere. Thus, it was at the winter exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1881, where there appeared a whole series of his most important decorative designs—comprising, among many other works, several cartoons of large dimensions for stained-glass windows—that he most unmistakably asserted his right to a foremost place among modern painters. It is in art of this type that his peculiar powers as a colourist are best appreciated, and that the lessons of his beloved Quattrocentisti have borne the best fruit: here, too, neither energetic action nor vigour of conception and characterisation is missed, as both are in other branches of the art. Prominent among these designs was that for the great triplet window of Easthampstead Church, a "Judgment," showing in the centre lancet St. Michael, and in the side lights—aloft, saints and martyrs seated in a semicircle; below, occupying the middle space, angels of a beautiful type which suggests the manner of Orcagna, sounding trumpets; and beneath, the dead putting on again their mortal vesture. Here the spaces are admirably filled, and the distribution—highly skilful and complete—is effected without apparent effort. Very remarkable also were the two cartoons for a window or windows in Salisbury Cathedral, the "Angeli Laudantes" and "Angeli Ministrantes," showing many of the best qualities of the painter. A beautiful piece of decorative work (of the misplaced "Weltschmerz" we say nothing) was the "Sea Nymph," shown half-rising from the waves, and holding in either hand a brightly-tinted fish: the canvas is brilliant with exquisite iridescent colours relieved by the delicate hues of the torso of the nymph.

In the "Tree of Forgiveness"—showing the figure of Phyllis issuing from the trunk of an almond-tree and clasping the nude form of Demophöon—there is evident a certain exaggeration of pose and violence of movement, much after the peculiar manner of Antonio Pollajuolo, with which, however, the painter has not quite succeeded in imparting energy to the design. Very marked, too, is the striving after greater completeness in the drawing and modelling of the human form. Of the great "Fortune" (1882) we have already incidentally spoken: it remains only to praise its original and appropriate scheme of colour—dark and silver grey, and

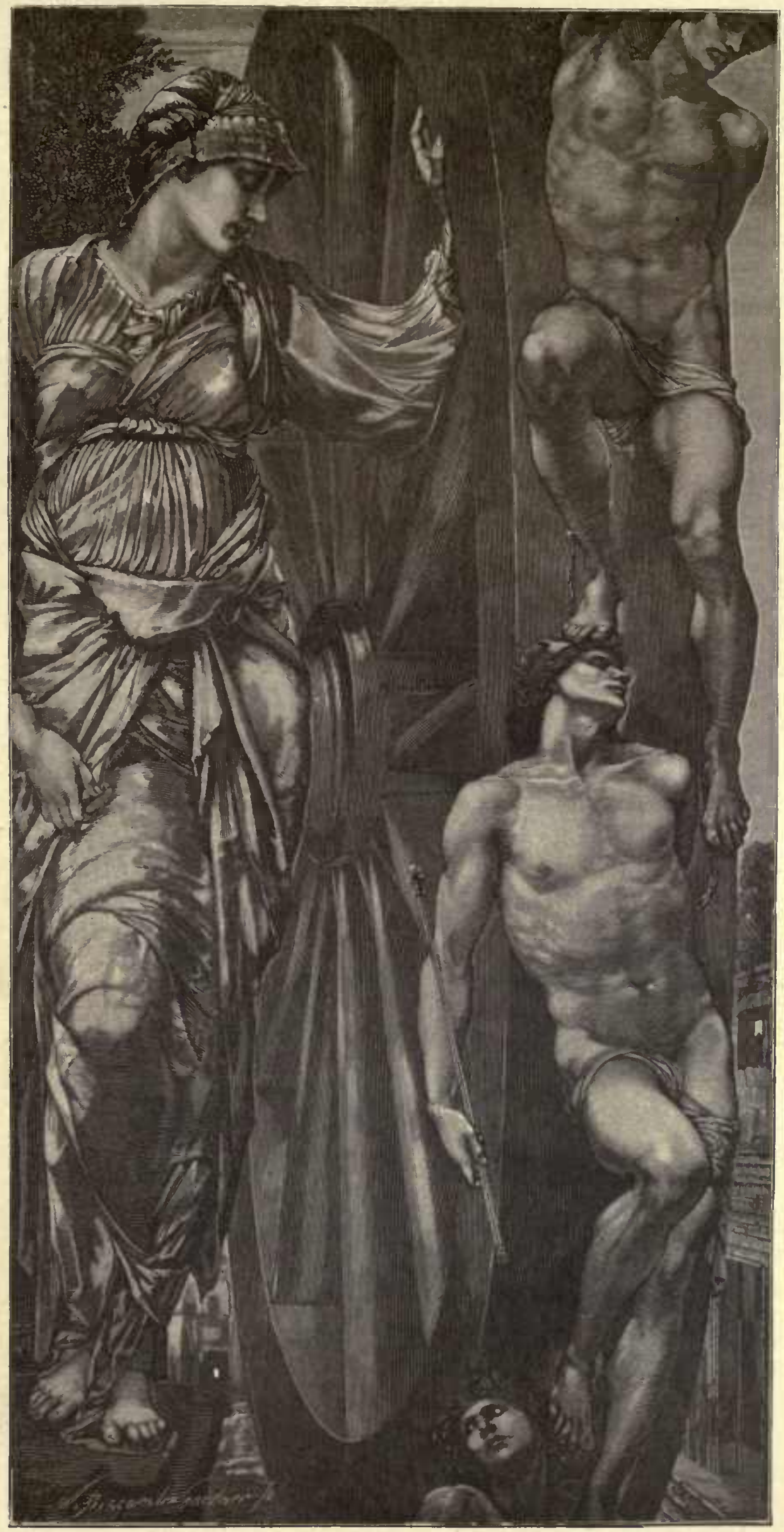


A LAMENT.

(*By Permission of J. H. Trist, Esq.*)

golden bronze, relieved only by the pallid carnations of the goddess, and the nude figures bound to the wheel. Here a still more marked advance in style and achievement, as regards the drawing and modelling of the nude, became evident.

Of Mr. Burne Jones's "Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" we will not attempt to enter into detailed comment. In the execution of portions of the picture, such as the elaborately-wrought armour and shield of the king kneeling in adoration, and the adornments of the magnificent throne, overlaid with plates of beaten gold, on which is seated the maid, the painter has shown really marvellous technical skill. Moreover—and this is of even higher importance—the noble figure of the king, suggestive as it undoubtedly is of the art of Mantegna, is yet a conception distinctly human and

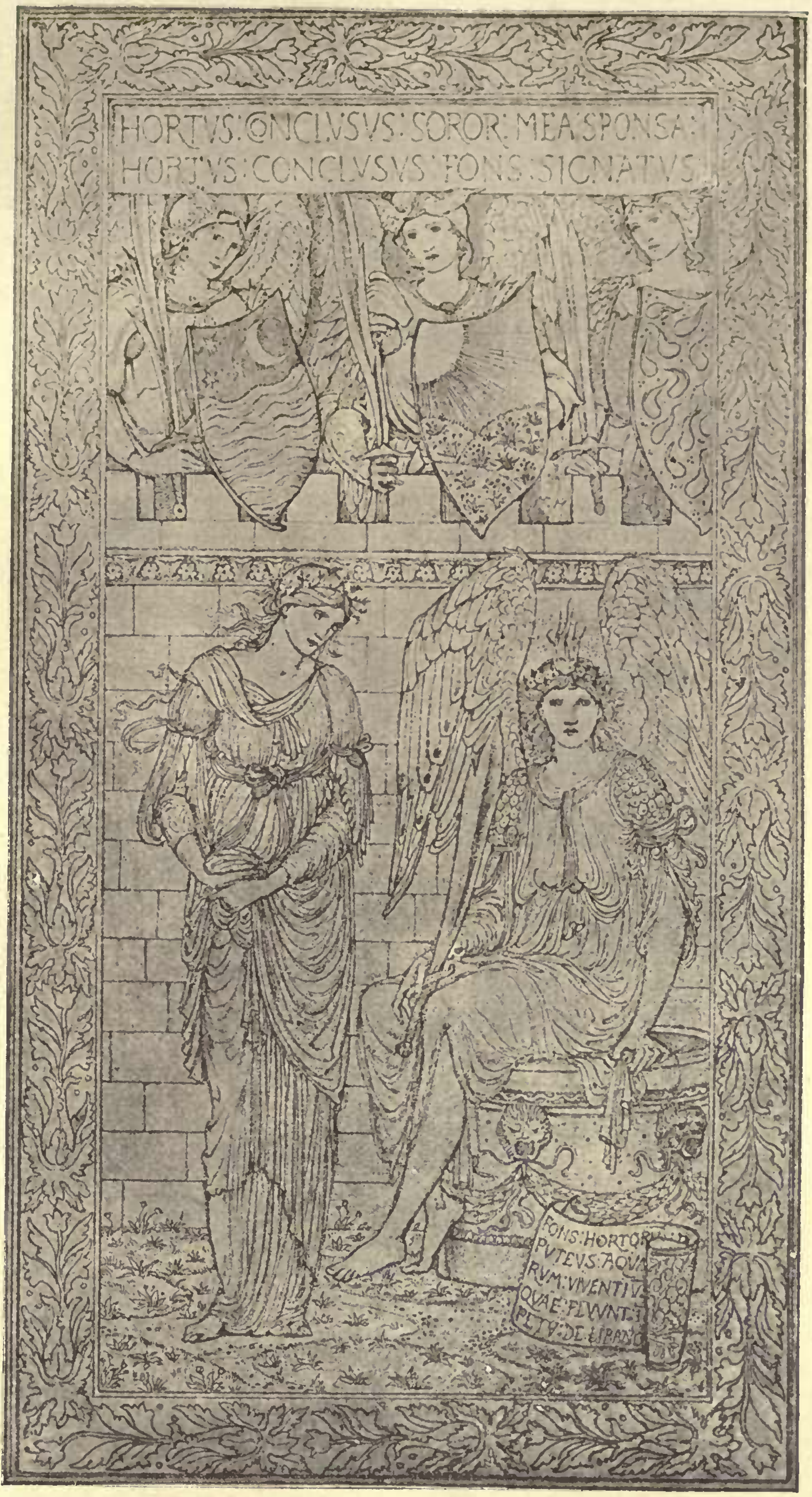


THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

(By Permission of Right Hon. Arthur Balfour, M.P.)

virile, breathing forth a man's passion, chastened and subdued, yet intense and true. This is an advance, or rather a transformation which, if we could venture to hope that it would be sustained, would justify the highest hopes. What might not Mr. Burne Jones yet achieve with his brilliant fancy and now complete technical accomplishment, if he should succeed in infusing into his highly-wrought creations and delicately elaborated fancies a more virile force, a higher and closer sympathy with humanity, a more real and profound significance? As it is, he must unquestionably rank as one of the most prominent and distinctive figures in modern art, and not the least remarkable product—whether we consider his striking qualities or his equally striking defects—of the thought and feeling of the present age.

Mr. Burne Jones has been for the greater part of his life unconnected with the Royal Academy. His art and his character were alike apart from the annual competition for show and for sale, and from the class of subjects—popular, contemporary, and brisk, which distinguish the great exhibition in Piccadilly. Indeed, his connection with art corporations has never been an important part of his career. He was, some twenty years ago, a prominent member of the old Water-Colour Society. Among the literal, positive landscapes, and the stippled prettinesses in the way of figure-painting, which used to cover the walls of the Society, the visitor was wont to come upon mediævalisms—long figures, of arbitrary proportion, mournful faces with pale, foreboding eyes, and the full, rich colour of Gothic stained-glass. The subjects were legendary—Greek myth, or Christian hagiology, or allegory of the poets—and these unique drawings were signed Burne Jones, a name much revered by the few, but disregarded by the more or less intelligent crowd. But this one publicity to which the artist had consented came to an abrupt end. A large drawing of his, accepted as a matter of course from a member, was hung as usual in honourable position. But before the private view day its place knew it no more, for the Committee had taken the unusual step of deposing it, the subject, in which the nude was rather emphatically treated, having alarmed the authorities of the Gallery. It is hard, however, to conceive how any harm could have been done to the most inexperienced by the nymphs of Mr. Burne Jones's imagination. The painter himself took offence at finding that his *confrères* would not trust him with his own subjects; he severed his connection with the Society, and retired to his tents for ten or twelve years—until, in fact, the Grosvenor Gallery opened its crimson rooms to him as one of its lions. Of course, the painter of the "Days of Creation" had had a little public of his own, small and enthusiastic, so small, indeed, that the quiet, low studio in his belated little country house amid the slums of North End, Fulham, could contain them all. But it was curious to observe how the great public of London received him as a complete novelty. His pictures were a genuine surprise; they made the commonplace controversy of a season; more platitudes were uttered against them and more extravagances in their favour than many painters, happily, have the responsibility of fathering. Indeed, Mr. Burne Jones may be credited with originating, quite unwittingly, the "æsthetic" movement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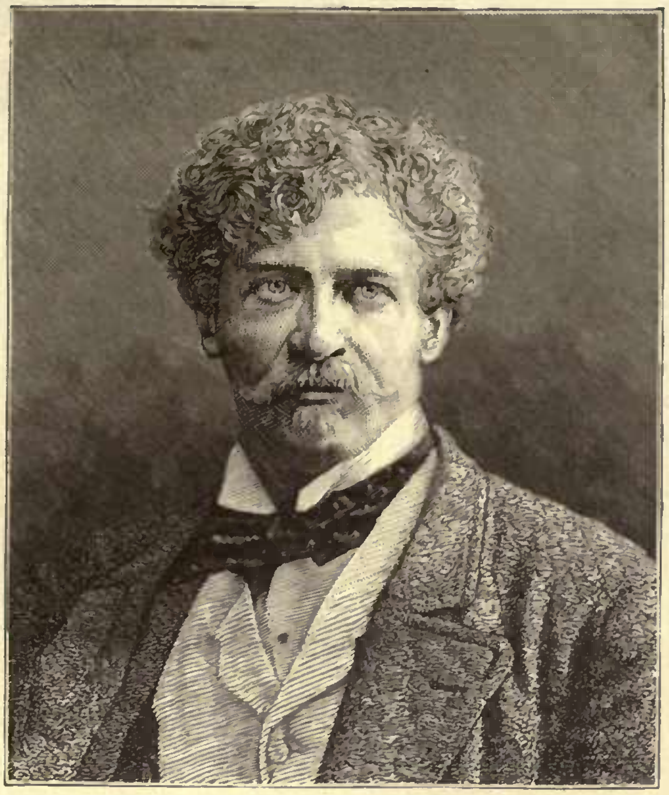
THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Fac-simile of a Drawing. By Permission of the late William Graham, Esq.)

which began in 1877, and had the Grosvenor Gallery for a happy hunting-ground during the three or four years of its existence. And at the Grosvenor Mr. Burne Jones has shown an excited town his work year by year, showing it nowhere else until 1886, when the Royal Academy did him the unsolicited honour of election to its Associateship. The act was really an almost pathetic plea on the part of the worried and harassed forty at Burlington House. They had long been taunted with Philistinism and vulgarity, and other like crimes. They were resolved to persuade the world once for all that they were really not without a delight in the mediæval, the "early," and the intense. How better could they prove this than by making Mr. Burne Jones an Associate? He was accordingly elected, to his own surprise and the world's, and his first Academy picture, "The Depths of the Sea," was hung in a respectable room, of course on the line, and looked sufficiently curious in the atmosphere which the works of Mr. Frith, Mr. Faed, Mr. Horsley, and Mr. Vicat Cole create in the place that habitually contains them. Mr. Burne Jones's subject was the capture of some unhappy mariner by the sea-nymph who loves him, and who little dreams that she is taking her prize down to his death. The man has just died; his last breath bubbles up through the water; but she looks out with a gay, meaning, elfish smile, unconsciously clasping him as she almost reaches the floor of the deep. And this smile is a striking specimen of what we must consider Mr. Burne Jones's imitativeness; it is the Leonardo da Vinci smile, the smile of the "Gioconda," in perfect reproduction. The figures speed downwards between columns, of which the articulations, or joints, are unfortunately repeated in the man's figure. But in spite of this fault, the picture is full of subtle beauty and mischief. Its author's work will certainly lend a new interest to the Royal Academies of the future, if he really intends to exhibit there. The show of 1887 had nothing from him.



yours very truly
J. E. Boehm

(*From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.*)

JOSEPH EDGAR BOEHM, R.A.

THE art of England owes much to other countries. Not only has international emulation stimulated us ever since we began, in 1851, to make comparisons; not only have the most English of our artists, such as Sir Frederick Leighton—English in birth, blood, and character—corrected, enriched, and disciplined their work by a training in foreign schools, so that little of our foremost art can now be considered altogether English; but our school has been lately enriched by the welcome accession from abroad, not merely of principles, but of the artists themselves. Belonging to all the world by their talents, they have chosen to belong in a special manner to England; and if she cannot claim them in their origin, nor in the character of their genius, as the country of their choice she has a still better title to them; they are her citizens by naturalisation, and in the pacific contests of international exhibitions they are valuable recruits to her standard. Foremost among such painters who are strangers within our gates is Mr. Alma-Tadema, and foremost among such sculptors is Mr. Joseph Edgar Boehm. He, indeed, unlike the eminent artist whose name we have mentioned with his, and whose subjects are chosen from the life of no living nation, is distinctively English in the motives of his work. He is one of the chief illustrators of our national contemporary history; the Royal Family of his adopted country has taken the keenest interest in his labours; and in his private capacity he is a popular member of English society. So that we are almost inclined to forget that he is a Hungarian by parentage, and an Austrian by birth, education, and early residence; and that he was not naturalised as an English subject until 1865.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Born at Vienna, in 1834, Mr. Boehm in his first years came under the influence that was to shape his after-career, for his father was the possessor of a magnificent collection illustrating the history of the fine arts in every branch, from the earliest days of ancient Egypt to our own. This was in itself a school for a receptive and intelligent child; there his young admiration was excited, not by the prettiness of modern art, but by the grandeurs of the past, and there his own ambition was kindled. His father, who was the director of the Imperial Mint, desired that his son should follow in his own safe and successful steps; and therefore, though he fostered the boy's love of the arts, did not encourage him to adopt the practice of them for a profession. The youth's general education, begun in Vienna, was continued by a course of three years in England, during which he mingled with his other labours an enthusiastic study of the drawings of the Old Masters at the British Museum, and of the Elgin marbles, which he copied with delight, and, be it whispered, not without an ambition to produce equestrian statues some day with horses of less peculiar breeds than are to be found on these grand friezes. His education completed, he entered the Austrian mint; but not even the prospect of occupying in the future his father's important post, nor the surely somewhat congenial duties connected with the engraving of coin, sufficed to efface from his heart the desire which was so deeply impressed upon it; and he left the mint and set out for Paris to enter zealously on his professional career as a sculptor.

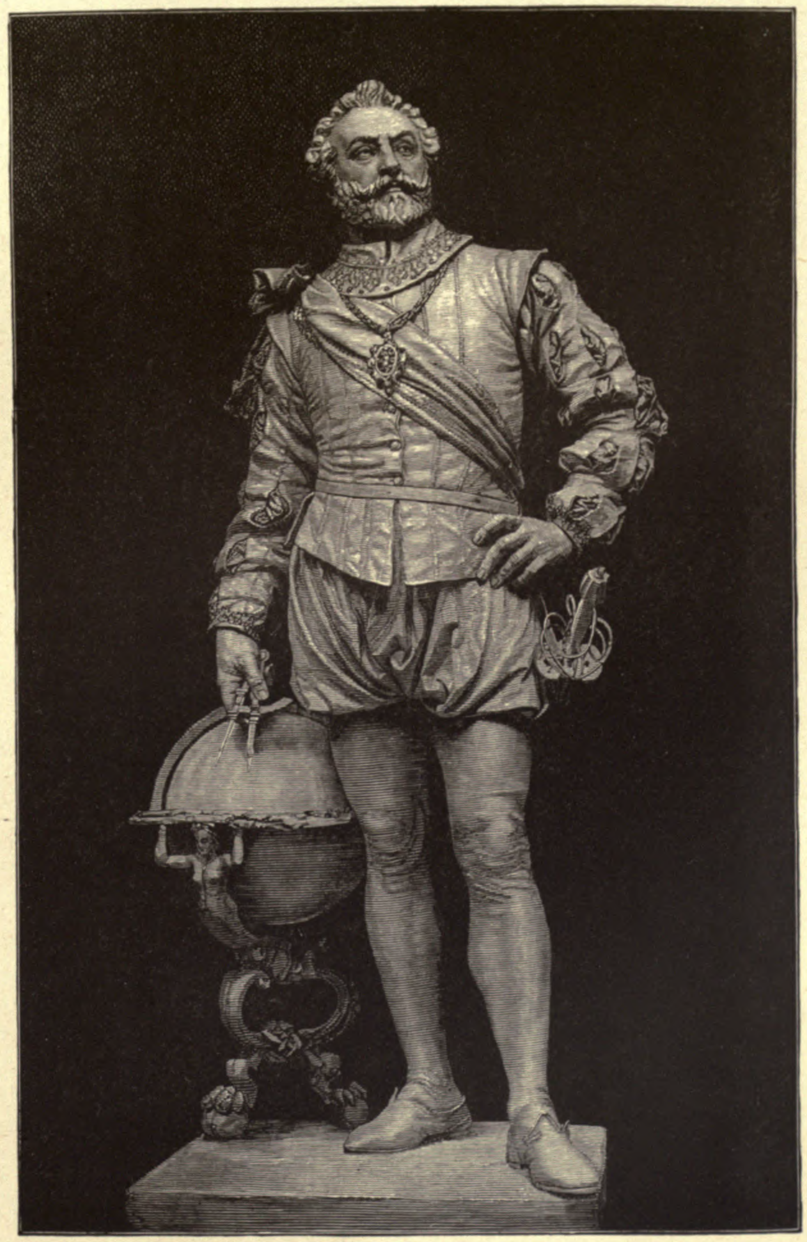
If his departure for Paris was the subject of some misgivings in the domestic circle, and the paternal blessing was half withheld, the paternal purse, at any rate, was never closed to him. That this prosperity did not paralyse his efforts we know; he had still the impulse to justify himself with his family for the step he had taken, and those higher incentives to effort which spring from the innate consciousness of power to perform great things. Nor was public recognition slow to meet so much talent and such eager labour; for in 1856, at the age of twenty-two, Mr. Boehm received the Imperial prize at Vienna, and with it freedom from liability to conscription — the rare exemption granted under that military rule to men of such great promise that their country foregoes their sword to claim their genius. This was the first of the honourable distinctions which in later years have fallen to his lot—amongst which we may mention, once for all, the membership of the Florence Academy, which he received in 1875, and that of our Academy, to which he was elected, as an Associate, in January, 1878, and as a full Academician a very few years later, and the silver medal, which was awarded to his work at the last International Exhibition at Paris.

THE TYNDALE MEMORIAL STATUE ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

Since Mr. Boehm settled in England in 1862, his public life has been public indeed. He cannot say of his works what Coleridge said of his early poems, that he had confided them to the public as a secret, which that public had faithfully kept. On the contrary, Mr. Boehm has appealed to large audiences, and, albeit he is the votary of an art which modern England has set itself to ignore, his name is on the lips and his work before the eyes of all. For his is no mere striking and successful talent, but a genius of a vital order. His power is not only vivid but living; no one in our time has so suddenly and so completely animated the dry bones of a craft which had become chiefly a graceful, learned, and *dilettante* memory of the past. If possible, more even than architecture had sculpture shrunk to a science of imitations, living by tradition only. In their work of renewal such artists as Mr. Boehm have had no easy task, insomuch as they are dealing with an art which is, above all others, that of repose, and to which the effete inaction of its lifeless and retrospective condition might seem, to the careless glance, in a manner congenial. Not against tradition only, therefore, nor against the deadness of mediocrity had he to contend, but also against the confusion and misinterpretation of true and legitimate principles. Sculpture comes so dangerously near to life that it is obliged to make for itself arbitrary rules of reticence, in order to preserve the conventionality necessary to all art, and to avoid the fatal extreme of too great literalness and realism.

To combine this obligation with a human vitality has been Mr. Boehm's special triumph; nor has he been less brilliantly successful in combining that reverence for the past which sculpture no less than architecture is bound to preserve, with a reverence for the present. He is distinctively a man of his own time. And not only can he illustrate his position and exemplify his theories by the art he achieves, but he knows how to define it in words that will prove as instructive as his works. He is neither an imitator of the antique, he says, nor an ultra-realist. Indeed, the present realistic school, which has so many members among the clever sculptors of Italy, is merely the extreme imitation of his own *reality;* their *naturalism* is the exaggeration by men of talent of the *nature* to be found in the works of the man of genius. Precisely the same unwholesome development is taking place in contemporary Continental literature, where the truth of Balzac is "produced" into the realism of Emile Zola. Mr. Boehm, seeing exactly the point at which its art has become vicious, and seeing also how good a principle it has abused, has less sympathy than more conventional artists might have with the school to which we allude, the school which shows us, as he himself says, "wash-tubs and soap-suds in marble; and wasted energy, skill, and clay in groups of fighting street-sweepers, or boys with crumpled newspapers; or a hero wrapped in woollen blankets on the verge of death from dropsy, the symptoms of the disease having, we are assured, been studied at the hospital." To what an illusion of life, to what extreme naturalism of expression, to what an undignified simulation of inanimate things the modern Italians have carried their system, no one who has seen any recent collection of their work, and notably that in the 1878 International Exhibition at Paris, is ever likely to forget. Their brilliant triumphs in execution force us to admiration, and still more are we constrained to wonder at the dramatic intensity which they give to human and personal character, even when its individuality reaches a comic point; but such drama in marble has never been considered the legitimate province of sculpture, though the work of these men is so intelligent that we can hardly class it with the vulgar art which appeals merely to popular astonishment. Mr. Boehm will not be accused of favouring this movement, for he will frankly describe it as "deplorable," going on to explain it as a "revolutionary protest" against the insipidities of the school of Canova, which, though professing altogether Greek traditions and working on Greek subjects, had neither Greek sublimity nor truth to Nature, but resembled nothing so much as the Roman art of the decadence.

According to Mr. Boehm, we cannot be Greeks, for we have no mythology. Our art must be Christian and modern. "It is in vain to complain of the paucity of inspiring subjects in our age, of our ugly costume and the dearth of suitable figures for sculpture. You may regard objects and compose like Homer, but you may not inanely copy the antique. Do not return from Rome with some more bad nymphs, another Venus or another Cupid. Try to use the much-abused dress. Treat a coat-sleeve, a woman's gown, *con amore*, ennoble it by art, and it will be



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

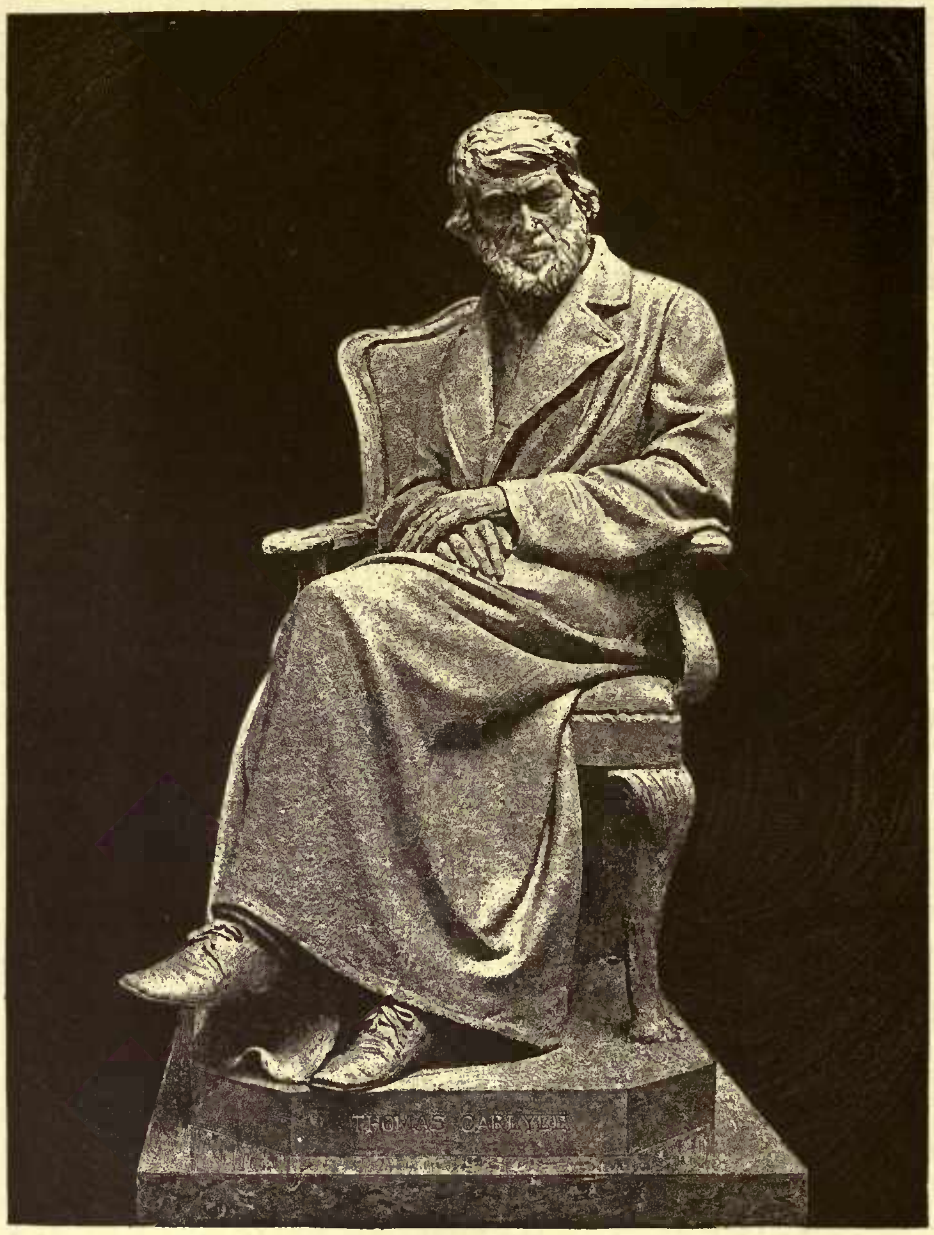
(On the Hoe, Plymouth.)

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

a pleasing object in the sight of those whose praise is worth having." And, in fact, it must be admitted that all art which is not what Mr. Boehm says it should be —*of its time*—is failing in the all-essential element of common-sense; for even supposing that nineteenth-century imitations of antique models are in some degree interesting to the nineteenth century, what will they be to the twentieth century, and the twenty-fifth? Our guesses at the past will surely be of very little value then, whereas the art which is not only *in* but *of* our day can never fail to have its own sincere worth—supposing that it is also noble in feeling. And doubtless the danger is that such natural art should miss nobility. All, therefore, who are in any peril of vulgarism protect their work by placing it in the regions of conventionality far from the hazardous familiarities of the truth. No such fear need beset an artist every touch of whose hand is signed by *distinction*—that indefinable quality, that inimitable seal.

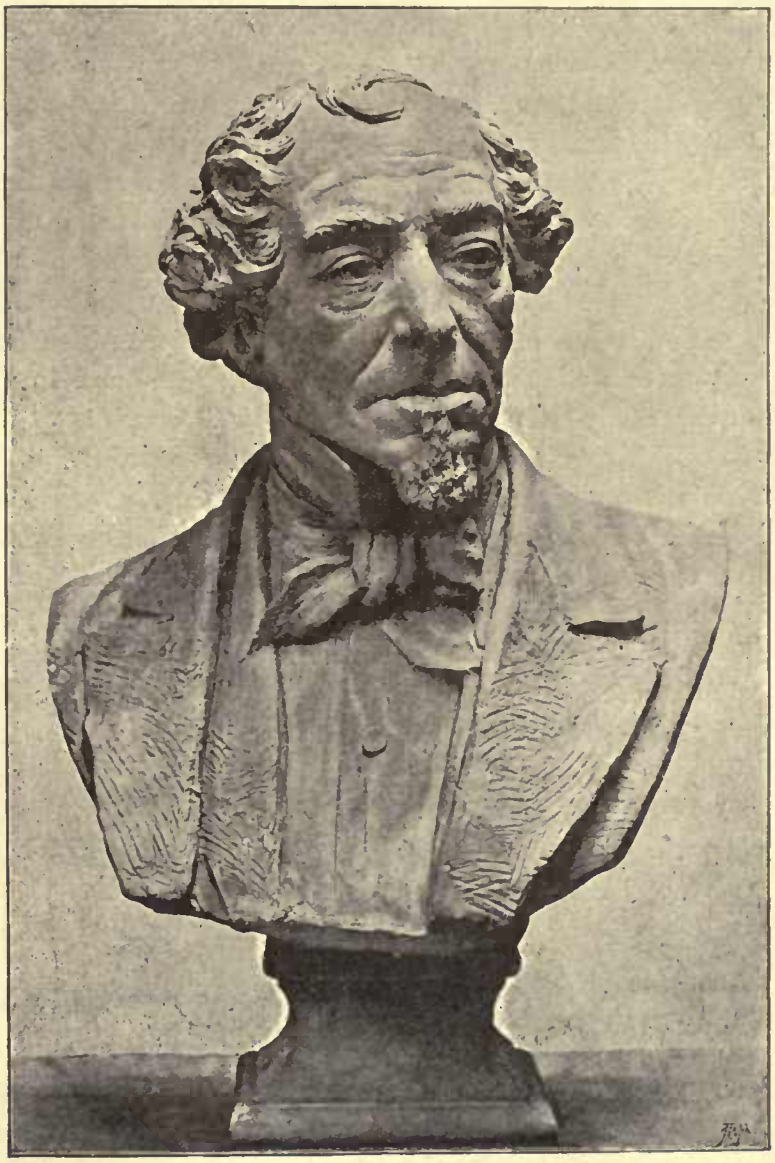
Portraiture is so important a branch of this truly contemporary art, and Mr. Boehm is so masterly a portraitist, that his principles must be peculiarly valuable to the world and instructive to the student. The latter, if he aspire to distinction as a sculptor of portraits in marble, will be told by Mr. Boehm that he must not choose such an aspect of his sitter as is the most unfavourable, nor merely the outside and possibly assumed appearance, nor must he emphasise the sitter's weak points, and in depicting them diverge into caricature; he must strive to obtain, by an elevated rendering of the most intellectual and agreeable qualities, such a biography of his subject as a keen and critical observer might make. To succeed in this he must possess what Mr. Boehm calls the first and most necessary talent of good portraiture—"an instinctive perception of character," choosing the natural pose and inclination of the head of the individual, which is so important in a bust, as corresponding with the general expression desired to be produced. "The good sculptor," continues Mr. Boehm, "will not be led into the error, for instance, that because the sitter is a soldier, an heroic attitude must be given him, when in nature he stoops; nor bestow upon a gentleman, whose manner of tying his cravat or twisting his collar is part and parcel of the character and temper of the man, the honour of a Roman toga, and so contribute one more to the rows of inane-looking heads which we dread to approach. If you have a sitter for an hour or two before you there is sure to be a time when he will lose that air of posing which suggests the photographer's cold brass circle at the back of the head. To seize that time, and afterwards to develop the nature then revealed, is your task, and on your ability to do this depends much of your success in obtaining a good portrait." Bearing in mind the value of this when it is obtained, the intimate interest of separate personality and human nature, and the great work which is achieved when a man with his history, his capacities, and his destinies (implied, if the art is entirely faithful, even though they may not be expressed) is caught, interpreted, and immortalised, we are tempted to question Mr. Boehm's description of historical and poetical art as wider-gifted and more ambitious; we are disposed to think no art can be more so than the art of portraiture. Nor assuredly can the immortal portraits of the world, whether in marble or colour, be considered as second to any work of the imagination.

The subject of material in sculpture is one of very particular importance to



THOMAS CARLYLE.

the lovers of the legitimate realism; nothing was more thoroughly understood by the fine and fastidious judgment of the Greeks; nothing is more misapprehended by the extremists of the modern Italian school. The fitness of the material to the subject, to the treatment, and to the character of the accessories was always considered by the masters of antiquity. In their works you will not find, says Mr. Boehm, "a figure standing on one leg or in a perilous position, executed in marble—tenacious bronze will have been employed for that. There was no wish then to arouse astonishment or excite bewilderment as to how that arm was carved, or how the cutter trembled when he worked at that dangerous flying sheet—when he chiselled the standard of the young newspaper Mercury. The grandest aspect with the simplest means was the endeavour of the great artists of old, and even a statue like that of the Apollo Belvedere would, in the finest epoch of Greek art, have been thought in a position too perilous for the demands which were made on marble." Mr. Boehm is, with most modern critics, of opinion that this celebrated figure is a copy in marble of a small bronze statuette dating from the noblest times of Greek art, and long since lost. On the subject of the chisel, also, Mr. Boehm's advice to students is stringent. That the great masters of Italy, who were so often painters and architects as well as sculptors, should have found time to carve and chase their own work, while the moderns, who are sculptors only, consider the task too much for their industry, is significant of that declension of large and comprehensive power which is, we fear, to be observed in all the arts.



EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

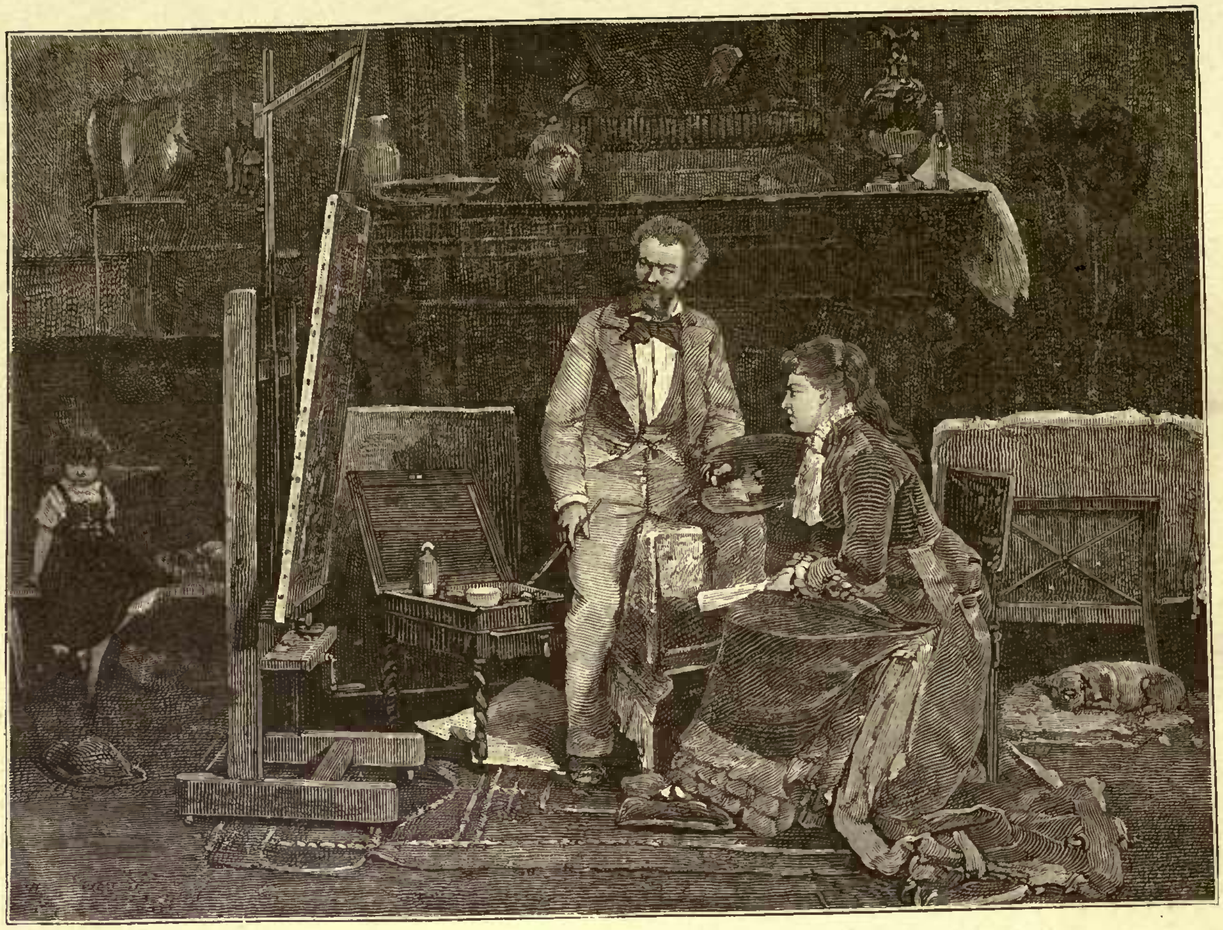
(In the Possession of Her Majesty the Queen.)

With what faithfulness, with what vigour and fearlessness, with what reserve and discretion, Mr. Boehm practises all the precepts which he has so well thought out, he has shown the world a hundred times. No sculptor's intellect ever seized a more intense personality than that which vivifies the statue of Carlyle, or that of Lord Russell; the truth of a young mother's death-bed, with all the familiar accessories unfalsified, yet touched with the hand of tenderness and distinction, was never more sweetly expressed than in the monument to the late Lady Waterford; the subtle tricks of a man's individuality were never more intelligently understood than in the little statuette of Thackeray and the many vivid busts of terra-cotta, which are more truly natural than "naturalism" itself, more real than "realism;" while in the many colossal statues with which he has done much to redeem us from a national reproach—the "St. George and the Dragon" prominent among the number—he has the large and monumental impressiveness of his subjects. No one who is devoted to the cause of modern art can undervalue Mr. Boehm's labours or his genius. At once to lead and restrain an important—nay vital—revolution requires the courage and self-command of a master.

It was in 1878 that Mr. Boehm sent to the Academy the sketch for his "Equestrian Statue of the Prince of Wales," and in the following year he exhibited another study—that for an original and vigorous "St. Peter." In 1879 the sculptor was working in terra-cotta, a medium wonderfully well adapted to express his power in its moods of greatest realism. Mr. Ruskin and Sir Frederick (then Mr.) Burton, Director of the National Gallery, were his subjects. But his principal work that year was the "Equestrian Portrait of Lord Napier of Magdala," destined to be cast in bronze for Calcutta. This fine work has not been publicly seen to proper advantage in London, for the Academy room was by no means sufficient to give the right view and distance. Two memorable busts—Mr. Gladstone in marble, and Carlyle in terra-cotta—were produced in 1881. But one of Mr. Boehm's strongest achievements belongs to the succeeding year. This was the standing figure of John, Lord Lawrence, a work worthy of the great Carlyle full-length. Lawrence stands in rough riding-dress, the feet somewhat apart, booted and spurred; the eager, active right hand, extended, holds the pen, the left, in repose, has the sword. In the face there is the manful, strenuous look with which he inquires, with his head up, by which force his people will be governed.

"St. George and the Dragon" (1885), of which we give a sketch, is one of this sculptor's comparatively rare works in imaginative art. In this powerful group Mr. Boehm has kept his customary hold on the realities; the nude figure of the warrior is sliding from the back of the rearing horse, and grasping the flank with his knees instinctively, while all the rest of the figure's impulse is thrown into the forward movement by which the spear is being driven downward and forward into the dragon's neck. Those contradictions of action which give life and energy to sculpturesque movement are caught with all the power of the subject. Nor has the artist been satisfied with a make-believe dragon. His monster is a sentient and malicious creature which "squirms," as the Americans have it, and turns to bite the shaft of the lance, while the point goes through the scales and flesh of his writhing neck. With this group were exhibited portraits of Mr. J. G. Waterhouse, and the late hero, Major-General C. G. Gordon, a memorial likeness made for the Queen. In 1886 Mr. Boehm contributed to the Academy a marble bust of Sir James Paget, executed, at the request of the Council, for the Royal College of Surgeons; and a beautiful statuette, in bronze, of Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, which we have mentioned above, and which was modelled from a sketch left by the late Professor Westmacott, R.A. Mr. Boehm has been a constant contributor to the Grosvenor Gallery. In its first exhibition (1877) he had five works, one of them being a vivid likeness of Mr. Whistler. Another year there were at the Grosvenor the sketch model for the Tyndale statue, destined for the Thames Embankment, and engraved for this article, and a statuette of the racehorse, "Cremorne," in bronze. This little work was cast at Brussels in the ancient *cire perdue* process, and is in one piece. In the same place was shown the original model for the marble bust of the Queen, which Her Majesty presented to her eldest daughter on the festival of the Crown Princess's silver wedding; also the model for the marble bust of Mr. Mundella, which was subscribed for by over seventy thousand constituents.

Of all the achievements of this eminent sculptor, there is one which will be most constantly before the eyes and in the minds of Englishmen; we allude, of course, to the Wellington monument, taking the place, at Hyde Park Corner, of the old statue which had been jeered at by two or three generations of Londoners, until the offence had become a weariness. In accepting the task of commemorating our Waterloo hero Mr. Boehm undertook no slight thing. He places his work in a kind of national aspect, at the critical disposal of judges most hard to please, most candid and irresponsible, and no respectors of the persons of great artists. Mr. Boehm has given to his Wellington statue a distinctive quietness and truth. One might be tempted to think that he had been so afraid of gesture as to eschew any striking animation. He has evidently kept something of the thorough foreigner—a sense of the profundity of the English phlegmatic calm.



THE STUDIO.

(By Permission of M. Charles Sedelmeyer.)

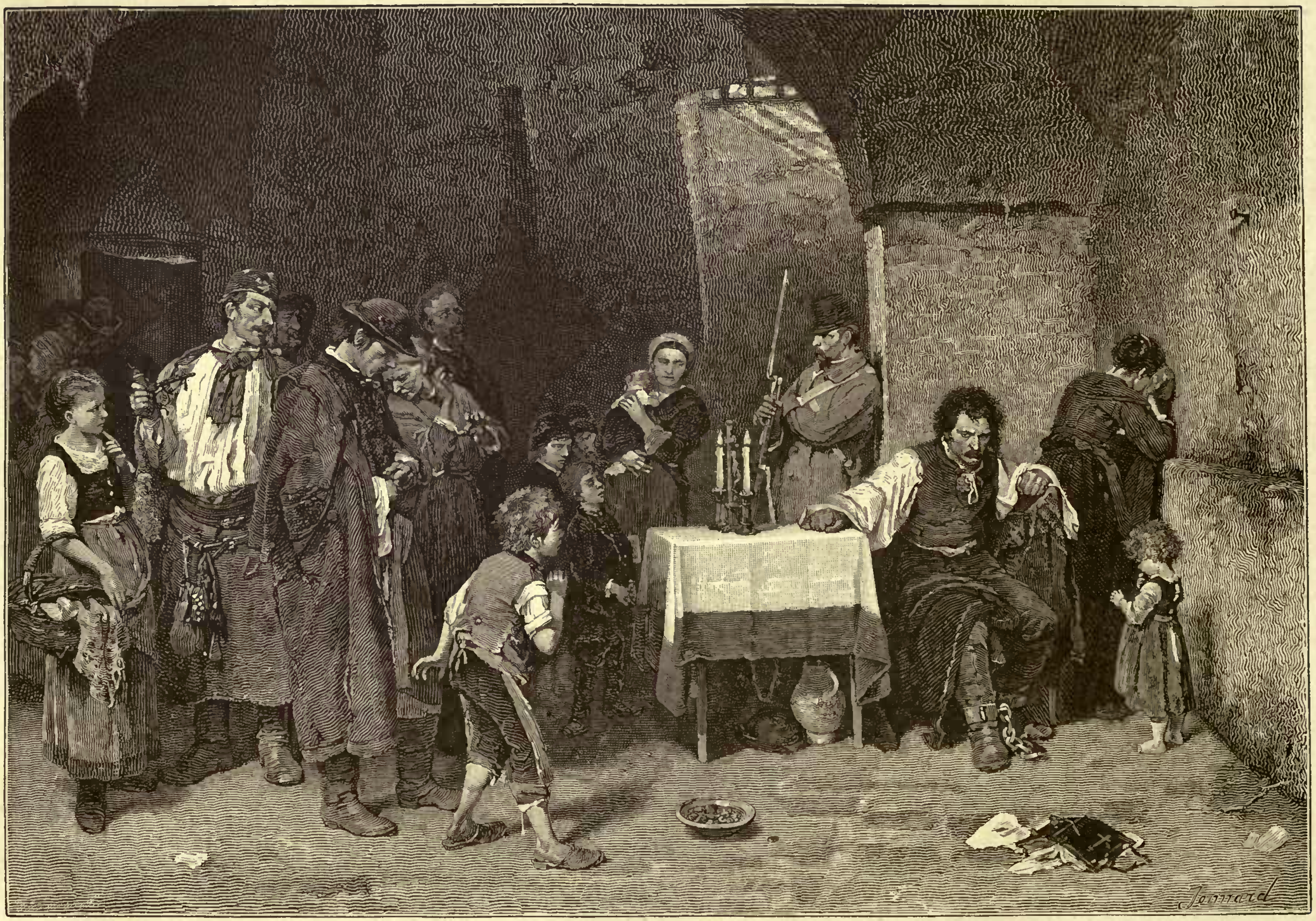
Munkacsy

MICHAEL MUNKACSY.

THE lives of artists proverbial for adventure and vicissitude present but few parallels to the extraordinary career of this Hungarian painter. Michael Munkacsy, born in the year 1846, within gunshot of the famed old fortress of Munkacs, has risen to eminence not only from obscurity but from disaster. His family was ruined in the Revolution of 1849; his father, a subordinate in the Austrian customs, joined the patriots under Kossuth, and in the reverses which followed on the Russian occupation was thrown into prison, fell sick, and died. Young Michael, barely four years old, and one of five destitute orphans, was adopted by an aunt, who, strange to relate, some short time afterwards suffered death in her own house at the hands of a brutal band of robbers—such was the lawless state of Hungary in those days. An uncle next took charge of the boy; yet the Revolution had left the family so penniless, that means were wanting for the merest rudiments of education, and so necessity compelled an apprenticeship at the age of eight to a village carpenter, a Jack-of-all-trades. This drudgery, which lasted for four years, was occasionally diversified by a thrashing when the boy, like many an embryo painter before, stole from work a stray half-hour for drawing. The weary years were further enlivened by such foretaste of art as painting the outside of a cottage, or decorating a bride's box with flowers. After his apprenticeship the youth, still in his teens, worked as a journeyman from five in the morning till night, at the scanty wages of five shillings a week. Yet outward poverty and hardship could not stifle inward aspiration. The village carpenter had a mind thirsting for knowledge; acquaintance was formed with students in a college: first, even reading and writing had to be learnt, then pleasing excursions were made into history and poetry. But the cravings of the intellect and imagination grew insatiable: evenings and nights were spent in devouring books, till at last, as might be expected, the bodily health, insufficiently sustained by food, gave way, and a violent fever put an end to work and study—at least for a time.

The romantic story which we here recount in briefest space, the most remarkable, perhaps, that has fallen under our observation, is instructive in many ways. It serves to illustrate how, of all genius, that of art is the most irrepressible; how, when once it has bravely broken down obstacles, it bounds onwards triumphantly. It also elucidates how, in the rise and progress of art, individuals and nations obey the laws of development; how the early germs are stinted and frail, and how only through severe struggles later manifestations gain magnitude and maturity. So has it proved equally with Munkacsy the individual and with Hungary the nation. The poor youth felt a strong vocation; while watching a local limner at work, the idea suddenly flashed across his mind that he also was born a painter. The uncle, as a man of the world, held that an artist's profession was but a vagabond's calling. Nevertheless, the townsfolk willingly sat for their portraits, and the humble painter was happy to receive in return a good dinner or a warm coat. Drawing lessons further added to the frugal fare; and such was the success of certain scenes of peasant life painted direct from Nature, that the tyro determined to try his fortune in the metropolis of Pesth.

The young adventurer trudged towards his goal as a travelling mechanic, forming on the way rude companionship with roving apprentices, gipsies, and other nomadic races. These picturesque people served as the most telling of models; also the adventures of the road furnished capital stuff for the sketch-book. Transcripts thus vivid and literal, when thrown into pictures, served as historic romances of peoples and homesteads towards which the world was awakening to curiosity and



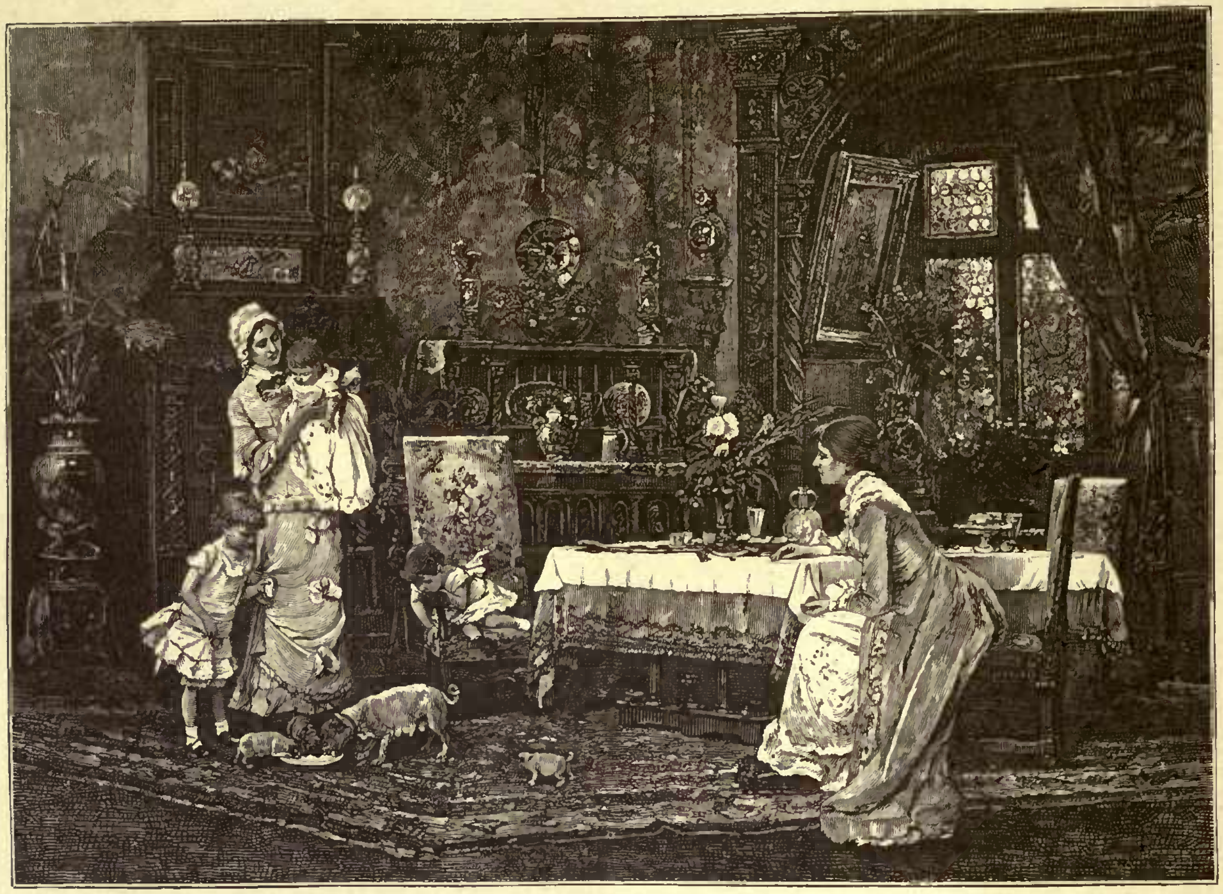
THE LAST DAY OF A CONDEMNED PRISONER.

(*By Permission of M. Charles Sedelmeyer.*)

sympathy. On arrival at Pesth, his success surpassed the most sanguine expectations; and the artist, elated by the money that came to his pocket, thought to launch himself on the wide world, and extended his wanderings to Vienna. But as might have been feared, the child of Hungarian patriots met with a cold reception; and, in truth, the untrained offshoot of naturalism could never have engrafted kindly into the old scholastic stock of the Viennese Academy. The painter's friend, Mr. Tait, to whom the present writer begs to make grateful acknowledgment, states that "Munkacsy's attempt to educate himself in the Academy fell through for want of means . . . . the authorities of the Viennese school failed to recognise his talents, and when it became impossible for him to pay with punctuality the small Academy fee, he was shown the door without ceremony. How he subsisted during this time, without friends, and scarcely able to speak the language, I forebore to question."

Munkacsy, it is manifest, could not have attained his high position by sticking to his native land, and so, obedient to the wandering instincts of the races on the Danube, he makes frequent change in his local habitation, and thus in rapid succession has set up his easel in Pesth, Vienna, Munich, Düsseldorf, and Paris. Animated by the example of his countrymen Lietzen-Mayer and Wagner, he forsook Austria in favour of Bavaria. With twenty florins in his pocket he started westward, and on reaching Munich vainly sought entrance into the famous school of Piloty, then said to be full; he was allowed, however, to visit the painting-class in the Academy, and he obtained friendly advice from the great battle-painter, Franz Adam. Altogether he must have had a hard time in Munich; he worked all day, and by lamplight at night in his small room served the lower sort of dealers, and so managed to pay his way. But he did more. He strove for excellence rather than for bread: his pictures gained prizes, and thus, after two years in Munich, cash was in hand for his approaching move to Düsseldorf. It were vain to conjecture what change might have come over the rough-hewn Hungarian had entrance been accorded into a school made memorable by Makart, Defregger, Lietzen-Mayer, Lindenschmidt, Faber du Fauz, Wagner, and Gysis. But academies are of more service to mediocrity than to genius; and as to Munkacsy, cold academic drawing would have come in poor exchange for the impulsive utterances of Nature.

Munich held no bond of gratitude whereby to claim the wayfarer as her son; her historic and poetic painters were then too high in the sky to offer a helping hand to a mere mundane artist whose strength lay in his firm tread on the solid earth. And so Munkacsy, without much regret, exchanged the capital of Bavaria for the renowned seat of art in the Rhine Provinces. Yet on reaching Düsseldorf he did not seek the Academy; the professors of scholastic and religious art, such as Bendemann, Müller, Ittenbach, and Deger, could not open to him any door by which he cared to enter, and so he simply took a humble *atelier*, seized on a rustic model, and set to work after his own fashion. But it were wholly a mistake to suppose congenial fellow-students failed him, for here in Northern Germany a reaction was coming—indeed, a strong party had already pronounced in favour of realism. And Munkacsy found the Rhine land in many ways congruous to his art-instincts; the beauty of its scenery, the picturesqueness of its peasantry, the heartiness and conviviality of its village dances and festivals, present tempting materials for a *genre* painter's pencil. Accordingly, a greater number of adepts in this subordinate department have congregated at Düsseldorf than can be found on any one spot in the whole world; the names of Knaus, Vautier, Salentin, Jordan, Hiddemann, Nordenberg, Fagerlin, with many others, attest the talent of the school. Among this company the ingenuous Hungarian could not long remain an alien; he was of the people, and shared their lot; he had been clothed as a peasant, and had partaken of the cotter's homely fare; the classic robe of the forum, the imperial purple of the palace stood outside his experiences, and therefore his affinities were not with "high art." By the necessity laid on all alike, he painted himself and what he knew and felt; that which had not entered into him could not come out of him. We hear of "his strange appearance, his naïve confidence, his broken German, and his low melancholy voice;" and we are told how in Düsseldorf he made himself popular with the local artists. He had a ready wit and a



THE TWO FAMILIES.

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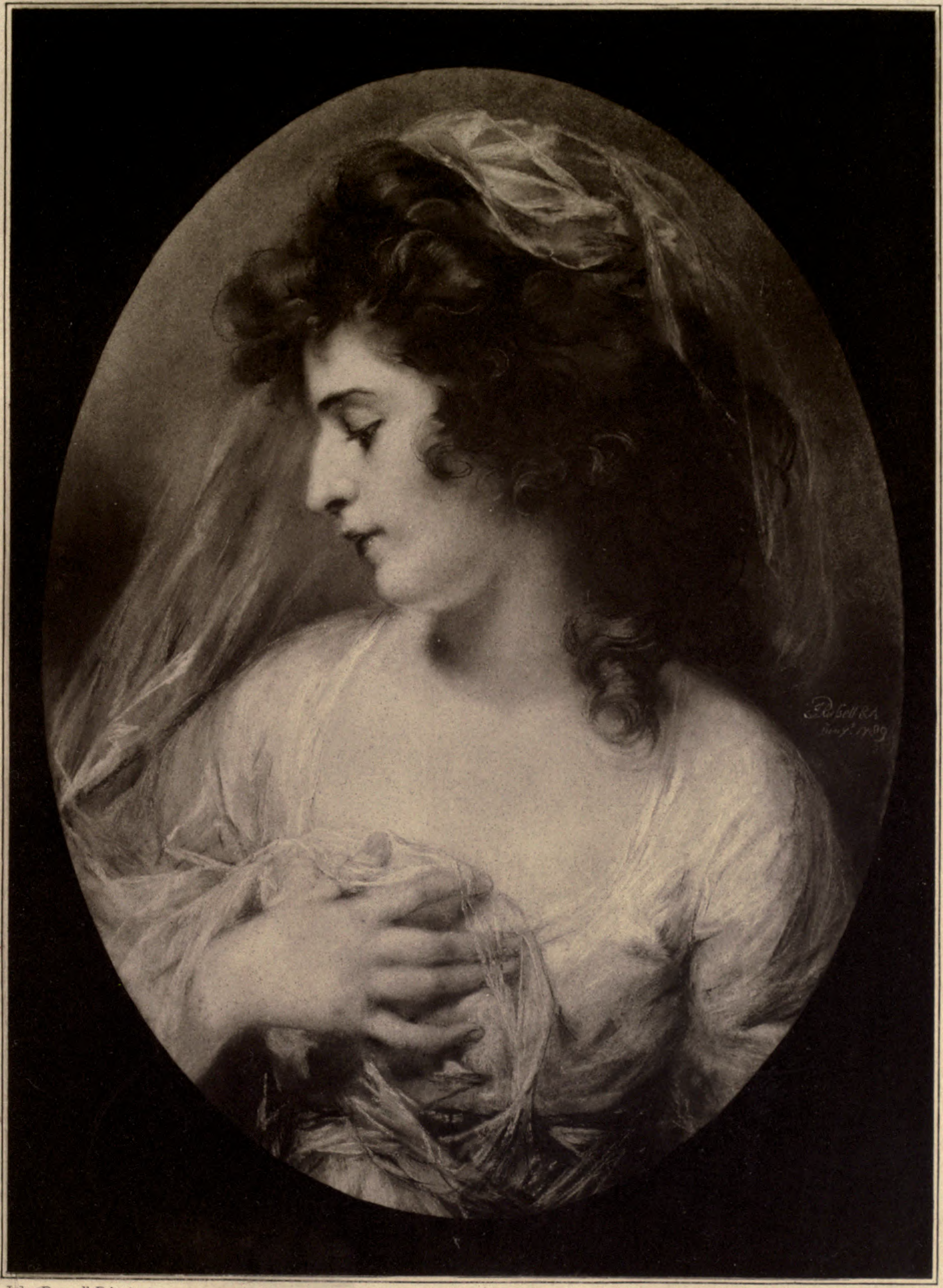


John Russell, R.A. pinxt

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

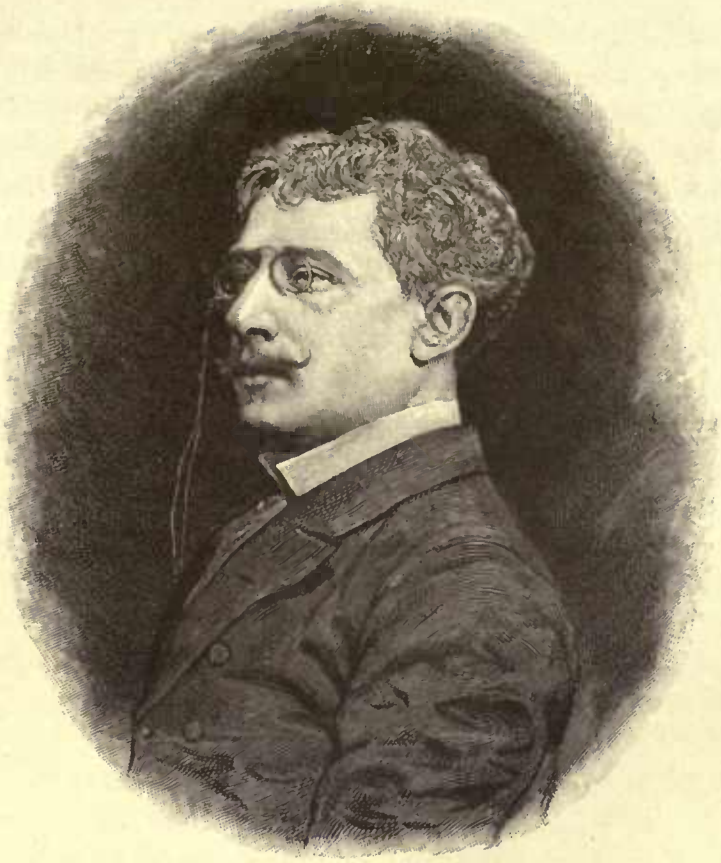
MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

great power of mimicry; he was fond of music, and in his memory were racy stores of Hungarian melodies; he aided in the dramatic fêtes at the Malkasten Club; he joined in carnival revels, and in a certain wild cavalcade "the most extravagant rider was the sad, mad, glad, yet perfectly sober brother Munkacsy." Out of such stuff his first pictures were made; this child of Nature depicted the joys and sorrows of a common humanity; his plain-spoken art was akin to that of Wilkie; his scenes were in the strain of Burns, of whose poems he is known to be fond; in fact, the Hungarian painter and the Scotch poet alike proclaimed that "the honest man, though ne'er so poor, is king of men for a' that."

Fortune was now about to crown with almost unexampled success the hard struggle of years; the immediate sequel shows that dormant powers needed only fitting occasion for the production of a master-work. It chanced that a millionaire came to Düsseldorf, saw the studies of the promising painter, and forthwith gave him a handsome commission. The subject chosen, "The Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner" (here engraved), presents a tragic situation peculiar to Hungary; according to a national custom a criminal under sentence of death receives his relatives and friends and bids them a last farewell. Candles are lighted before a crucifix, and the incomers put into a plate their alms, which are offerings for masses to be said for his departed soul. It is in this latter incident that is the terrible touch. The man sits and looks at the pennies as they drop in. A composition thus arduous—especially for a novice—was naturally looked on with misgiving by experienced masters on the spot; and Professor Knaus, the autocrat of *genre* painting, who from the first had given to the stranger a helping hand, did not hesitate to speak out in strong disapproval. But the self-reliant artist was nothing daunted; his trade of a carpenter enabled him to assist in preparing the panel which youthful habit led him to prefer to canvas, and great was his rejoicing when the ponderous structure, measuring no less than six feet by four and a half feet, entered his studio. As the work advanced, general confidence grew; it soon became apparent that instead of a rash experiment here was a thoroughly mature product firmly knit together, thought out in dramatic sequence and wrought into a thrilling plot. The mastery was amazing, and all agreed that Düsseldorf had not for long years seen a work so true and strong, and no one was louder in applause than the formerly dissentient Ludwig Knaus. The painter, however, could hardly be persuaded to put his performance to the test of public exhibition; he looked "on the packing-case mournfully as if it were a coffin," and with gloomy forebodings did the "Condemned Prisoner" leave for the Paris Salon of 1870. The suspense happily proved short; after the private view, Goupil, the picture-dealer, hastened to Düsseldorf, searched out the artist, offered for the painting thrice the amount of the commission, then ransacked portfolios for sketches, and did not leave till the promise was obtained for future works. Others proved equally urgent, and the painter's fame and fortune were forthwith assured.

Munkacsy bore success with the fortitude he had shown under misfortune. His head was not turned, his manners put on no pretence; only his heart, always generous, warmed towards his old friends. He first went to Paris, and was lionised; then natural impulse led him back to his native land, where he repaid with more than gratitude favours received in days of trouble. Later, decorated with a ribbon in his button-hole, he returned once more to Düsseldorf, took and luxuriously furnished a handsome studio, worked hard and made money fly, and, though a total abstainer, drank with gusto the cup of pleasure. But the pictures of this period are still destitute of light and joy; dark and dolorous are "The Night Prowlers" and "The Old Buttermaker." Never shall we forget the astounding impression when, in the Viennese International Exhibition, the daring, dashing Hungarian revealed by these abnormal products the power of darkness and the grandeur of desolation. Nothing in the whole history of art, no canvas by Spagnoletto or Caravaggio, can for brutality compare with these "vagrants of the night," led hand-bound mid the shadows of an old spectre-haunted town. Here is naturalism with a vengeance. Moreover, the types and situations are Magyar or Hungarian; hence these scenes wherein home memories mingle are essentially national, and have the value of ethnologic records. Yet into these stern realities rags and dirt enter largely—the children are unwashed and unkempt, and the parents, though possibly patriots, are to all appearance outlaws from society. Everywhere ugliness usurps the place of beauty, while disorder, poverty, and wretchedness are the constant conditions of life. A prevailing gloom, as in a Rembrandt picture, is fitly cast over the desolation; the eye looks on a world robed in funereal black. The *technique*, too, is rudely vigorous, the handling that of rash negligence. Yet out of disorder comes method, and from darkness break light and slumbrous colour as the kindling of fire, and in the midst of mournful shadow there are touches of pathos appealing to human sympathy. No wonder that such pictures, supremely artistic after their kind, have moved the world deeply. But a change was to come over the spirit of this art on the painter's removal to Paris. Affluence then took the place of poverty, and thus happier thoughts and a brighter atmosphere shone within the painting-room.

Munkacsy, arrived at maturity, may still be said to be in transition. His Parisian "Studio" as existing in 1876, the painter, brush and pallet in hand, his wife seated by his side—a picture which furnishes another illustration to these pages—lies on the boundary line between two periods. We here recognise the broad, blunt manner of early days, but already the semi-barbarism of vagrant races is giving place to the civilised ways of Western Europe. Another of our illustrations—"The Two Families"—shows further advance in the same direction. The artist has passed from his previous simple abode—"The Studio"—to the palatial dwelling here indicated, the rival of Hans Makart's famed painting-room in Vienna. The picture, though trivial in motive and rising no higher than decorative *genre* painting, is technically a triumph, and a triumph of splendid quality. It indicates by its rich tapestry, its carved woodwork, and its Sèvres china, epicurean tastes and a life of luxury. The Spartan had been transformed into the Sybarite, and consonantly his art experienced a like mutation. Paris, it must be admitted, is treacherous ground for an unsophisticated painter whose strength had lain in implicit reliance upon Nature, and it was far from a happy coincidence that at the moment when the Hungarian nomad established a fixed residence in the French capital, the Spanish painter Fortuny was the height of a screaming fashion. Munkacsy, whose middle if not best manner had been founded on Defregger and Knaus, fell under the feverish epidemic. With clever adroitness he displays sleight of hand and *chic* of touch, and instead of sombre shadow the surface glitters with light and jewelled colour. The painter, in fact, has of late been divided between two opinions, and we cannot but express our sincere desire that he may yet revert to that former self when his art was earnest in conviction as it was simple and strong in appeal. Belonging to the present and the latest period, two pictures, certainly not failing from lack of lofty aspiration—the "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters," which is engraved, and "Christ before Pilate"—give this hopeful assurance. Munkacsy approaches themes of this elevated range not without advantages and immunities. Free from academic formulæ, he can express high thoughts in noble types drawn direct from Nature, can show Truth in her own image, and assign to the body and spirit of each time its actual form and verity. A man thus gifted has the power to open new possibilities to the art of our immediate future.



(*From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.*)

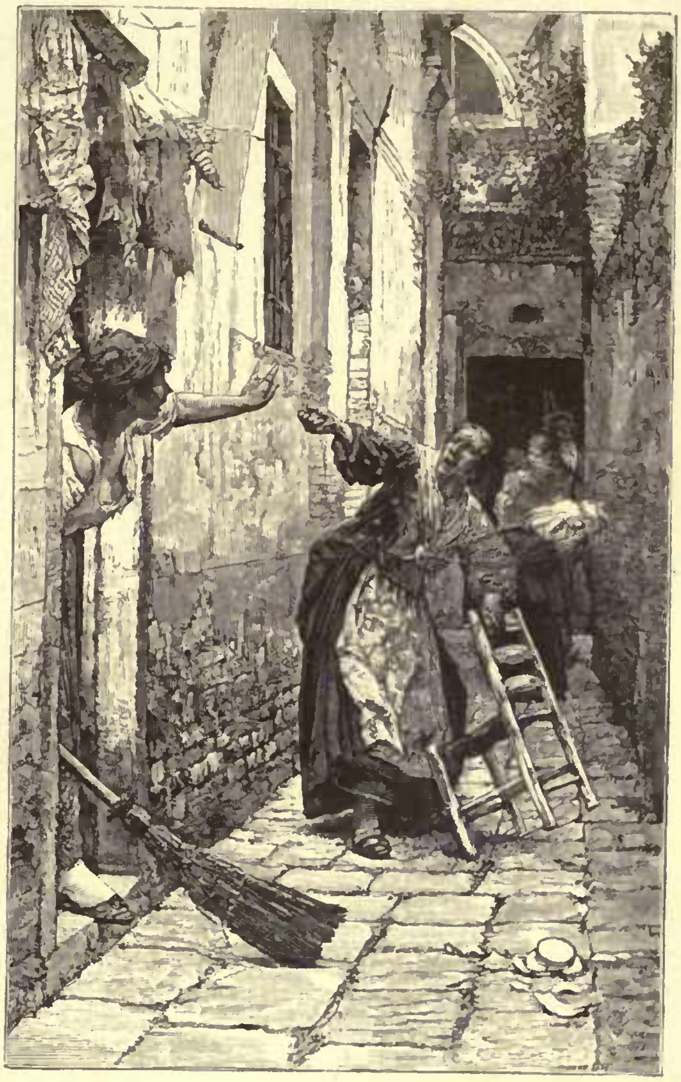
CECIL VAN HAANEN.

M CECIL VAN HAANEN, who comes of a Dutch family, was born at Vienna in November, 1844. His father, a landscape-painter of established reputation both in Germany and Holland, gave him the first lessons in his art. Then he followed a regular course of instruction at the Academy in Vienna, and subsequently passed six years in Antwerp, where he studied under Van Lerius and Verlat. For six months he was employed in London as a draughtsman for several of the leading illustrated magazines, and in 1873 visited Venice for the first time. Here the influence exercised upon him by Passini was a strong one. This, and the advice of Bettenkofen, another friend, gave a new stamp to Van Haanen's style, and he soon resolved to remain in the City on the Lagoons. The field when he began to work in it was still a rich one; but it has long since been exhausted. Those who still talk of Venice as an art-centre, and try to induce young painters to choose work there, are manifestly ignorant of the truth. And the truth is just this: that Venice is daily losing something of her picturesqueness; that painters have used up the material for good subjects; that there is little or nothing of fresh and effective to be chosen. The merit, the charm, of Passini's and Van Haanen's first pictures lay in their originality. They were so new in form and feeling; this presentment of Venetian popular life was so simple, so novel; it was done with such sincerity and strength, with such cunning effects of line and colour, that the public eye was arrested, surprised, delighted. But familiarity has bred contempt, and Venetian scenes are fast becoming monotonous. Yet when, in 1876, M. Van Haanen exhibited his brilliant canvas, "The Bead-Stringers," in Paris, it achieved sudden success. It obtained a third-class medal; and two years later the artist reproduced the subject on a larger scale and with additional figures. When shown in Paris in 1878 it gained another medal, and was soon bought by Mr. J. J. Elliott. The sight of girls in groups sitting in the streets and courts to string beads, though rare to-day, was then a very familiar one. Everybody who saw "The Bead-Stringers" praised the brilliancy of its colour and its skilful composition. Its originality, after all, was the best of it. There is no doubt that the picture exercised a great influence upon some painters, who straightway went and did likewise. Producers of dismal Doge-and-wedding-ring costume pictures soon left these to take subjects from the workshop and the *calle*, while several foreign artists were drawn by this vivid view of low Venetian life to come and study it for themselves.

Unfortunately, most of them came too late, when what was the really picturesque part in the life of *la bassa plebe*, as Venetians of low caste candidly style themselves, had disappeared. A score of years ago the inhabitants of each quarter might be known by special details in dress. For instance, a girl from Cannaregio wore something that distinguished her from a girl of Castello or the Giudecca; it might be a dainty little pointed slipper (*mulete*) with high heels and rosettes, an elaborate head-dress, or a shawl of Oriental hue and texture, that served to proclaim her place of abode. And not only had each quarter its affectation in dress, its special things to wear and its special way to wear them, but the dialect even in each district possessed characteristics of its own. Now all these delicate and yet remarkable *nuances* in the life of the Venetian poor have been effaced. Santa Marta, the home of so many picturesque fisher-folk, where painters always sought for good models—Santa Marta is blotted out, buried under the hideous cotton factory which now stands there. And if the women have lost their picturesque look, what shall be said of the men? The democratic *blouse*, as one sees it in Brussels or in Paris, is now no less generally donned in Venice. Perhaps the gondolier yet keeps something of his picturesqueness, where he is not forced to put on a hideous livery of red, yellow, and black, with staring badges bound to his arm. He, however, will pass away ere long with other transient things, for Venice is in a terrible stage of transition. The once lovely island of S. Elena is now an eyesore; the cypresses and the rosy convent garden walls are gone; there, on the blue lagoons, steamers are built and railway carriages tinkered. Polenta mills and black spouting chimneys have long turned the Giudecca into a very strip of Birmingham or

Battersea. In fact, Venice is changing, fast changing, into a smart, pushing, industrial town.

But the *bigolante*, or water-carrying damsel, is still among the familiar figures in the sea-city. M. Van Haanen has here shown us a striking type of woman, with the *bigolo* across her shoulders, from which are slung the bright copper buckets that she has just filled at the public well, while chattering and chaffing with a dozen of her sex, who if not so handsome are surely as talkative. To show how refractory are handsome models, we can tell the reader that this charming portrait remained long unfinished, as the original had eloped with a lover, who soon proved faithless, and then poor Gigia, or Nina, or whatever her name may be, returned to Venice, where she continued to pose for the artist. So, if she lost an admirer, at least we gained a delightful picture.



A STREET WRANGLE.

Another successful canvas of M. Van Haanen's, which he produced in 1877, was "Prise de Bec," that we have here entitled "A Street Wrangle" for want of a better equivalent. Angry slatterns abound in every city, but in no place is the noise of their warfare or the roll of their adjectives heard with greater ease than in silent Venice. Two Xantippes have here made the room over-warm for both, and one now recedes before a final blast of bitter words from her antagonist. Those who know how shrill is the voice of a vexed Venetian beldame, how powerful is her dialect, and how rich her vocabulary of invectives, will have got the best help to an appreciation of the humour and truth in this clever scene of feminine dispute. "Prise de Bec" was shown in the Paris Salon, and became the property of a wealthy Marseillais.

"The First Dip" was bought by Mr. J. J. Elliott, who saw it in M. Van Haanen's studio, in 1880, and two years later it was shown to the public at the galleries of the Fine Art Society. Nothing could be truer to life than this little episode in a Venetian urchin's existence. In every canal, during the hot season,

A COBBLER'S SHOP.

(By Permission of J. McLean Esq.)

such a group of *popolani* may be seen—the cautious mother who has secured her timorous son to a rope, as he cannot swim: the lazy on-lookers, glad of any trivial matter for interest; the braver, splashing friends in the water, who are ready to duck this coward when their first chance comes. It was a picture very bright and true in colour, notable, if but as a masterly piece of flesh-painting.

We have seen a most clever sketch of a gondolier's head which M. Van Haanen had produced in just a couple of hours. Before all the things paintable in Venice are appropriated, we would recommend painters to go to the gondoliers. For it must be allowed that they are very comely, and look always ready for the brush of a Velasquez or a Titian. It is their good looks and their good manners which make foreigners so weakly enthusiastic in praise of Gigi or Beppo, of Momolo or Tita; and that is why the demure English misses drop their scarlet Bädekers to glance back over gondola cushions at lithe Francesco, and ask him impossible questions in impossible Italian. An English lady, a visitor, whose gondolier had been dismissed for drunkenness and insolence, was next day heard to exclaim, "The dear creature! I positively *love* him; and he shall come back to-morrow." We do not think Chawles or Jeames Yellowplush would provoke such a peculiar speech. Certainly the gondoliers are very handsome, nay, very distinguished in their way; but they have qualities of venality, of thriftlessness, of indolence, that he who did not see deeper than the thin surface of their charming personality could never detect; though doubtless, if he did, he would be ready enough to forgive all for the sake of their good looks, pleasant manners, and obliging disposition.

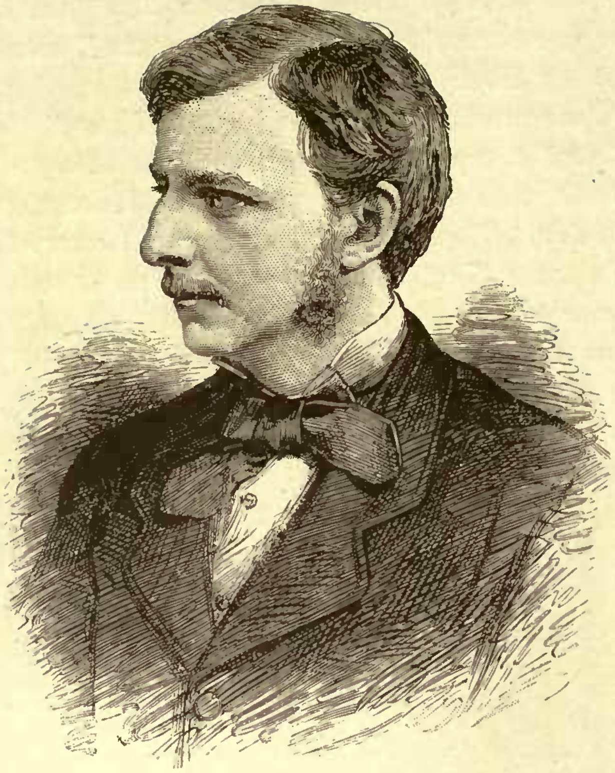
JULIET.

"A Cobbler's Shop," which was purchased by Messrs. Agnew when it was exhibited in 1883, is well known in England from a large engraving published by Mr. McLean. A similar subject had been painted for Mr. Elliott two years before, and the idea of choosing this first came to the artist when he had repeatedly noticed a cobbler who daily, with two or three planks, built up his out-of-door workshop opposite the Arsenal. For fifty years, *Jahr aus, Jahr ein*, in snow or sunlight, he had made this little tent of boards the place where he beat or stitched shoes, and where many a soft-eyed *tosa* came to try on her pair of *mulete*, and had the heels made higher or the toes adorned with brighter rosettes. Yes, that must have been long ago, for *progresso* and the invincible, infallible *municipio* have since swept all such frivolity away. There are no more outdoor slipper-shops; they have been sternly abolished by law. And now the girls never don their dainty *mulete;* at the tobacco manufactory the women who work there are absolutely forbidden to wear them. The quiet place where the cobbler used to construct his *atelier* is now transformed into a mimic square about as big as a table-cloth, and wholly out of keeping with the old façade. *Progresso,* once more; freshen, polish, efface; scrub, scarify S. Mark's; whitewash the Ducal Palace; plaster, daub the Academy Carpaccios with "a common hearth-broom;" barter away to English Jews choice bits of sculpture taken from some crumbling bridge; are we not at home in our old city? may we not play the Vandal there when *progresso* prompts us to such congenial work?

In 1885 the rejection by the Royal Academy of a small picture by Van Haanen gave matter for talk and surprise. But it was really by an oversight that his picture was not placed; hitherto he as a foreigner had been remarkably well treated by that exclusive body who yearly hang and are hung in Burlington House. At the Grosvenor Gallery in that year we all could admire his impressive "Juliet" in her trance, lying in the Capulets' tomb, white-robed and with a massive crucifix upon her breast. In 1886 the artist was represented at the Academy by "Acqua Alta," or "A Spring Tide," where girls, surprised by the sudden swell of the tide, are hemmed in, and forced to strip off shoes and stockings before they can leave their temporary refuge on the steps of a bridge. In this little picture all M. Van Haanen's distinguishing qualities are made manifest: his daring yet triumphant combinations of colour, his broad, rapid, vehement touch, his faculty for composing, for placing, for utilising his figures. The sense in him for colour must ever have been strong; but Venice has surely deepened it. He is a brilliant colourist. Only lately, at his studio, we saw a most surprising little study in reds, one could almost term it; the picture of a red-haired girl in a red dress lounging before the old brick fireplace of a kitchen, bright with burnished pots and vessels of ruddy copper. Not many would attempt to get a pleasing effect by so daring a monochromatic arrangement; but the picture, as Van Haanen has done it, is both charming and ingenious; and it is a good example of the painter's fearless, sensuous, original style.

Among other works that all helped to strengthen Van Haanen's reputation in England, as elsewhere, we may name "Washerwomen," exhibited at the Academy in 1881, and bought by E. P. Heseltine; the "Sartoria" picture, of girls taking afternoon coffee in their workshop, "The Fortune-Teller," "La Siesta in Chiesa," "The Mask Shop," and many other subjects and half-length portraits.

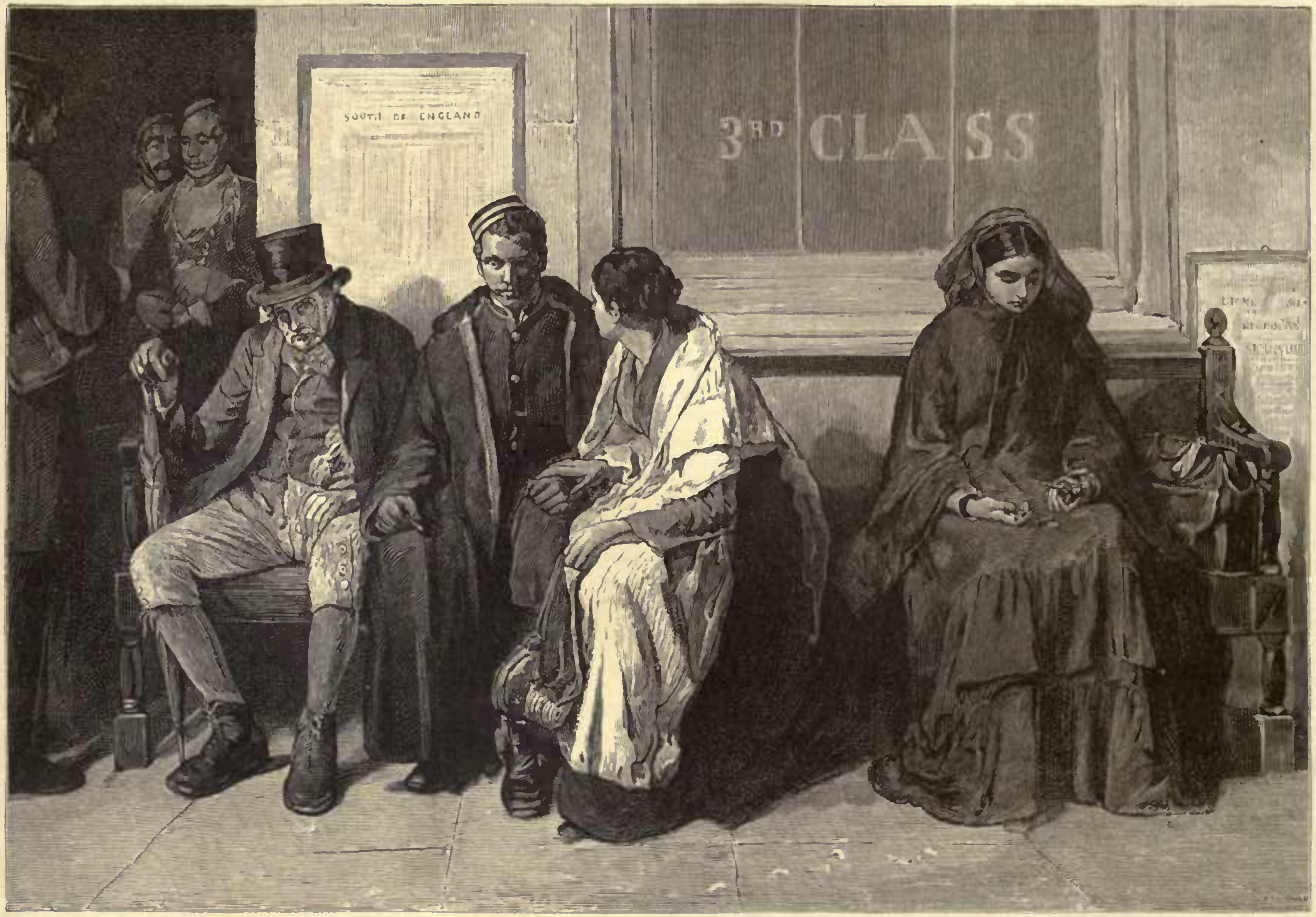
There is no doubt that one must place Van Haanen with the most notable foreign painters of to-day. There are those who would count him as an Englishman, perhaps because he speaks English like a native, and because his work has always found exceeding favour in the English market. But the style and method of his painting comes closer to that of France than of England. It has all the Gallic brilliancy and dash — none of the British *pesanteur*, vagueness, sentimentalism. Again, it would be unfair to consider him as for ever linked to Venice, and as capable of merely making brilliant sets of Venetian *genre* pictures. At some date his art will assuredly find a new field for its exercise, as the Venetian "School" is slowly dropping to decay, through lack of the right subject-matter, of that interesting material for which no talent, however brilliant, no *technique*, however faultless, can ever eventually make just amends.



Yours very truly,
Frank Holl

FRANK HOLL, R.A.

SELDOM has swifter or smoother progress to distinction fallen to the lot of any painter than that which Mr. Frank Holl's career shows us. Born in the year 1845, at St. James's Terrace, Kentish Town, he received from his father, an engraver, his first training in art. At the early age of fifteen he entered the schools of the Royal Academy as a student. And from the day, two years later; when he gained his first distinction—a premium and the silver medal for the best drawing from the antique—to the year 1878, when he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and to the year 1883, when he was elected to full membership, his advance has been steady, from success to success. In 1863 he received the gold medal and a scholarship of £25 for two years for the best historical painting; "Abraham about to Sacrifice Isaac" was the subject. In 1864, when but nineteen, he exhibited his



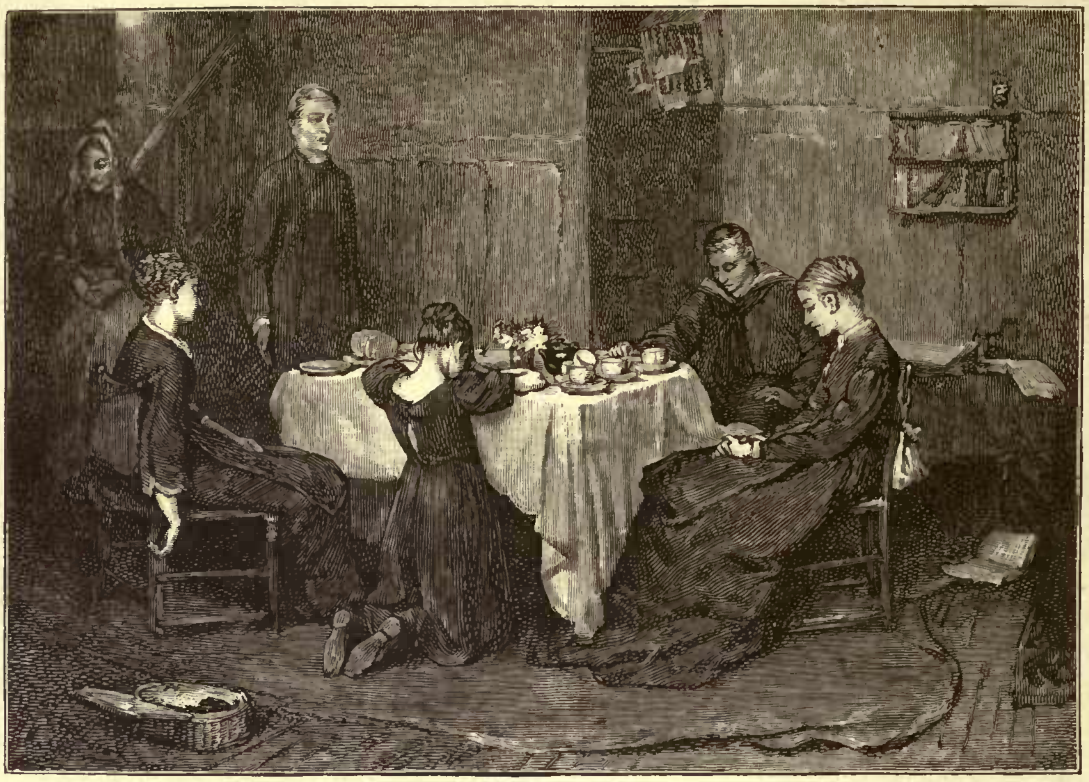
LEAVING HOME.

(From the Painting by Frank Holl, R.A. In the Collection of the late Captain Hill, of Brighton.)

first Academy picture, "Turned out of Church." This was followed in 1865 by "Fern Gatherers," in 1866 by "The Ordeal," and in 1867 by "The Convalescent." In 1869, for the picture which forms the subject of one of our engravings—"The Lord Gave, and the Lord hath Taken Away"—Mr. Frank Holl obtained from the Academy the two years' travelling studentship for painting.

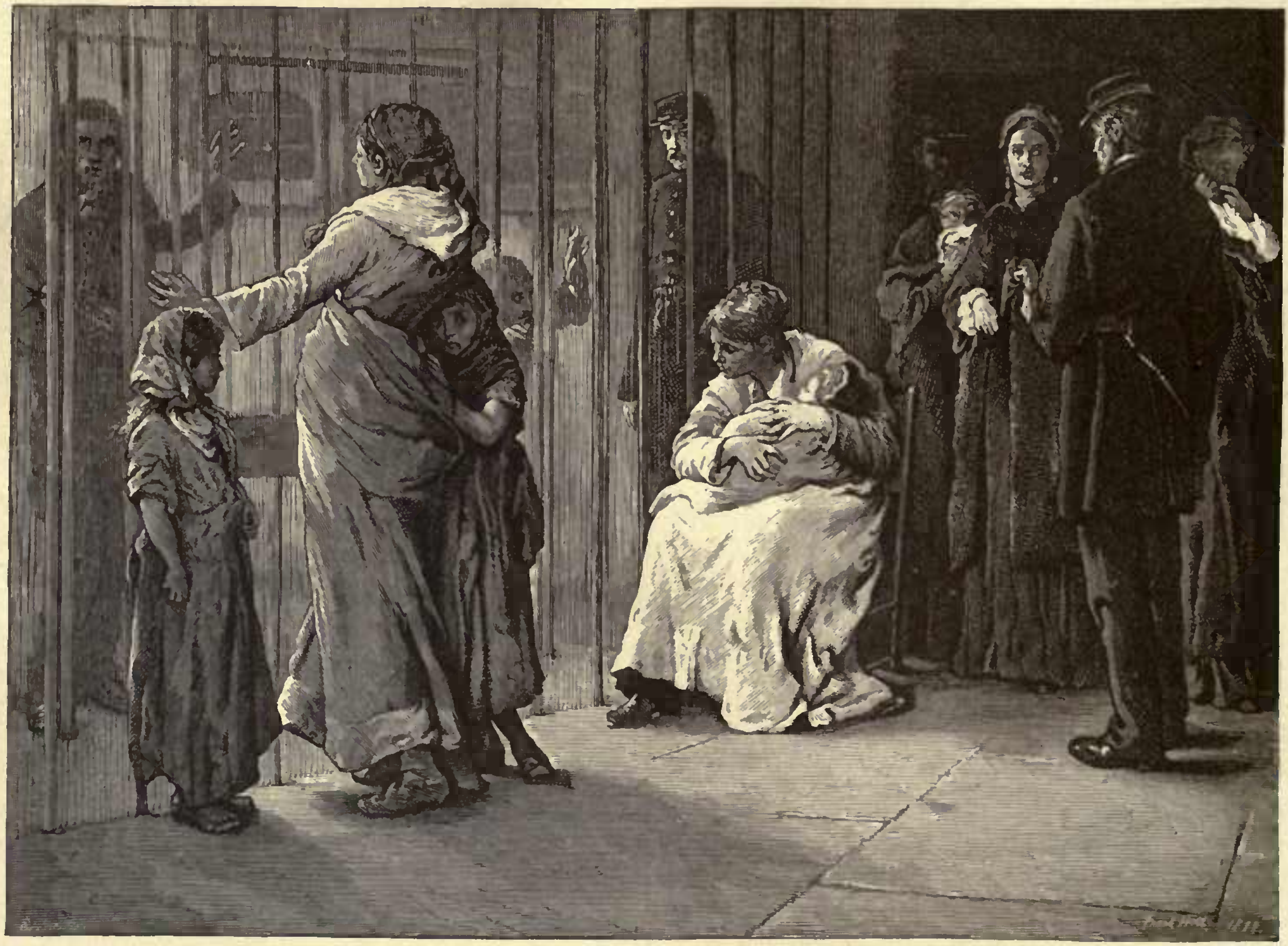
His stay in Italy was, however, short on this occasion; he resigned his claim on the Academy and returned to England, not considering himself sufficiently forward to take full advantage of the opportunity of studying the great masters. He had also formed the intention, fulfilled in all his later work, of avoiding the conventionalities into which an artist must fall who sets himself to paint a life and customs and manners with which he is not familiar and not in sympathy. There is, no doubt, in the work of English artists abroad, a large amount of the routine picturesque with which we could well dispense; Mr. Holl believed that greater originality, honesty, and interest would be found in an English painter's pictures of England, especially when his heart is altogether in his own country. Another reason for this choice, in his earlier years, of Nature rather than of even the finest art for his example, was his desire to escape conventionality in manner as well as in subject. A judgment not entirely matured is apt to take for granted, in a somewhat unintelligent manner, the merits of famous works; a style is thus formed which is imitative without being fully appreciative, and the result is mannerism. After close, unrelaxed, and watchful study of Nature, the artist is able—as Mr. Holl found in later years—to enter far more fully into the true beauties of the great pictures, to understand them through Nature, and to love them for their fidelity to her. His enjoyment of the galleries is much increased, and at the same time he is not entrapped into a habit of merely copying, thus preserving his individuality. But if Mr. Holl gained little from the travelling studentship, he had much to recompense him in the benefits he otherwise derived from the painting of "The Lord Gave, and the Lord hath Taken Away." This was his introduction to the outside world, the sure foundation-stone of an extended reputation. When the Queen visited the Academy it attracted her attention so favourably, that on learning she could not be the possessor of it—it was already sold—Her Majesty gave the artist a commission for another work.

From this time dates Mr. Holl's triumph; he is confirmed in his peculiar and distinctive choice of subjects, and his manner of painting assumes its own assured character. "No Tidings from the Sea"—a picture painted for the Queen, and representing the wife of a seaman in suspense during a storm in which her husband is out—appeared in 1871; "The Village Funeral" in 1872; "A Seat in a Railway Station" in 1873; "Deserted" in 1874; "Her First-Born" in 1876; "Going Home" in 1877. At Mr. Arthur Tooth's winter exhibition in 1877, "Gone!"—a scene of great dramatic power—caused no slight sensation. The melancholy of most of Mr. Holl's other works had *touched* the public sympathies; the vivid force of this picture *stirred* them. Mr. Tom Taylor wrote an accompanying description of the picture, which represented the common but tragic incident of the emigration of a father, husband, or brother in search of the possibilities of living, while the women are left to bear the "long anguish of patience" in the overcrowded English town at home. Mr. Holl's scene is laid on the platform of a station; the train is disappearing; the forlorn little group is giving way to unconscious, if undemonstrative sorrow. Nothing is falsified, nothing even idealised, nor is any sordid detail omitted or glossed over; the artist has simply used his power to make us understand something of those emotions of the poor which are too often overlooked in actual life.



"THE LORD GAVE, AND THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY."

Another passage of lowly life appeared at about the same time; it was entitled "Want: Her Poverty but not Her Will Consents," and showed what pathetic poetry may be found in the most unpromising of all localities—a pawnbroker's shop. A young wife and mother has come to the counter, for her child's sake, to pledge her wedding-ring, the sign of her humble dignities, the memorial of her own day of hope, and love, and confidence. The woman's action is thoughtful, collected, and resigned; near her feet lies the proof of an equally significant sacrifice—a Bible which some fellow-sufferer in want has left behind. In 1878 Mr. Holl commanded still more general attention by his great picture of prison life, "Newgate: Committed for Trial." The subject was one which Sir Edwin Landseer is said to have regarded as most especially dramatic and pictorial; it may be, however, that this



NEWGATE—COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.

great artist knew his own smooth completeness of manner to be ill suited to the rude tragedy of such a scene.

In 1879 Mr. Holl painted not only well but much. Five of his works were hung at the Academy, two of these marking an era in his artistic career, and assuring him what his brother painters, at any rate, will agree with us in considering his greatest triumph. With the exception of a head painted the year before, no portrait appeared from his brush until this "Signor Piatti" and this more memorable "Mr. Samuel Cousins," which were, however, shortly followed by the portraits of Captain Hill and of half a hundred others. In attacking portraiture the artist seemed to develop powers yet latent; in the head of the venerable engraver he produced indeed what all must acknowledge as vital work; technically it was a masterpiece of handling. With real pleasure, with renewed hope and confidence, do we find our foremost artists—those who are young and who, under the influence of foreign schools of to-day as well as of the past, are setting free and developing the hitherto somewhat insulated English capacity — turning their powers to the worthy work of portraiture. It was in portraiture that Sir Joshua Reynolds and the noble little group of our eighteenth century laboured to the admiration of all time; and it was in portraiture that the elder masters of races kindred to our own excelled. But from the most intellectual it had of late years—save for the redeeming work of a few eminent names—sunk among us to the least intelligent branch of the art. A Royal Academy portrait was generally a vulgar enough production. The public ceased to be interested in what was so uninteresting; and, as technical knowledge declined, subject became the one essential thing in the eyes of the many. Subject is undoubtedly important, and Mr. Holl has told many a story, and told it well; but gifted as he has proved himself to be with the sympathetic intellect of a fine portrait-painter, he will do no work more worthy than portraiture, which may be all the more valuable for his former achievements in expression and action. Something in popularity he has shown himself content to forego. His subjects, when he treated such, were sometimes perhaps a little too popular, if anything, in their pathos; and it must have cost him something in youth, when the sympathy of applause is very dear, to leave them for the severer studies of style and character. For one other thing no doubt Mr. Holl is still somewhat to be commiserated, and that is the rather curious chance that in his portrait-painting career he has been held, entirely or almost without exception, to painting men, and men whose fame implies mature age more certainly than distinction of appearance. Why no ladies sit to Mr. Holl and Mr. Ouless is a question we do not pretend to solve; but even remembering the singular success of Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Fildes, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. Shannon, in female portraits, it must be owned that never have so many men and so few women furnished the subjects of a school of portraiture as is now the case in England. The older schools, the Academy in Sir Joshua's time, and the Salon of to-day, have had at least an equal interest in the portraits of men and of women. Our present habits in this respect are, to say the least, ungallant, and the walls of our exhibitions do not gain by the fact that intellect in our race is not often "harmoniously bodied," and that the much painted half of humanity is the half which wears broadcloth in the almost ignominious form of coat and trousers. Mr. Holl paints men—for the most part famous men, and the beauty of our galleries (for what that beauty may be worth) has not gained thereby.

Mr. Holl is young enough to be congratulated on his present as well as on his past progress. The advance in the quality of his work is rapid without faltering. He began from the right beginning, as a painter who was above all things careful, and his present style and mastery have been legitimately arrived at; he has secured the voices of his fellow-artists by his honest work, as well as the interest of the public by his pathetic subjects.

It is not altogether obvious to an outsider why artists of late have shown such a predilection for Fitzjohn's Avenue, South Hampstead. It is not a countrified spot, but rather a wilderness of brickfields fast being converted into houses more or less aspiring to the "Queen Anne" style. It is, after all, just a long, uninteresting London street, with only this difference, that many of the houses are detached, and most make pretensions to architectural beauty—pretensions which in some cases are well justified. The front gardens are raw, new, and treeless; the outlook from the windows, the usual London vista of brick and mortar. Yet this street is now the high artistic fashion, and the artists who of late have followed the modern tendency among their brethren of building houses for themselves after their own plans or ideas have pitched them here. One of these is Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., whose abode stands in close proximity to those of several brethren. Certainly there is now and then a lack of spontaneous development about the houses in the new style of architecture with which London is being adorned; and though their warm-coloured red-brick material, their effort, more or less successful, after beauty of aspect, are a welcome relief to the monotonous, featureless architecture of an earlier day, there is a danger that the present style may become, in some cases, as tedious and lifeless as the no-style that preceded it. Such, at least, is the danger when the builders begin to encroach upon the province of the architects. And this they will do, alas! even in red brick and in the style which above all claims and depends upon the charm of individuality. From such catastrophes, however, artists' houses are happily safe, and their only danger is that they may be archaic *de parti pris*, which pleases the eye rather than the mind.

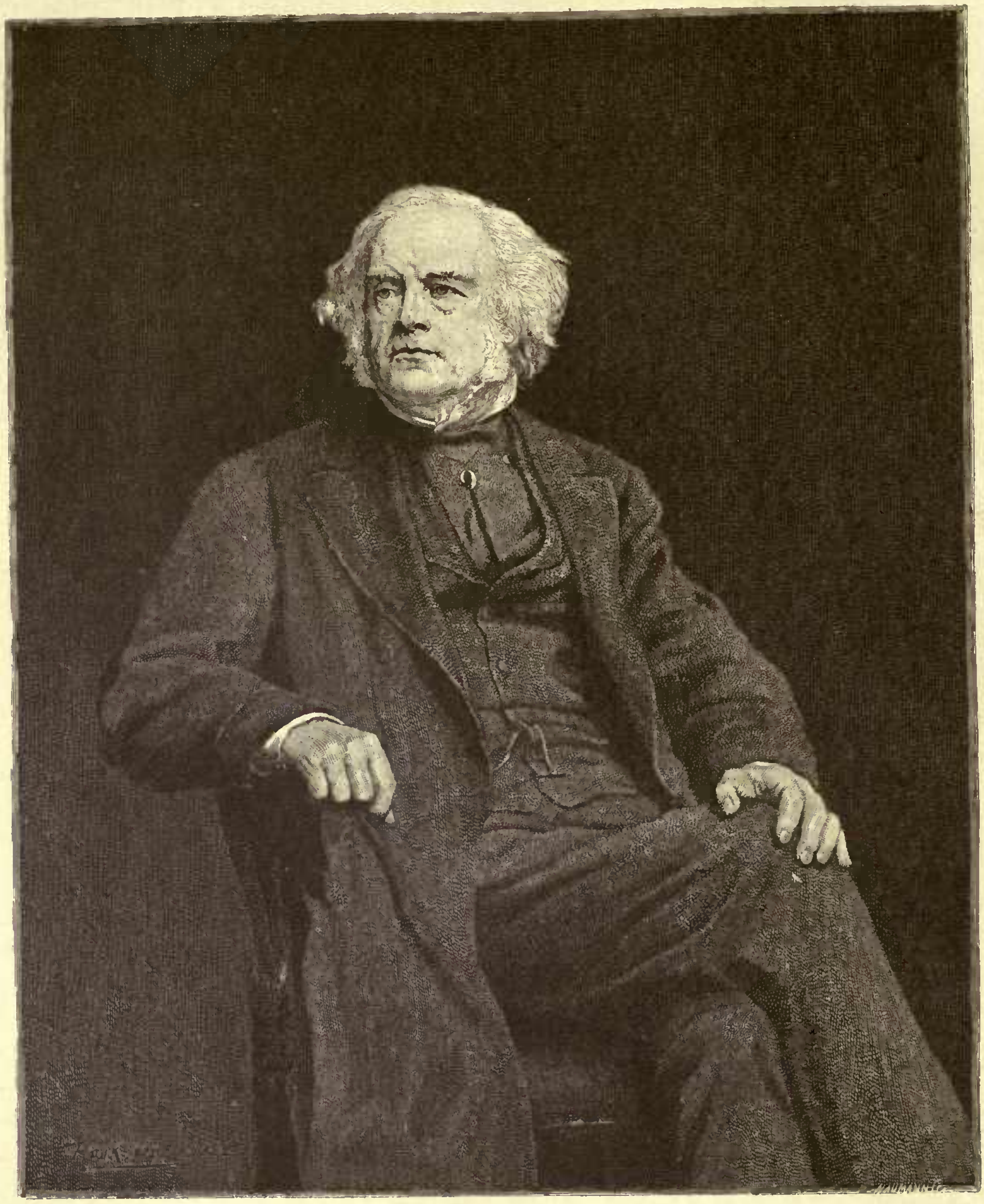
Mr. Holl's house is called the "Three Gables," a designation which for once has an obvious reason; for conspicuous instantly are the three gables that uprise from its roof. It is a red-brick building, of course. The front presents a long line of low-leaded windows, only broken by the hall-door. Above this runs a frieze of white plaster, of *putti* and conventional arabesque. Above this, again, in two storeys, three bows swell out and upwards, corresponding with and joining the three gables of the roof. This triple excrescence gives the house a striking

WIDOWED.

aspect from outside, especially as all the woodwork is painted white, and this contrasts sharply with the red of the walls. The interior in no respect betrays at a glance the artist's residence, and the same holds good of the whole house. Mr. Holl has clearly striven after a comfortable family home which should contain a good and useful work-room; but he has no ambition after making his dwelling a show-house, or endeavouring that it it should be the expression of his mental and artistic individuality. In the schemes of colour his individual taste has, no doubt, been brought to bear, but not more than would be the case with any householder; while rare and costly articles of *virtù*, choice porcelain, fine pictures, valuable sketches, are not seen in his rooms or on his walls. The building is entirely the design of Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., and is after the manner commonly called Queen Anne, but which would be more properly named the "Norman Shaw," since it contains features of both an earlier and a later period than that of the good sovereign.

CAPTAIN HILL.

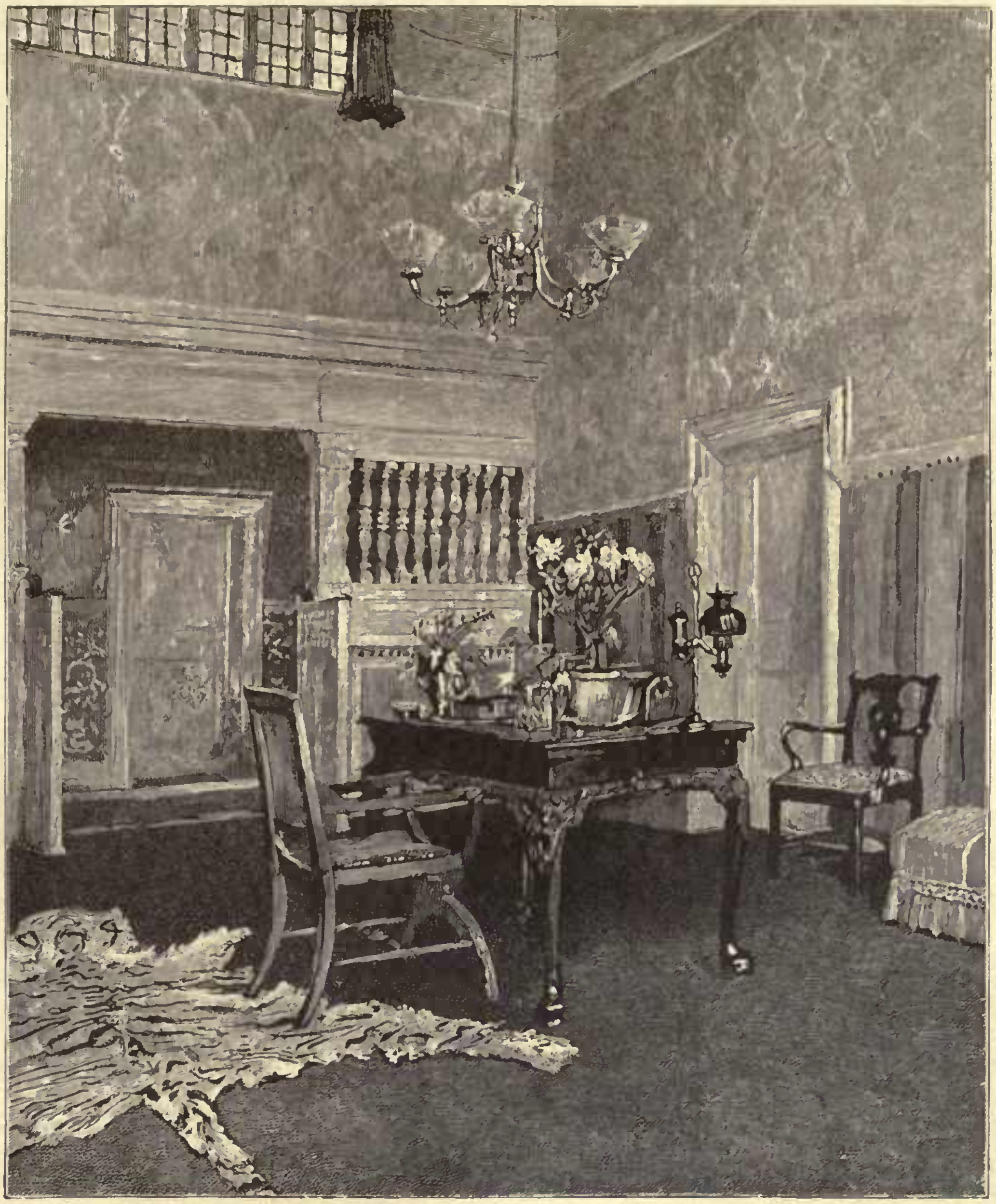
The small entrance-hall to Mr. Holl's home is light, and contains, like the rest of the house, much white-painted woodwork. Mr. Holl admits that he is no devotee of the lately fashionable dinginess. He likes this fresh-looking white paint, whose aspect is a welcome relief in our sombre climate. This small entrance-hall, which is lighted by a portion of the long line of window that runs along the whole



THE RT. HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

(By Permission of the Committee of the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.)

front of the house, speedily gives admission to a passage that transversely divides the dwelling, of which we get a glimpse in one of our pictures. A white wooden partition, broken at the height of about five feet into an open balustrade, divides the passage



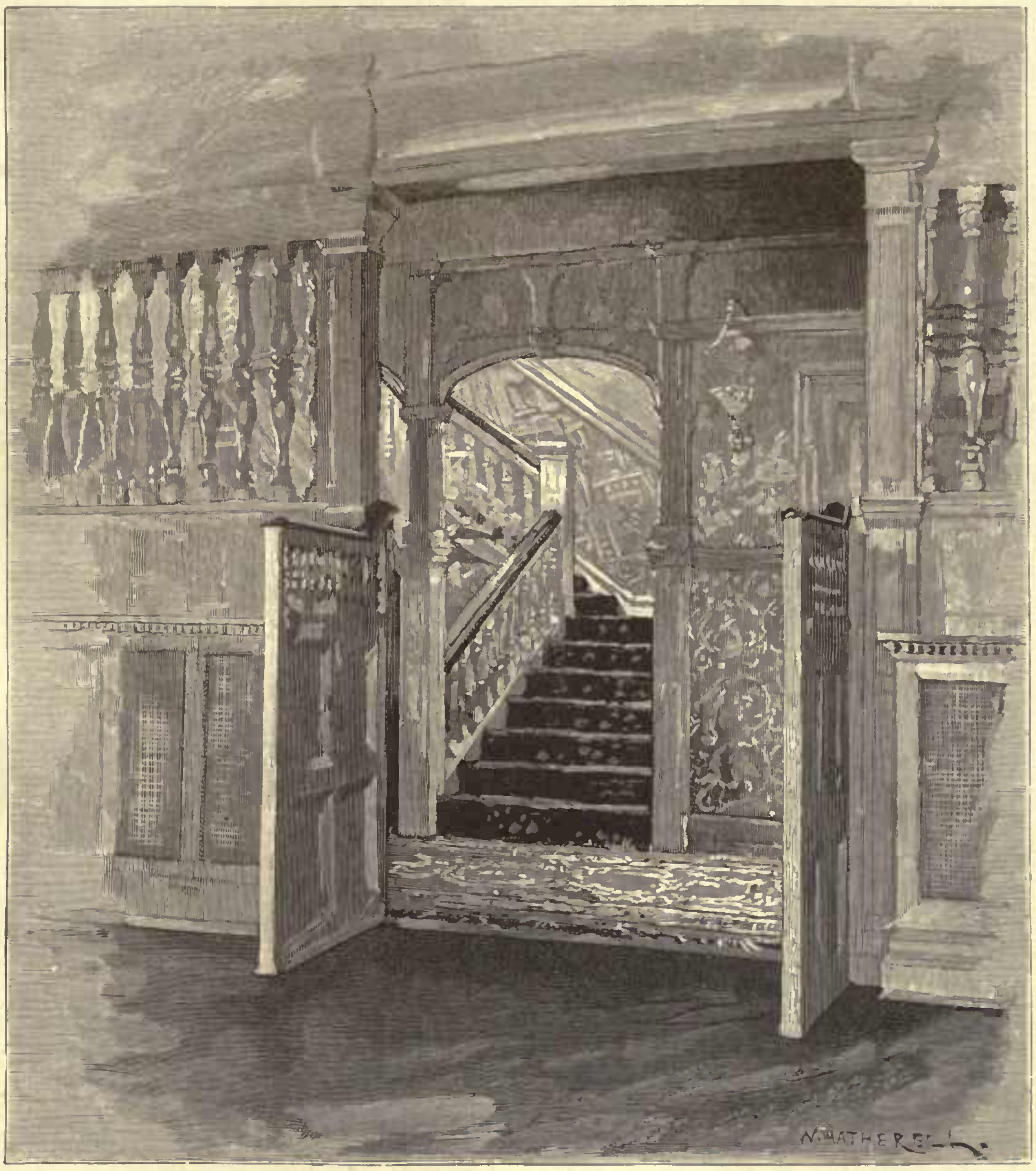
MR. HOLL'S HOUSE: THE INNER HALL.

from the inner hall, one of the prettiest and most characteristic features of the whole place. It corresponds to the *salone* of an Italian residence, a feature always much sought after and laid stress upon in Italy, but strangely neglected here. Such an apartment, from which the chief living-rooms open, should be a specially useful adjunct to our small English sitting-rooms; a cross between a hall and a room proper, it furnishes a useful place for an overflow, which in the ordinary London house is generally forced to collect upon the staircase; it is also a cool place in summer, where artificial currents of air can easily be produced. In Mr. Holl's the prevailing colour is amber. Curtains of amber and golden velvet drape the windows leading into the conservatory, and hang all round the room at a height of about six feet from the dado; while above, the walls are stencilled amber and gold. The fireplace, which is of carved wood, is hidden from our view, but stands there where we see the tiger-skin before the fender. The room is lofty, running up into the first storey, and is lighted at the end by a large door-window that gives admission into the conservatory, and again from the long, low window above the wicket—a window lighted from the stairs, and in its turn again helping to light the central passage. From the inner hall we get the best view of the gently winding staircase, with its white woodwork, its white wood balustrades repeating the simple design of the partition. Owing to the turn of the stair, a pretty little niche is formed just beyond the entrance to the inner hall, in which a table bearing a flowering plant finds space, imparting a graceful touch of natural beauty.

The inner hall gives admission on each side to living-rooms. The door seen in our sketch opens into a cosy morning-room facing the street; the one opposite to it leads into the drawing-room that overlooks the small garden and the houses at the back; while opposite the staircase is the fairly large conservatory with its tiled floor and walls decorated in colour. When this is completed the inner hall will really be a very lovely and attractive spot. The drawing-room, of which our artist has made no sketch, is a room of fair but not large size—indeed, none of Mr. Holl's rooms are large—a very pretty and habitable apartment, but, like the rest of the house, furnished without artistic or æsthetic affectation. A deep window-niche, curiously hung on the wall-sides with rich blue velvet curtains, is the site of the ebony grand piano. The prevailing colour of the room is bronze, repeated by the covering of the furniture and the low plush dado. A light yellow Morris paper runs up to the ceiling, which again takes up the bronze tone in the shape of a paper that simulates coffering. The effect of the firelight upon this bronze-coloured ceiling is peculiarly warm and happy, and pretty, too, is the fireplace, with its shallow mantelshelf, its corresponding overmantel, into which is let a looking-glass, the whole decorated with dainty arabesque designs: a fireplace, the counterpart of which is common in many London houses of the Russell Square period, and which, as long as wide mantelshelves were in favour, was regarded as meagre and ugly.

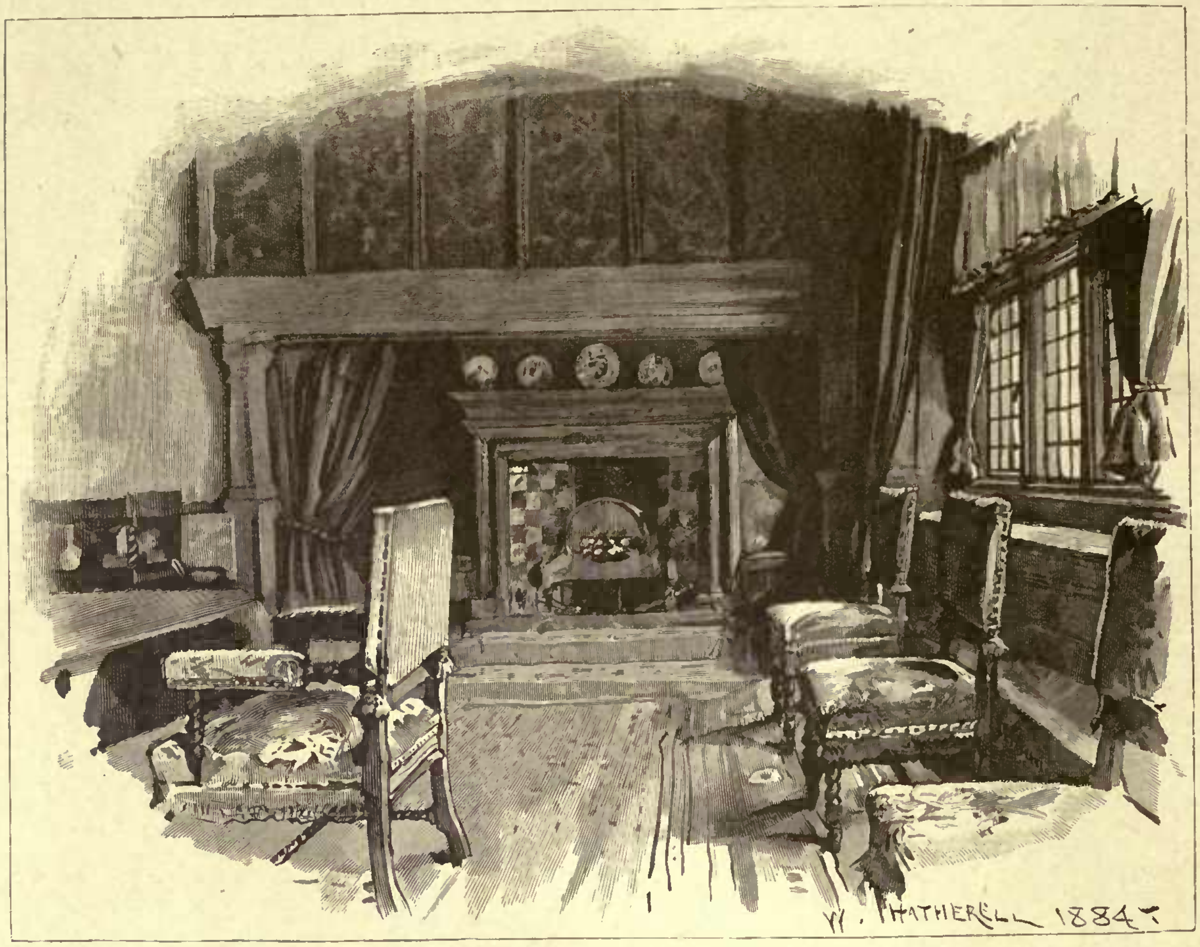
Retracing our steps through the inner hall, we once more find ourselves in the narrow passage. On one side of the pretty niche this leads into the lower regions, with which we have no concern; on the other it gives admission to the dining-room. Here the first feature that strikes us is the ingle-nook, which is really charming in itself, and to which we have only to object that it seems in so far out of place that it appears too large for the apartment, and hence rather dominates it.

Here comes into play one of the objections we made above, when we said that our modern archaisms have a tendency to become unreal from want of spontaneous development. An ingle-nook is a delightful feature, a delicious and cosy institution,



THE STAIRCASE.

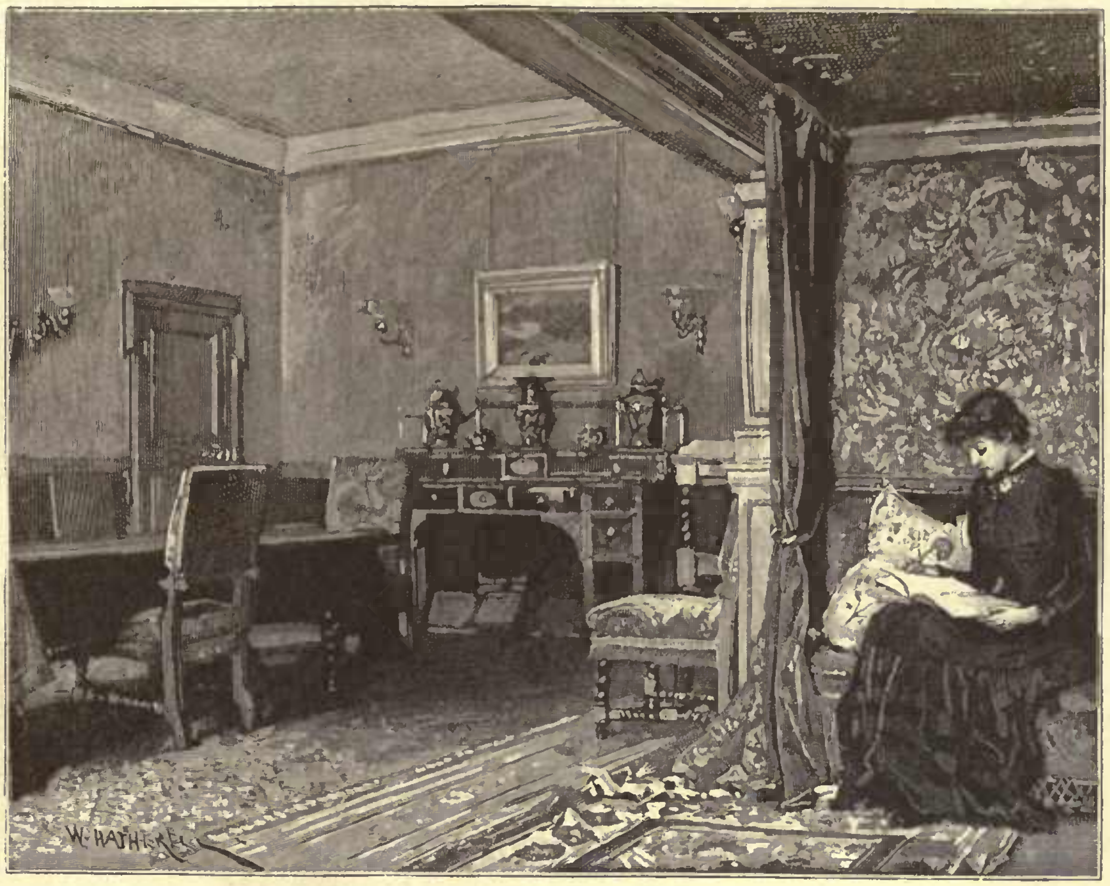
but we doubt if our forefathers would have placed such a spot in an ordinary-sized London room. These things were reserved for draughty spaces and kitchens—for baronial halls. Nor would they, we fancy, have placed it in the corner of a room, but rather well in its centre. By itself, however, and detached from its rather incongruous surroundings, this chimney-corner is very attractive and pretty. A heavy wooden beam, borne by wooden pillars, runs its whole length and divides it from the walls of the room. Heavy terra-cotta coloured velvet curtains flank its sides. These can be drawn so as to enclose it completely, light being admitted from a small window that runs parallel with the main window of the room. Within, on either side of the hearth, seats are fixed into the walls; these, too, are covered with the same terra-cotta velvet. The chimneypiece proper is of reddish-coloured marble, ornamented with tiles from the workshop of Mr. De Morgan. These, which represent every variety of small animal and bird, are also terra-cotta in tint, while the low ceiling and the walls of the nook are panelled with rich Spanish leather, whose golden points are picked out by the firelight. Indeed, terra-cotta is the dominant tint of this room, repeated by the covering of the furniture and the dado, which is hung with the same coloured material. At present the ceiling is plain and whitewashed, and the walls above the dado are distempered in dark red. A few small sketches on these walls, but no pictures of importance, save Mr. Holl's masterly "Lord Wolseley." The room is lighted by one of those long, low windows



THE DINING-ROOM.

we noted from outside, broken into smaller windows and filled in with little panes of glass after the fashion of the period that is copied, a fashion that causes rather "a dim religious light" to pervade these dwellings, since our London sky at best is not overflooded with brightness. They certainly, however, impart a quaint, pleasant look to the apartments.

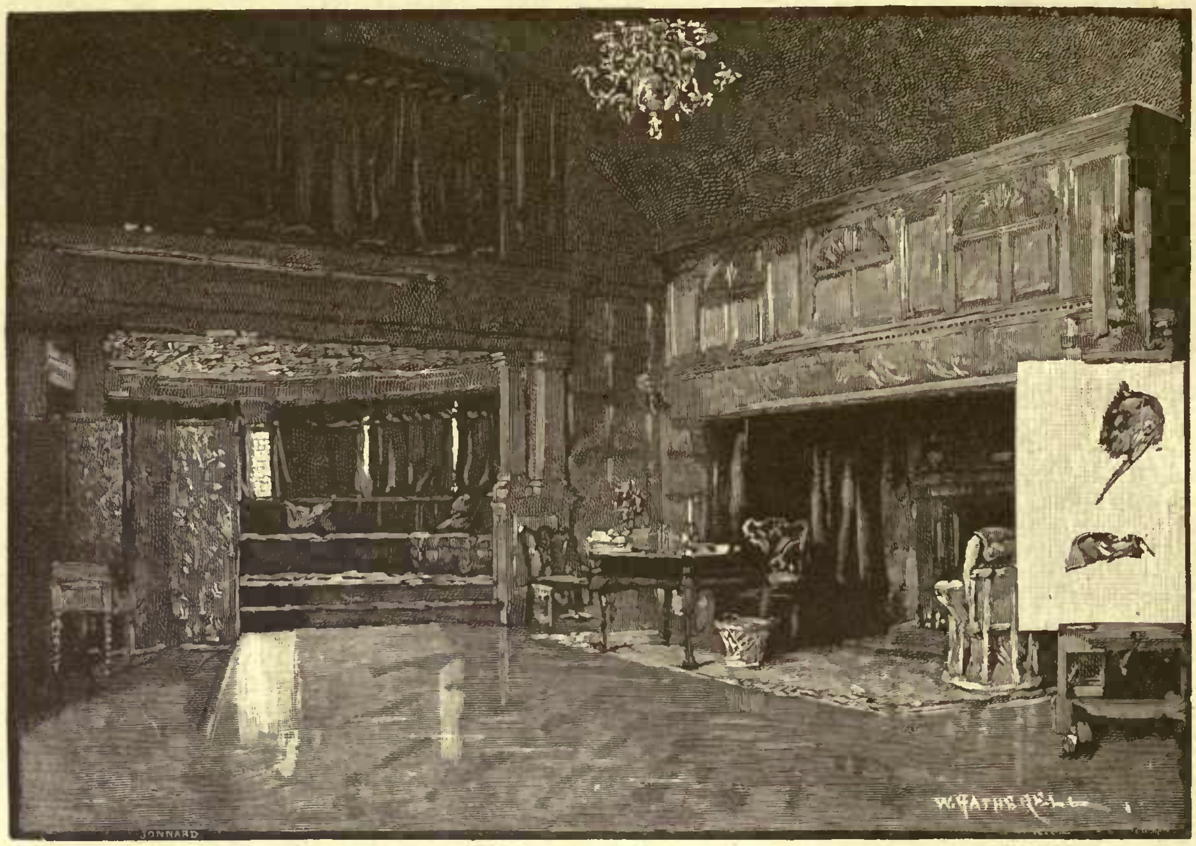
From the dining-room we once more enter the passage, and passing the staircase-nook, pursue its continuation, which is lighted towards the side of the house by a low, long window, leaded in lozenge and circle shapes, some of the panes being filled in with soft tinted glass, others having proverbs painted upon them, the whole quaint, effective, and very much in place here where no full strong illumination is required. At the end of the passage a door admits us into the studio, obviously the most important room in the house. It is also the largest, being a little under forty feet long and some twenty-five feet wide. In many respects it resembles Mr. Pettie's studio, though in others it is more ornate than that solid, serious work-room. Where Mr. Pettie has been entirely copied is in the arrangement of the large north window. Here, too, the curtain is made to run in a deep semicircle, by which means the light can be admirably regulated and concentrated. The origin



THE DINING-ROOM, FROM THE INGLE-NOOK.

of this ingenious arrangement is gratefully assigned by Mr. Holl to his late neighbour in the Hampstead colony.

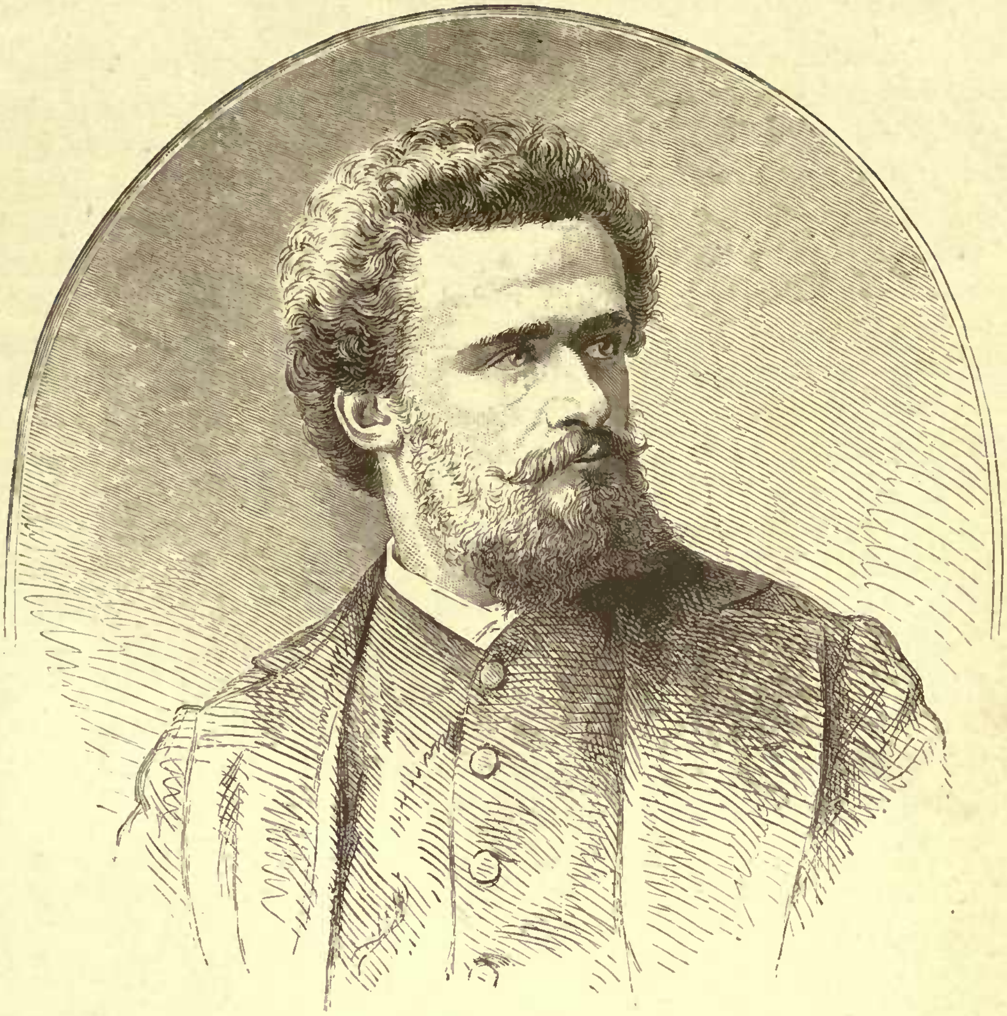
The studio is entirely oak-panelled; the floor, too, is of inlaid wood. With the exception of the hearthrug, no carpets lie upon its polished surface, Mr. Holl having a due regard to the limbs of his sitters, and knowing how treacherously dangerous are loose mats laid on slippery floors. The room, which is high and slightly vaulted, is lighted from above by a large window and at night by gas. Indeed, the modes of lighting it are many and various, and permit Mr. Holl to regulate, concentrate, or distribute his light, as necessity demands. Our sketch shows the most striking features of the studio — the ingle-nook and the apse. The latter is a deep recess built out beyond the main wall of the building, and forming a broad, low species of extra room, approached from the main room by two steps. It is a perfect semicircle, with a continuous series of low windows running round its whole extent, below which, from end to end, runs also a fixed window-seat that commands the studio at all points. This round window, or series of windows, is hung with small curtains, that can be drawn aside or over them at will. The low ceiling of the recess is tinted in cream colour, and consists of one mass of delicate bas-relief arabesques, after the manner of the drawing-room mantel-



THE STUDIO.

piece. Rugs lie on the floor, and cushions pile the seats of this cosy retreat, which is really the prettiest and most original thing in the whole studio. Above the entrance to this apse and flush with the outer wall is another long window. This, however, is rarely used, and is generally shaded by a curtain, as in our sketch. The ingle-nook is the other chief feature of the place. Like its fellow in the dining-room, it has a tendency to run up into a corner, but in this larger room it does not overwhelm—indeed, looks in place and keeping. It is of dark stained wood, ornamented, as our sketch shows, with some amount of carving. As in the dining-room, the whole interior is covered with stamped leather, while the curtains that close it in are here of a rich texture, peacock-blue in hue. The fireplace proper is of dark marble, against which glows the fine colour of the brass dogs.

No lay figure haunts this studio, nor piles of properties, stores of unfinished canvases, stocks of brushes, paints, and other evidences of the master's craft. Mr. Holl is pre-eminently tidy, and has, moreover, a pronounced dislike to that species of litter which has to some persons got to be synonymous with art. He holds that a studio should be as much as possible a living-room, in which the evidences of work can be put aside. There only remains to record that the studio has two entrances—the one through the passage from which we passed; another for models at the extreme end of the same wall. Between these two doors and above them runs a gallery; a pretty feature, but of no use whatever.



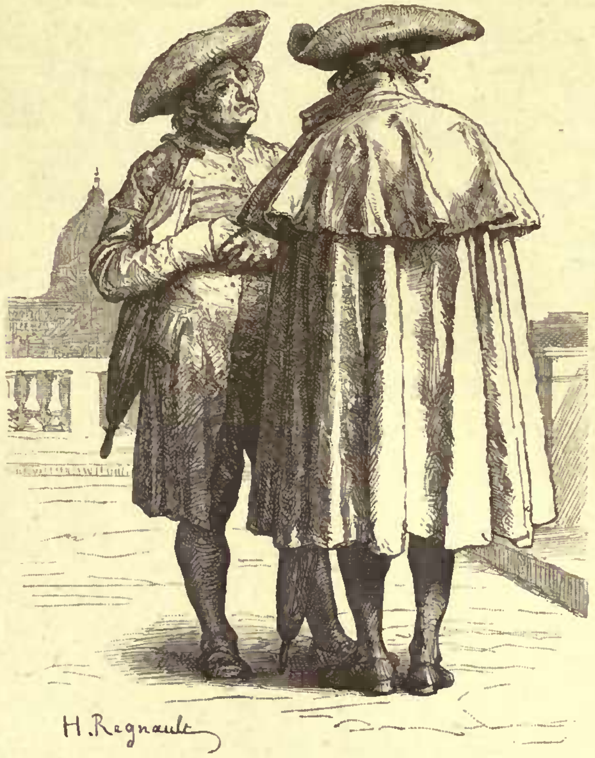
Donne de mes nouvelles aux
amis de Tanger. Nous
faisons partie de la 1ère compagnie
du 69e de guerre. —
ton tout dévoué
H Regnault.

HENRI REGNAULT.

MODERN art has shown, in one of its contemporary Continental developments, a certain expansion of beauty in colour and execution which may be called the blossoming of painting. The vital sap which, imprisoned, or at least confined, in the plant, was so strong in labour and in impulse, seems to have lost, when it was liberated and displayed in the fulfilment of such a flower, the procreant energy which implies a future. It is harsh to predict decay at the moment of florescence, but in the many reiterations of that most repetitive of all history—the history of art—internal relaxation of growth has always exposed a people to the approach of some vigorous attack from the outer world. Sometimes the flower is plucked, sometimes seed-time follows in peace, but the ploughshare passes over the place. While rural France—the France which contains all that is essential and potential in the nation—was producing art so sincere, direct, and grave as the work of the peasant Millet, the Paris studios, on the contrary, were brilliant with the expansion of colour, the complacent triumph of manner, and the gay contempt of the ideal in subject which found their most complete exemplar in Henri Regnault. Painting was sunning itself in Paris, and war was coming to her gates. He who so gaily spent his flowers of colour upon the blood of a decapitated slave was called to shed his own in the defence of the corrupted city. Though a master of declining art, Henri Regnault was personally fresh, vigorous, a happy artist, single-hearted, and patriotic; he was modest also and enthusiastic, and there is a kind of pathetic paradox in the fact that one who was himself so full of youth, promise, and progress should have in a manner borne the sins and paid the penalty of an art in its decadence. So eminently young was he in his character, temper, and hopes, that when a monument was to be raised at the École des Beaux Arts to his memory, the sculptor chose to give him as votaress, not the genius nor the valour of his time, but its youth; neither an artist nor a soldier is it who hangs a wreath upon his monument, but the figure of a fresh girl, the allegory of youth; the sculptor Henri Chapu gave to his work the title of "La Jeunesse." An engraving of a portion of the monument is here given. The bust of Regnault crowns the whole; the female figure leans with one hand against the marble, and stretches upwards with some difficulty to offer to the artist a gilded laurel wreath. Nothing could be more romantic and less classic in feeling, but the naturalism—though hardly monumental—is pleasing, tender, and ingenuous.

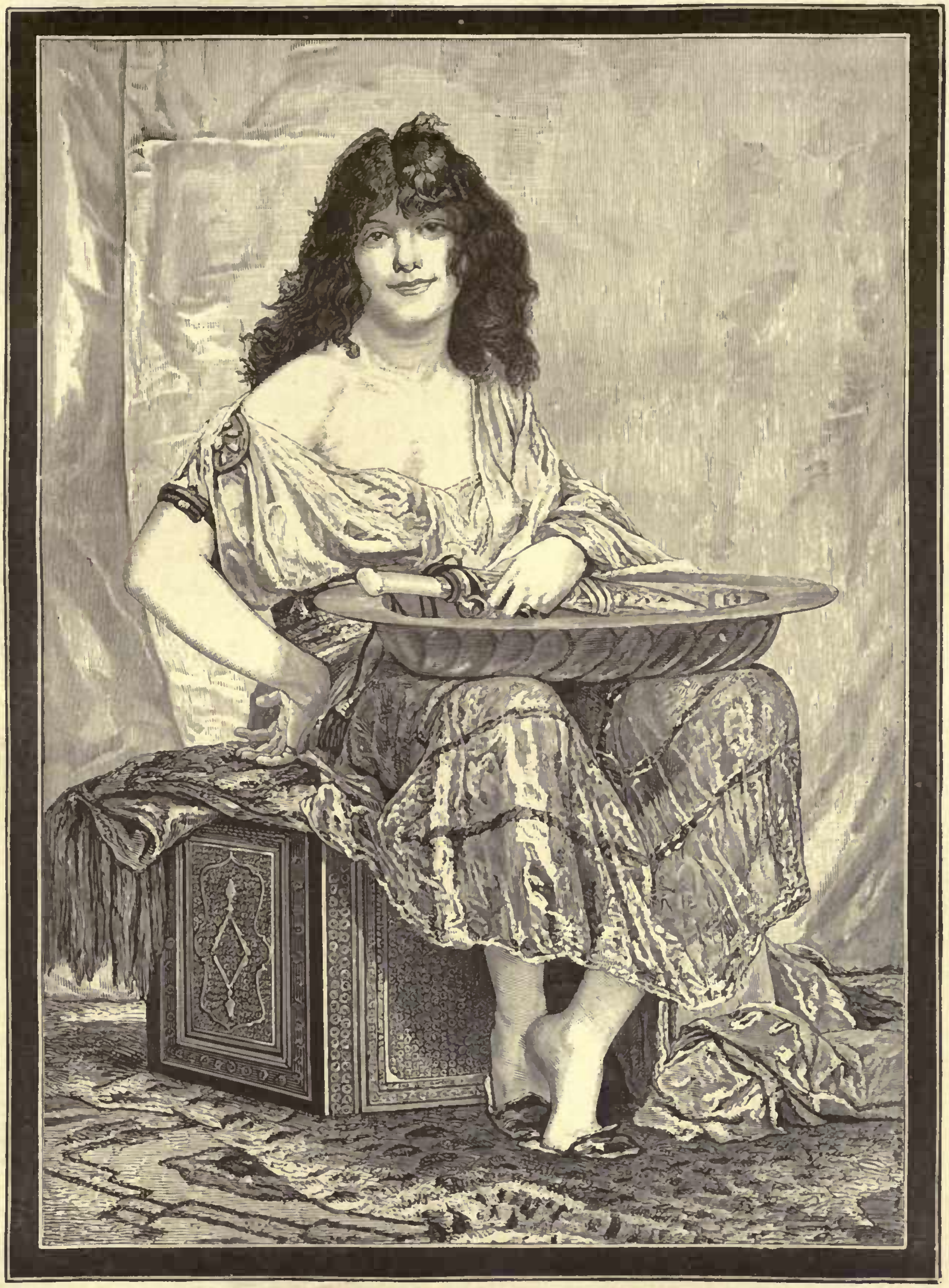
Regnault's death on the field of Bazenval occurred at a time of so many tragedies and so much death and mourning, that it passed with a brief record; but his comrades in arms, Meissonier, Carolus Duran, De Neuville, Détaille, Eugène Médard, Philippoteaux, the critic Jules Claretie, and so many more, who were also his brothers in art, kept his memory during all the months of war which followed his death; celebrated his fall, when peace gave them time to count their losses, as the saddest death of the winter of the siege; and have since united to do honour to their brilliant friend.

Alexandre Georges Henri Regnault was born at Paris in 1843; his father was director of the manufactory of Sèvres, and the boy had for masters in his art Lamothe and Cabanel. At the age of twenty he tried unsuccessfully for the "Prix de Rome," that beneficent and much coveted endowment which enables the winner to follow a course of study in Rome, domiciled in the noble Villa Medici upon the sunniest and healthiest slope of the Pincian Hill. He was fain to work on in France for three years more, sending to the Salon in 1864 two portraits, which gained little praise. In 1866 the "Prix de Rome" was his, and his artistic career began in earnest. The inspiration which he drew from the Eternal City was, however, by no means that of the galleries. His tastes were formed in the studio of Fortuny, and his inspiration derived from the streets of the contemporary and living city. A very noble and memorable French work, Wey's "Rome and her Monuments," is adorned by a number of his drawings (one of which we reproduce), originally done, it would seem, with a broad quill pen. They are splendid in vigour and character, and deal with such subjects as the clearing of the *Corso* for the race by a mounted Papal dragoon—an incident which Regnault treats with brilliant intelligence. In 1868 the young artist painted in Spain that portrait of General Prim heading the insurrectionary forces at the gates of Madrid which became so famous at the Salon of the following year. Drawn and executed with a certain bravado, this picture, nevertheless, seemed to promise a healthier, or at least a more masculine choice in art than that which Regnault afterwards made; it is a fine and audacious work — admirable as a study of a huge Andalusian horse, such as Velasquez painted. A certain weakness in the pasterns of this horse seems to us rather a fault of drawing than a peculiarity of the breed. The picture would seem to have been painted for love of the subject. General Prim's death soon followed, and the portrait was chosen, with the "Execution without Judgment," to represent the artist in the galleries of the Luxembourg. From Spain Regnault went on to Tangiers, where a number of French artists had formed a working colony, and the short time he spent there was probably the happiest of the young painter's life. The day was too short for his delightful labours, and he fed his peculiar love of colour upon the shining hues of Tangerine climate and costume. It was during a second visit to that country that he painted the "Execution," the last important picture of his life, which was exhibited after his early death



ON THE PINCIO.

(*Design by H. Regnault, from Wey's "Rome and Her Monuments."*)

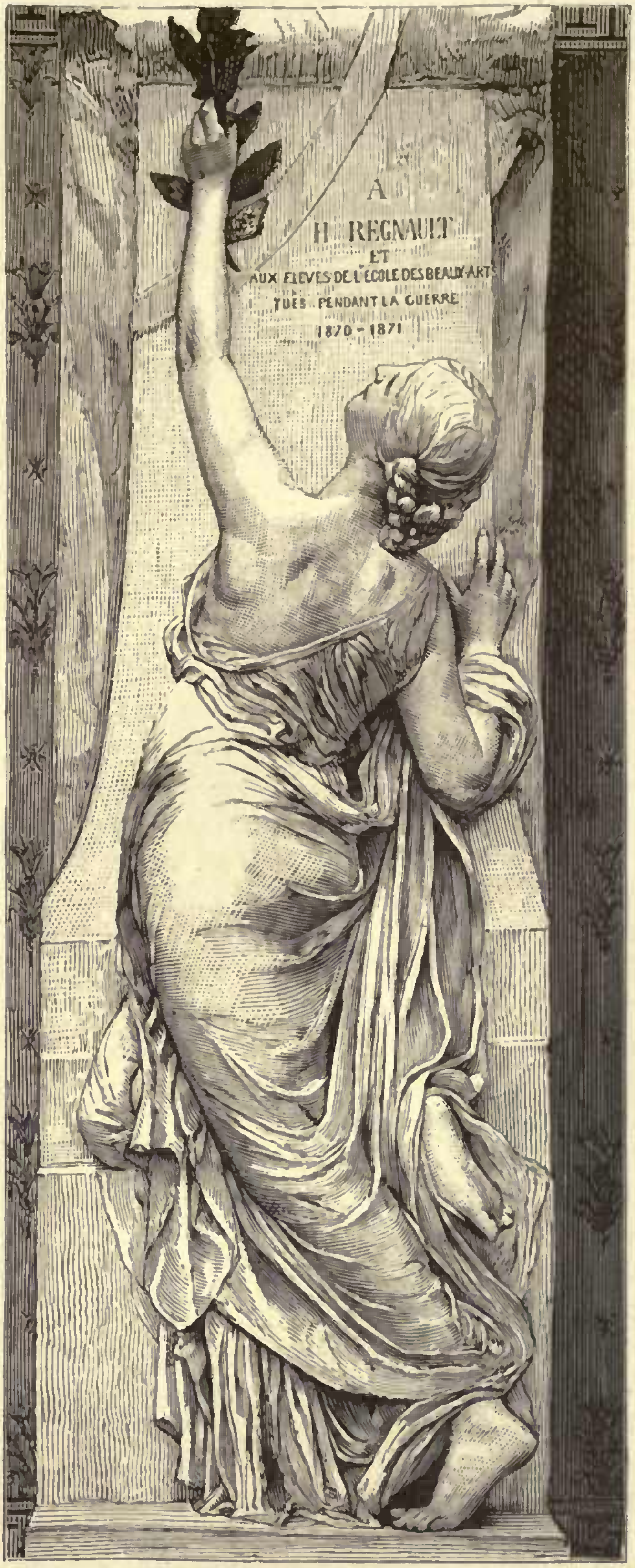


SALOME.

(By Permission of Messrs. Lecadre and Co., Paris.)

In Rome, however, his principal work was done. The "Judith and Holofernes," which caused the first public excitement about his talent, was sent to the Salon from there; and the last Salon of the Empire contained the wonderful and radiant "Salome," which we engrave, by permission of Messrs. Lecadre and Co., of Paris, who are the proprietors of the photographs of this artist's principal works. This picture was nothing more ideal than an exact portrait of a well-known and hackneyed model who sat day by day on the steps of the Trinità de' Monti, at Rome. But Regnault's performance was received with a cry of applause, of delight. It is not too much to say that in all the history of colour, paint had never produced anything so wonderful; nor is rivalry with the great masters of colour implied, because Henri Regnault struck out a way of colour which was altogether new. Gold and rose-colour, to which the gold and rose-colour of other painters was as prose to poetry, lucid, vague, and brilliant, were accentuated by the bold jet-black of the girl's hair with extraordinary effect. Henri Regnault was indeed a master of black, that colour which has been so much neglected in the English school, and which is yet of such value to the emphasis and directness—to what for want of a better word we must call the style—of a picture. General Prim's black horse and Salome's hair were, each in its way, masterly studies of black—of real black, that is, and not of the sophistications of brown reflections and blue lights which are too often used amongst ourselves for the simple colour. Of course "Salome" evoked protest as well as applause, but no one overlooked it. Its insistence, indeed, was its principal reproach in the eyes of those who still clung to the gravities of classical art, and were doubtful as to this expansion and exaggeration of romanticism. "I do not like the picture," said one critic at the time, "just as I do not like people who shout at me across a street." But in our opinion the most effectual criticism which can be pronounced against the picture lies simply in our illustration, which shows how—the colour being absent—this magnificent "Salome" was in truth only a picture of a barbarous young Italian, with coarse features, heavy forms, and an ungraceful *pose*, who was certainly not well chosen as the representation of an Oriental princess. A picture should surely retain some nobility—or at least some charm—after its translation into black-and-white, and it is this absence of elevation, severity, and meaning which implies that decadence of modern art to which we have referred. In painting the daughter of Herodias smiling over the charger and the sword of martyrdom, Regnault has made an allusion to a sacred tragedy, but has made it with a reckless flippancy of feeling which is eminently characteristic of his school. Salome has appeared in art a thousand times. But by the earlier masters her fatal and meretricious dance was treated with a sincere and simple reprobation which never relaxed; and if some stiff and austere effort was made to convey the seduction which bewitched Herod and those who sat at meat with him, the noble yet ignominious death for conscience' sake and the guilt of the murderers were yet not forgotten. Instances of such treatment of the subject will occur to every reader, and we have especially in our mind some beautiful early work on the doors of one of the churches of Verona, where the several scenes of the Baptist's martrydom are represented, the fascinations of Salome's dance being expressed by the pious sculptor in a way that should not prove too alluring to the spectators of his work—he has placed the daughter of Herodias stiffly and severely on her head! In later times the painters of the Renaissance might tolerate her, but it remained for the artists of modern Paris to take her part.

News of his country's defeats reached Regnault when he was at work upon his famous "Execution." The picture has been made familiar to the public of every city in Europe by means of the engravings, and was itself seen in London at least once—if we remember aright, at one of the Annual International Exhibitions held some years ago at South Kensington. The composition of this picture is admirably simple. One upright swarthy figure, seen a little from below, stands at the head of some marble steps, in an attitude which has a certain dignity of strength; he is wiping his dripping sword upon his tunic, which he uplifts. His expression is entirely negative, showing only the absence of awe, pity, or horror. At his feet, fallen down the steps, is the body of the victim; the head has rolled away, and a deluge of blood is spreading, thickly and lucidly, upon the marble stair. The background

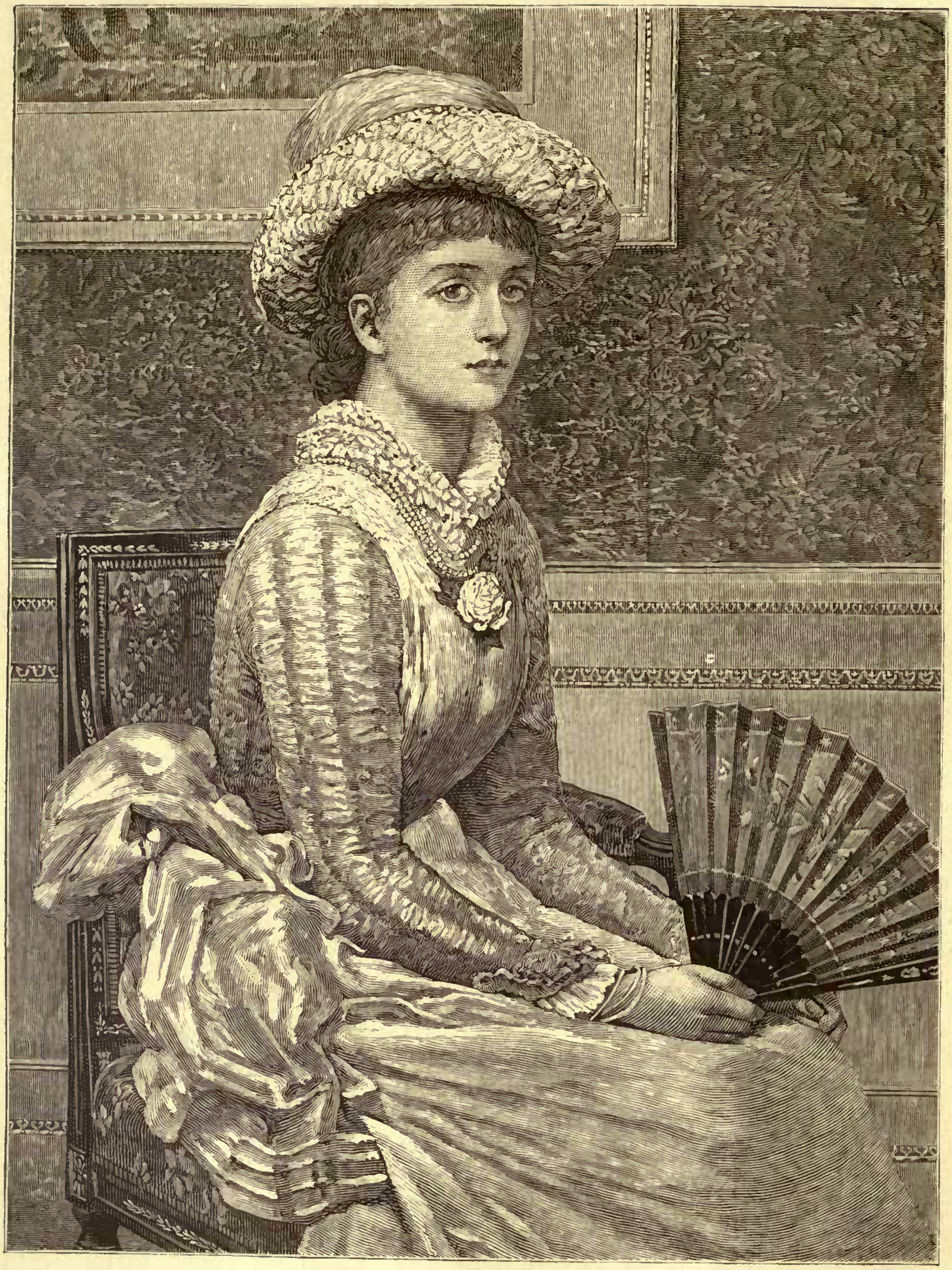


PART OF THE "REGNAULT" MEMORIAL.

glows with the rosy and golden tints of some court of the Moors of Granada. The colour of the picture blushes like wine—all the air seems coloured. Blood has often been painted before, but always as an accessory, and with a certain reluctance; Regnault was surely the first who made a delighted study of blood the leading motive of his picture. We question, indeed, whether his "Execution without Judgment," in which all wholesome and reverential reserve is denied, can be accepted as decent. It is hardly possible to avoid perceiving that the painting of such a picture by a Parisian of 1870 is paralleled by the delight in blood of a Roman of the Decadence. Regnault delighted in the beauty of blood, but cruelty is not far behind this peculiar form of luxury; both are in equal measures the contradiction of purity and of charity.

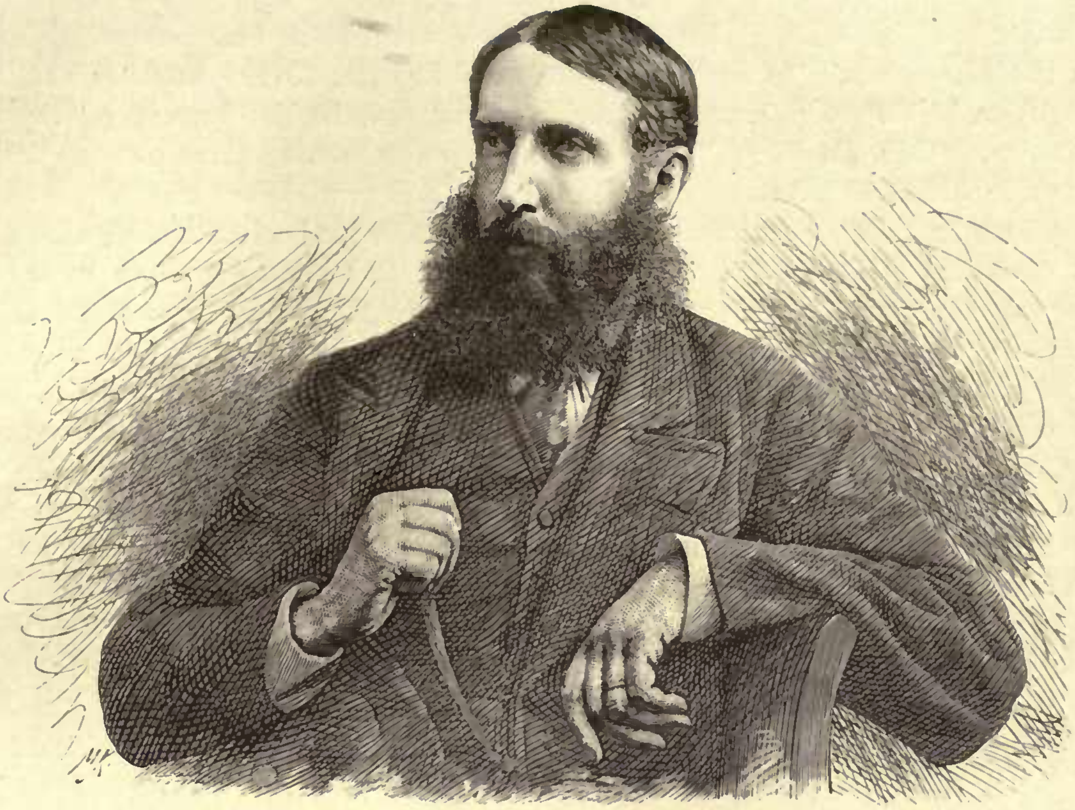
To the man Henri Regnault is due, as we have said, the honour which is merited by a soldierly and patriotic end. He denied at last the "lust of the eyes" and the "pride of life." He might have remained in the sunshine of Tangiers, but he chose the snows of the defences of Paris. One of a sortie party which sallied from the gates of the city on the 19th of January, 1871, he fell in the engagement which ensued, but the time and manner of his fall were never known. On the following day an ambulance driver saw the name written on the lining of a *capote*, but did not recover the body. It was on the same day that Carolus Duran, standing upon the field which was strewn with dead, made a mental sketch for a picture of the truth of war to which he was to give the title of "Glory!" Under a wall against which the French had again and again hurled themselves lay a heap of slain, and among them one whose curled and jet-black hair seemed familiar to the friend of Henri Regnault. "I am sure that it was he," said Carolus Duran often afterwards, but at the time his concern was with the wounded rather than with the dead. Five days later the body of the brave young man was recovered. During the performance of his obsequies at the church of St. Augustin the capitulation of Paris was declared.

Regnault has left other works, of which the fame equals that of the two or three we have here described—his "Thetis," for instance, painted in a few days at Rome, in the studious galleries of the Villa Medici. "He filled the corridors with his singing," said the other young prize-winners who were working with him; "he made the place resound; he used to run to the windows and clamber up and sing to the passers-by." And among the fruits of his sojourn in Morocco is the "Pasha," so brilliant a study of southern sunshine that some one has described it as a "sunstroke in a frame." These early works (and all the works of a painter who died at eight-and-twenty are early) are wonderful, not merely for the genius, but for the accomplishment of manner which they exhibit; for the brush of Regnault was not only victorious, it was triumphant, over the difficulties of his science. From the limited colours of his box—having as their highest point the white paint which is dark compared to a ray of Nature's sunshine—he produced light and incandescence and glory. As a man he was much beloved, and will be long regretted.



VIOLET.

(From the Painting by G. D. Leslie, R.A. In the Collection of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Charles Lindsay.)



Yours faithfully
G. D. Leslie

(*From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.*)

GEORGE DUNLOP LESLIE, R.A.

ART has many missions, one or other of which becomes important and urgent according to the times. Noble military painting is of the highest value in too commercial days; sincerely spiritual and ascetic art is a necessity in an era of Sybarite indulgence; and the more purely æsthetic revival, which most of us smiled at and many of us laughed at, was not altogether *mal à propos* at an epoch when the world had by a gradual process, and by many operating causes, reached a pitch of outward ugliness never attained in any previous age of its history. It is good for a democracy to be reminded of chivalry, and for an ornamental monarchy to remember the austerer virtues of a republic; art steps in, in both cases, with its historical memories and its aspirations. As for our own age, its needs are various enough, but none of these, perhaps, is so pressing as the need for sweetness and cheerfulness of heart. The painter, therefore, who, towards the end of a melancholy century, gives us the images of free and serene happiness, has understood his art and his time; and his work is as welcome as are flowers from the March woods to the wintry streets of London. Mr. Leslie has not chosen the mission of his art without deliberation of purpose; he has appreciated the wants of his day. "My aim in art," he says, "has always been to paint pictures from the sunny side of English domestic life, and as much as possible to render them cheerful companions to their possessors. The times are so imbued with turmoil and misery, hard work and utilitarianism, that innocence, joy, and beauty seem to be the most fitting subjects to render such powers as I possess useful to my fellow-creatures." He has from childhood nourished his exquisite art upon what it would best assimilate—garden scenery, flowers, the gentle but not enervating sweetness and charm of Nature in rural England, where all is peaceful, pure, and honest, tender but not effeminate, dreamy yet eminently healthy. On the banks of the Thames, the headquarters of the English loveliness, Mr. Leslie has spent the greater part of his summers and autumns for more than thirty years. Nor could any truer reflection of the genuine Thames spirit be found than in his pictures; for his work is not only beautiful and joyous, it is distinctively national, also, by deliberate choice—as national as was that of the Old Masters, who never forsook the country and the time which were familiar to them, and of which their representations had the value of sincerity and sympathy; the Pre-Raphaelite masters giving the spirit of their Umbrian hills to the Scriptural scenes they painted, and the Venetians filling their glowing classical allegories with the genius of their contemporary Venice. In the same way Mr. Leslie, even when his subjects are not English—and this is seldom enough—prefers to give them a distinctively modern English character, rather than to simulate the past by an antiquarian erudition which would have little interest for a succeeding generation. For instance, his "Nausicaa and her Maids," which our readers may remember as the loveliest picture of its year, was undisguisedly a group of English girls; if we remember right, some critics took exception to the absence of local colour in the types and accessories, but in truth the artist had intended to reproduce only the local colour of his own time and country. We can name no painter a glance at the list of whose works is a pleasanter task; we look back through the vistas of a garden of girls, than whom the flowers with which they play are not more fresh and lovely. At the same time, it is impossible to accuse Mr. Leslie of mere sentimentality or mere prettiness; he never lacks that touch of quaintness—that salt, that flavour—which is an animating preservative against the faintness of "too much sweet." Besides, the beauty he paints is true artistic beauty, which prettiness can never be.

In sketching Mr. George Leslie's career we must needs go back a step and give a little outline of his father's. Charles Robert Leslie's parents were natives of the State of Maryland, where their ancestors had settled as farmers early in the last century. He, however, was born in London on the 19th of October, 1794. His father, who had established himself as a clock and watch maker in Philadelphia in 1786, came to England with his family about a year before the painter's birth, to be the agent of a prosperous transatlantic establishment, which was left in charge of a partner. But his return to America was soon rendered necessary by this partner's death, and after a voyage made memorable by a desperate engagement with a French privateer, he arrived at Philadelphia in 1800 with his little son of five years old. Four years later the father died, leaving so little property that his widow opened a boarding-house, and his eldest daughter became a teacher of drawing. Through the kindness of friends Charles Robert Leslie received a good education, being sent to the University of Pennsylvania, which then occupied the splendid house in Ninth Street, Philadelphia, originally built by the citizens for General Washington. From his infancy he had been fond of drawing, and when old enough to think of a profession he wished to be a painter. Nevertheless, so little hope was there of an art-education for him that he was apprenticed to a bookseller, a master whom he so displeased by the attempt to vary uncongenial tasks with a little random sketching, that the boy must often have been near relinquishing for ever the dream of his heart. But a better destiny was in store for him. George Frederick Cooke, the actor, came to America, and all the Quaker city was in a *furore* to see his Richard III. Charles Leslie went, among the rest, and afterwards painted Cooke's portrait with so much success that it not only attracted a crowd of admirers in a coffee-house, but so far altered the sentiments of the bookseller that he became the young artist's first patron, and was active in raising a fund to enable Leslie to study painting for two years in Europe. The future Academician sailed for England in 1811, arriving in London with a letter of introduction to his compatriot, Benjamin West. The amiable old man received him kindly; and the impressionable boy of seventeen thought, as in later life he confessed, that the venerable President was superior to Raphael. A course of close Academy study brought him soon two silver medals, and his artistic associations gained him the society and friendship of men eminent in art and letters—Fuseli, Wilkie, Allston, Coleridge, Constable, Stothard, Flaxman, Chantrey, Lawrence, Turner, Washington Irving, Newton, Charles Lamb, Walter Scott, and Lord Egremont, whose collection at Petworth formed part of Leslie's education. His work became known and admired. His "May-Day" won him the Associateship, and five years later he was elected full Academician. In 1833 Leslie revisited the Western Republic with his family (he had married in 1825), only to return quickly to maturer England as the country best suited to his career. From that time to the date of his death (1859), he lived and painted prosperously—one of the most popular of Academicians, whose work is in all the best known galleries of England.

His son, George Dunlop Leslie, was born in London in July, 1835. He inherited an illustrious name, and with it that birthright of genius which is often so curiously altered, even when fully preserved, in transmission. The artistic faculty itself, in passing from father to son, is sometimes changed beyond recognition; it might be said to have been so with the two Leslies had they not one quality in common—a supreme refinement. Technically, the work of no two men could well differ more widely, whether we consider their colour, or their manner of execution, or their arrangements of light. The younger artist has wisely encouraged his art to take its own course, for he has felt the double need, in the son of a great man, of originality. Though he inherited much from the true and charming artist whose name he bears, nothing of that inheritance has marred his own individual character; and we may find some sign of his own determination that it should be so in the fact that he painted his first picture in secret. More than one young literary aspirant, from the days of Miss Burney onwards, have kept their tentative authorship from the knowledge of parents and friends until the fame of the first venture has extorted a confession; but we do not remember any instance of the same thing in artistic life besides that of Mr. George Leslie.

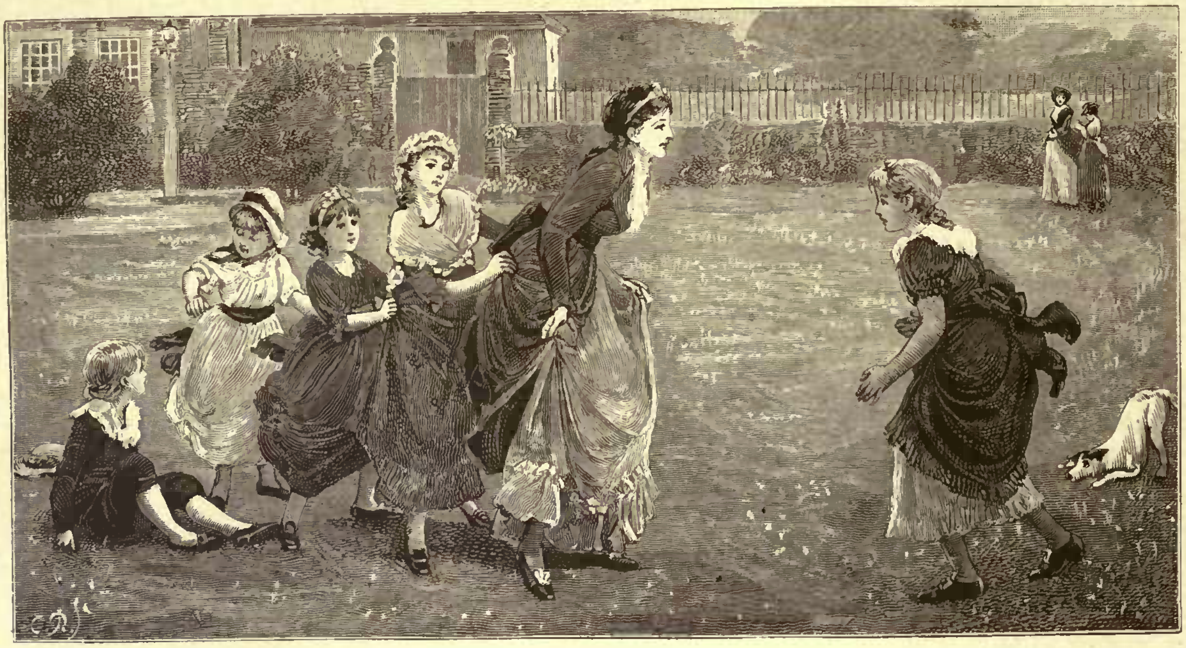
ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

At that time (1857) he was a student in the life-school at the Royal Academy, whither he had passed after a course of study at Mr. Cary's School of Art in Bloomsbury, and he exhibited his first picture, "Hope," in the rooms of the British Institution, in those days an important feature of the London artistic year. On the day of the private view the young artist was at his place in the "life," and it chanced that his father, who was visitor in that class, overheard Mr. Charles Landseer congratulating his son on the purchase of "Hope" by Lord Houghton. The pleasure of the father may be imagined, nor surely could any surprise be more delightful. A visit was paid to the private view of the British Institution, where Mr. C. R. Leslie had his first opportunity of giving criticism and encouragement to his son's finished picture. He took some objection to the dryness of the style of work, but pronounced an augury which experience of modern art fully confirms, when he said to the young artist, "Well, at any rate, you need never starve, for you can paint a pretty face." Mr. George Leslie has followed up that first pretty face with a whole gallery of faces which have been something more than pretty. In the same year two pictures appeared from his hand at the exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Unfortunately the painter so dear to our fathers did not live to see any further success of his son's, for he died in 1859; on his death-bed he had the young artist's work of that year brought to him, and the colour of one little picture delighted him. He had thus lived only long enough to enjoy the prospect of his son's possible future. Every expectation on that subject, however, with which he died, has been more than fulfilled. For now, when Mr. George Leslie, by his great loss of that year, was thrown upon his own resources, he applied himself to his work with a real determination and industry that had been strangers to him before, and he started upon his career at this serious crisis of his life strengthened by the unstinted praises of one whose good word—a law to the world of art—hall-marked, as it were, the work of any young artist happy enough to merit it. Mr. Ruskin had for several years produced that little pamphlet of "Notes on the Royal Academy," which were so precious to students, so momentous—and at times, it must be owned, so fatal—to artists, and so eagerly read by the whole of the art-loving public; and in that particular year, 1859—the last of the continuous publication of those notes—Mr. George Leslie had the good fortune to experience the cheering and bracing effects of high praise from a high source. It is worthy of remark that when, after the lapse of sixteen years, Mr. Ruskin resumed, for a single season, his criticisms on the Academy, the same artist's work won these most pleasant sentences of commendation from the great master-teacher of the time. It may be scarcely necessary first to remind the reader of the subject and composition of "School Revisited," the group of girls in the garden receiving the call of a lately married companion, who has bloomed into an elegant and exquisite lady, and the details of whose picturesque costume the affectionately envious schoolgirls are conning with delight. "I came upon this picture early, in my first walk through the rooms," says Mr. Ruskin, "and was so delighted with it that it made me like everything else I saw that morning. It is altogether exquisite in rendering some of the sweet qualities of English girlhood; and, on the whole, the most easy and graceful composition in the rooms." Of the figure of the youngest child he says: "The little thing on the extreme left, with the hoop, is as pleasant a shadow of Nature as can be conceived in this kind; and I have no words to say how pretty she is." In another passage he declares this to have been one of the four pictures which induced him to reappear once more as a pamphleteer upon the Academy, and he also gives his approval to Mr. Leslie's principle of nationalism: "English girls by an

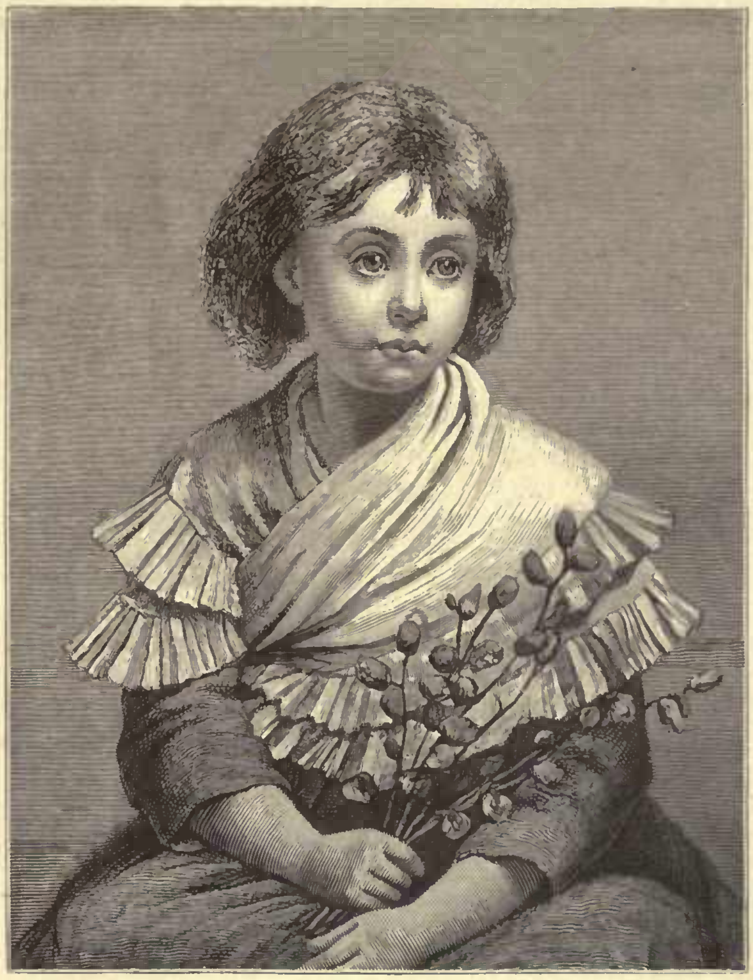
English painter. Whether you call them Madonnas or saints—or what not—it is the law of art-life; your own people, as they live, are the only ones you can understand."

From 1859 to the present date Mr. Leslie has worked well and systematically. The Royal Academy catalogues show no break in the sequence of his labours; and the pictures we mention here are not all, but only the most important, which he has produced. "Matilda" and "Bethlehem" were exhibited in 1860; "Fast-Day at the Convent" in 1861; "A Summer Song" in 1862; "The Lost Carcanet" and "The War Summons" in 1863; "The Flower and the Leaf" and "Say Ta!" in 1864; "The Defence of Lathom House" in 1865; "Clarissa" in 1866—this picture represented the artist at the Paris International of the following year; "Willow, willow," "The Country Cousins," "Ten Minutes to Decide," and "The Rose Harvest," were painted in 1867; the last-named appeared at the Dudley Gallery, and represented an exquisite English garden scene, a red-brick wall, a group of lovely women in last century attire, and the profuse harvest of roses, magnificently painted, red, yellow, and cream-white, gathered into blue and white china bowls, while over all glowed that delicious light and tone, and that altogether distinctive and most lovely colour, which form so great a part of the charm of Mr. Leslie's pictures. "The Rose Harvest" is one of the pleasant memories of the London picture-lover. In 1868 followed "Home News" and "The Empty Sleeve;" in 1869, "Celia's Arbour" and "Cupid's Curse;" in 1870, "Fortunes" and "Carry;" in 1871, "Nausicaa and her Maids," which we have already referred to, and in which the princess's face was of most memorable beauty; in 1872, "Lavinia," a lovely



HEN AND CHICKENS.

illustration of Thomson's quaintly sentimental autumn idyll, "An Elopement, A.D. 1790," in which the fine landscape—no mere accessory to the figures, but a complete picture—would have done honour to any landscape-painter, and "Lucy and Puck;" in 1873, "The Fountain;" in 1874, "Pot-Pourri"—an interior, with two graceful ladies busy in the manufacture of that fragrant composition of roses and spices—"The Nut-Brown Maid," and "Five o'Clock;" in 1875, "School Revisited," "The Path by the River"—a landscape, with the graceful figure of a girl seated on an old timber at the still water's edge, the sunlight peeping through deep foliage, and vagrant rooks floating overhead — and "On the Banks of the Thames;" in 1876, "Roses," "My Duty towards my Neighbour"—in which a group of children of the Empire period are saying the most difficult passage of the Catechism to a pretty elder sister in the before-church hour of Sunday morning—"Violet"—one of our illustrations — and "Lavender;" in 1877, "Cowslips"—three girls at a stile, with their baskets and laps full of golden flowers, the whole group being as harmonious in line as it is delicate in colour—and "The Lass of Richmond Hill," the artist's diploma picture; in 1878, "Home, sweet Home"—six girls at a harpsichord, with a glimpse of sunny garden seen through the window, the young figures clad in tender green, blue, and maize; in 1879, "Alice in Wonderland," which contains portraits of the artist's wife and little daughter. Among the still familiar pictures of later seasons is "Hen and Chickens," also the subject of one of our engravings. In this charming composition, in which the colours are those of green sward and red building, with olive green, white, blue, drab, and grey in the dresses, one is especially struck by the manner in which the painter has observed and caught the feminine action in playing.



PALM BLOSSOMS.
(In the Collection of C. P. Matthews, Esq.)

These girls are dodging and running in a manner possible only to wearers of petticoats. The turn of figure and every movement are absolutely girlish.

To the Royal Academy of 1880 Mr. Leslie contributed two portraits—that of Ida, daughter of Mr. R. H. Combe, a full-length figure of a child of some ten years old, in a business-like dark dress, armed with her fishing-tackle, and standing by the water-side, close under the arches of a bridge; and that of Constance, daughter of Mr. C. Andrew. It is no wonder that parents of pretty little maidens were desirous of securing for portraiture the brush that had done such charming things in the ideal. "All that Glitters is not Gold" belongs to the same year. In 1882 came "Sally in our Alley," in a straw hat and blue apron, bearing her basket, and "Molly," a sad figure in the mob cap and elbow sleeves of pretty last-century *déshabillé*. There are signs of a sailor-lover about Molly—a glass suggestive of grog on the oak table, and a pipe thereby, and the picture of a ship upon the wall. It is not a "pretty low-born lass," but a lovely lady in a graceful dress, who is the heroine of the second picture in the same year—"Pique;" she stands near the verandah of an old country house. Another subject was "A Daughter of Charity," a meek little girl with smooth parted hair, wearing the uniform of a some quaintly-costumed school. To 1885 belonged "The Language of Flowers," "Whispering Leaves;" and to 1886, "Polly"—the artist's only contribution to the Royal Academy. At the Paris International Mr. Leslie was represented by "Pot-Pourri," "Fortunes," "Celia's Arbour," and his *chef-d'œuvre*, the "School Revisited."

Mr. Leslie's special studies have been in the schools of the great masters of beauty of all times—Raphael, Gainsborough, Romney; while the chaste line of Flaxman, the innocent grace of Stothard, and the pleasant artificiality of Watteau—showing such different phases of loveliness—have all had their share in influencing his taste. Nor can less power be attributed to the father's pure and noble affectionateness of disposition, under the example and inspiration of which alone could be formed that abiding love of gentleness and innocence which has been the motive of the son's whole art. We know much of Charles Robert Leslie's domestic interior through his happy biography—the happiest artist's life that has ever been given to the world—and in reading that serene record we do not care to separate art and love. The wife to whom all the confidences of his professional life are made, and "the babes," who are never forgotten in his letters, group themselves as naturally round the memory of the elder Leslie as do the pictures we all know so well. It is impossible to put down Charles Robert Leslie's "Autobiographical Recollections" without feeling that he was not more graceful, refined, and sentimental—in the sweetest sense of the word—as a painter than as a man. They are a wholesome antidote to those of his unfortunate contemporary, Haydon. In one of his latest letters to his sister, dated Hampton Court, July, 1857, occurs this passage: "George is a very good boy, and is getting on well as a painter." Then he relates the news of George's first sale—that of the little picture to Lord Houghton, and adds: "He is going in a few days to Bristol, to copy a picture for an American gentleman."

The son here spoken of with so much fatherly pleasure has himself given us a glimpse of home and studio life as he knew it when a boy. "My father worked," says Mr. Leslie, "very steadily and cheerfully, keeping up a sort of whistling at times. He had a pretty habit of going into the garden before breakfast and picking either a honeysuckle or a rose—his favourite flowers—and putting them in a glass on the mantelshelf in his painting room. . . . He would rise about eight o'clock in the winter, and about seven in summer; then he would walk in the garden. He always read a chapter of the Bible to us all afterwards, and then, about half-past nine or ten, he would commence work, sometimes being read to at the same time. He did not object to the presence of any of his family in his room, but sometimes, when very busy, he would turn us out, especially the younger ones, whom he called 'trudies,' his corruption of 'intruders.' He was never irritated by anything while at work, but seemed always calm and happy. He was rather absent in his mind about trivial things . . . . and was very apt to forget people's names, unless connected in some way with art. But if any one possessed a fine picture . . . . he always remembered his name, and was always ready to go and see him."

Studying the great schools of the world, and keeping the traditions of such parentage as his, Mr. George Leslie has been reared and developed in a purely artistic atmosphere. His associates have also been artistic, Sir Edwin Landseer having in his late years given the young painter, whom he frequently admitted into his studio, and one of whose pictures he bought, the assistance of his friendship and guidance; while George Mason and Frederick Walker, whom the English world of painting has not ceased to regret, were his companions. Nor has the Royal Academy been slow to give recognition to a life so devoted to one interest, for he was elected an Associate in 1868, and an Academician in 1876.

Yours Truly
Chas. H. Miller.

C. H. MILLER.

CHARLES HENRY MILLER, member of the National Academy of America, the painter of "Autumn" and "A Long-Island Landscape," is of Dutch and English extraction. His first paternal ancestor in the United States went over from Holland in 1651 with the Van Rensellaers, who at one time owned vast domains in New York State. Although the family originally settled on the Hudson River, above Albany, Mr. Miller was born in the city of New York, where his father was then residing. This was in 1842. His first decided predilection was for the pencil. While yet a mere boy, he drew earnest and careful studies from Nature—a practice which he continued while at school. At eighteen he exhibited a painting at the National Academy which attracted marked attention. It was called "The Challenge," and represented two game cocks in a barn on the point of engaging in a deadly duel. His father, all the same, was strongly opposed to the idea of an artistic career for him, and gave him the choice of either law or medicine. He, therefore, abandoned art, entered a medical institution, and graduated with a doctor's degree.

The young man followed his profession for some time, and got a berth as surgeon on the emigrant ship *Harvest Queen*, which afterwards foundered so mysteriously in the English Channel. While the ship was lying at Liverpool he made a flying visit to the art galleries of London, Antwerp, and Paris. He found that his love for painting had been only dormant, and it now awoke again with fresh and unquenchable ardour. Returning to New York, he put by the practice of medicine and returned to the practice of art. In 1867 he sailed for Europe once more, and proceeding to Munich, settled down to a thorough course of training in the studio of Lier, the landscape-painter. What was probably of more importance, he became a pupil of the Royal Bavarian Academy, established at that time in an old Jesuit convent near the Rathhaus. Not content with Munich only, he devoted much careful study to the masterpieces collected at Venice, Paris, and Rome; and while selecting landscape as his walk in art, he gave careful attention to the figure, and to drawing from the living model—the best practice possible for an artist, whatever be the department of his choice.

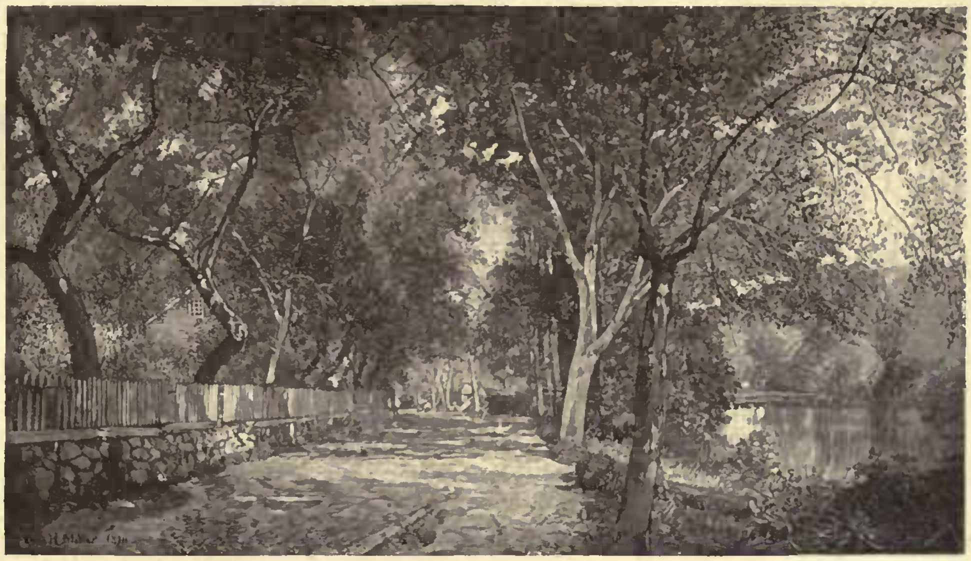
He returned to the United States after some three years' study abroad, and established himself in New York. In 1873 he was elected an Associate of the National Academy of Design, and a full Academician in 1875. His life has since then been uneventful, and wholly devoted to a tranquil but successful pursuit of art. In using the word tranquil, however, we refer only to vicissitude and adventure. Of these, few artists have known so little as he. But his mental life has been one of restless and earnest endeavour. He is a man of ideas, of strong and decided convictions, and with a touch of the missionary spirit—traits which do not allow him to be a passive "looker-on in Vienna," in an age and a country where all is in a state of ferment. We cannot always coincide with his views—and, for that matter, no one can accept the views of any positive mind without qualification; but he is worthy of admiration for his devotion to art and his activity in promoting its progress. In his studio there can be no mental stagnation. This is as it should be. Not only do such minds keep others active by precept and example; they are likely also to add something to the sum of human knowledge. It can be conceded, too, that, while fixedly attached to his own theories, Mr. Miller is neither dogmatic nor intolerant, as is too often the case in art and literary circles.

As might be expected, he could not long remain neutral in the battle waged between the National Academy of Design and the new Society of American Artists. The causes of such a contest were such as inevitably arise when an institution of any sort, be it the government of a state or of an art association, is allowed too long a course of prosperity without the stimulus of rivalry. It lapses into lethargy, cares little for anything besides its own interests, and, by neglecting those of others, in the end affects those very interests it selfishly cherishes. The National Academy of Design of New York is some fifty years old. In a country like the United States that is a long period. It has been long enough to land this excellent institution in a self-complacent conservatism, which entrenched itself against innovations in an age when not to advance is to die. Being the leading art institution of the country, its indifference to those signs of change and progress which are inevitable as to-morrow's sunrise, weighed on the art of the country like frost. Artists of promise without the pale, bringing new methods and ideas, were doomed to see their work excluded year after year from the annual exhibitions, at a time when the country was beginning to feel new life in its veins after the depression of a great war. There was only one way to bring the Academicians to terms; and that was to arouse their jealousy, and fill them with apprehension lest others should win the prizes which thus far they had gathered as a matter of course. The remedy was applied when the Society of American Artists was established. Very serious objections can be justly urged against some of the methods and the art of the new institution; but it has already accomplished a good work in arousing the Academy to the absolute necessity of reform if it would not lapse into insignificance.

AUTUMN.

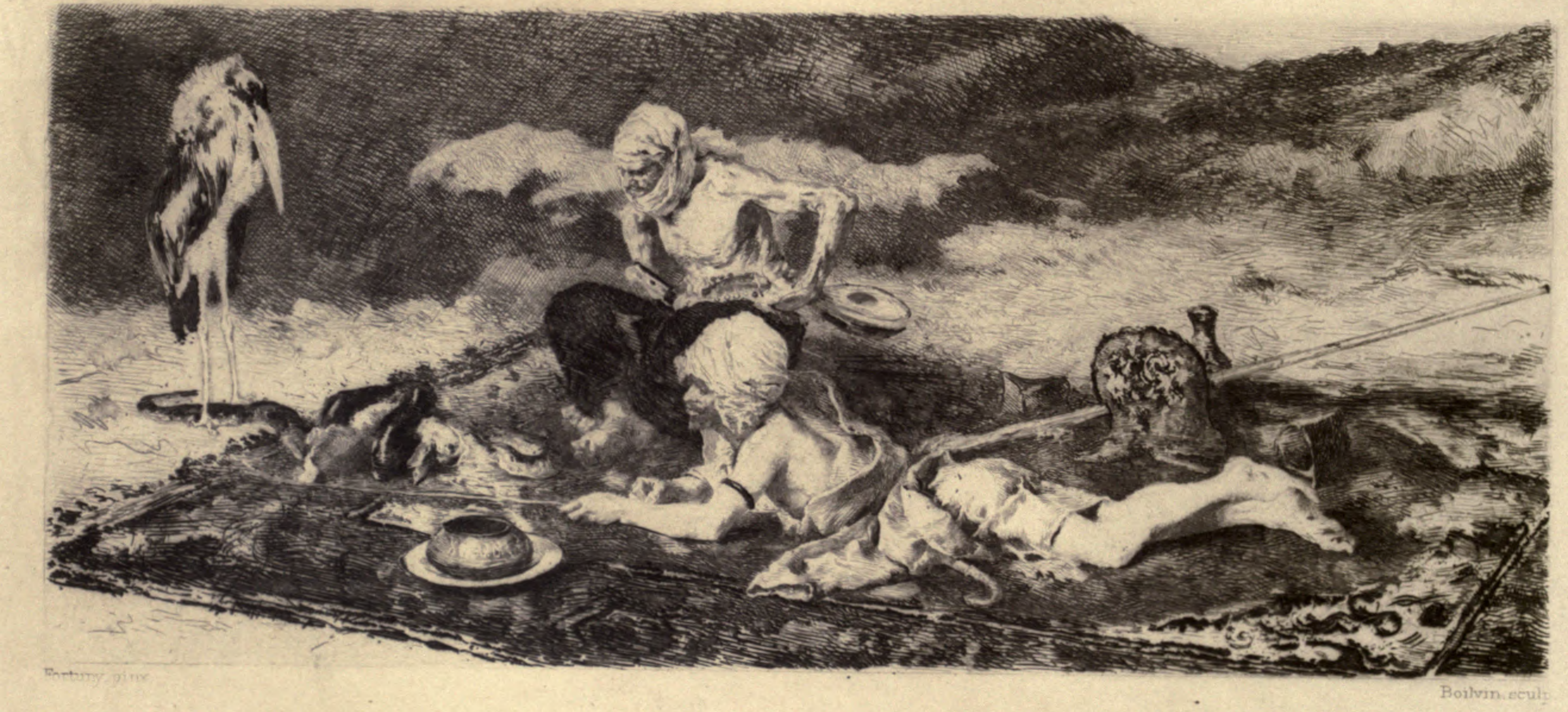
The Society of American Artists was founded in 1877. At first it was composed without exception of young painters whose art-life had been spent in Europe; and its function was to furnish these and their compeers in America with an opportunity of exhibition. The Academy had rejected them because, it said, their style was altogether foreign, and their matter altogether borrowed from such men as Diaz, Daubigny, Bonnat, Gérôme, or Corot. The former charge was true; the latter was not. Their style was and still is wholly that of their masters; but it was a virile style, and, it must be admitted, was generally in advance of the best of the Academy. But their subjects were original; and latent power suggesting much promise was perceptible in some of their compositions. By the people the new Society was regarded with reserve. Its foreign *technique* seemed to denationalise the institution. It was felt that art so completely subjected to foreign methods must prove a perishable exotic. But the men of the Society soon discovered that the elements for artistic work abounded at home. This has given it a more national, and therefore a more natural and winning character. The original membership has also been enlarged by the addition of several painters (some of them Academicians) whose art-life has been wholly, or almost wholly, passed in America. This has tended to modify the ill-feeling manifested at the outset. There is no question that the establishment of the Society of American Artists has already proved very beneficial to art in New York.

Among the first to identify themselves with the new society was Mr. Miller, who continues to be one of its most prominent landscape-painters. Thoroughly American, both in spirit and in matter, he is one who sees that there is no such thing in this world as standing still: that there must either be progress or retrogression. Two points may be noted as characteristic of his art. The first would need no comment in Europe; we refer to his representation of the Picturesque in Nature. In a general sense the word may perhaps apply to every object that can be agreeably portrayed in art. But in its more limited and special sense, the Picturesque is whatever seems to convey suggestions of humanity, or bear evidences, whether actual or symbolical, of the fight which man and Nature have to wage with time, decay, and destruction. In other words, the Picturesque in landscape is whatever suggests the dramatic element. In a new country, where the forests stand in their primeval verdure, there is much that is grand and beautiful, but little that suggests the destiny of man. The houses, also, are comparatively new, and therefore inartistically fresh in form and colour. It is not until time has modulated their outlines and tints into harmony with Nature, and the traditions



A LONG-ISLAND LANDSCAPE.

and tragedies of life have clustered about them, that the dwellings of man really enter into the domain of the Picturesque. It is evident that in America such conditions could only scantily exist for generations. At first, therefore, American painters concerned themselves chiefly with the woods and waters of their native land. But with the growth and spread of population, many parts of the older cities, many districts in the longest-settled states, have developed much that is highly picturesque. But it was not until recent years that American painters saw the wealth at their doors. The *genre* artists discovered it first; now the landscape, and especially the coast painters, have found it too. This is undoubtedly due in part to the influence of the Society of American Artists, and especially to such painters as Charles Henry Miller. His nature is highly sensitive to such aspects of Nature as possess a certain subjectivity—as are touched with a peculiar sentiment. This is very noticeable in his "Old Grist Mill at Springfield." The moss-covered, weather-stained, and dilapidated structure, is in the immediate foreground, while beyond the mill-stream the distant landscape gleams invitingly. The blackened water-wheel glistens with the splashing current. Over all broods a delicious quietude, an idyllic peace. You seem to hear the languid drone of the wheel and the low of kine in the distant fields. Like the painter's best works, it is rich in colour and delicious in tone. "Sheep-washing," another eloquent composition, is inspired by fine feeling for light. It was on its merits that the artist was made an Academician. Many of Mr. Miller's subjects are selected from Long Island, where he spends his summers. It is one of the oldest settled portions of New York State, and is peopled chiefly by farming folk, the descendants of English and Dutch colonists. The southern shore is partly inhabited by fishermen. Mr. Miller has a summer residence at Queens, several miles from New York, and has painted many of the choice bits around his home. One of his most effective landscapes represents an old windmill at East Hampton. This village is situated at the eastern end, and has become a favourite summer resort of New York painters. The restless ocean rolls hard by; and yet the little hamlet nestles among its groves in a quietude that makes it seem a secluded nook in a South Sea isle, instead of a spot within four or five hours' distance of New York. The scene is but a short walk from the birthplace of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, sweet Home." The road in the middle distance, along the hill-crest beyond the mill, leads directly to the humble cottage of the poet's childhood. This painting affords us an admirable example of Mr. Miller's power in rendering light and shade: which gives him, we should note, a very high position in contemporary American art. By an odd and pleasant chance the originals of both our engravings deal with Long-Island scenery. In "Autumn" we have a tidy farmhouse embowered by a grove of old household trees, with inviting glimpses of distant landscape. In the foreground is a group of cattle. The second gives us a Long-Island lane, domed with lovely leafage; a shining pool; a comely farmstead at the avenue's end; and a sense of happy golden weather—"Lumière, vie, et douceur."



Fortuny pinx.

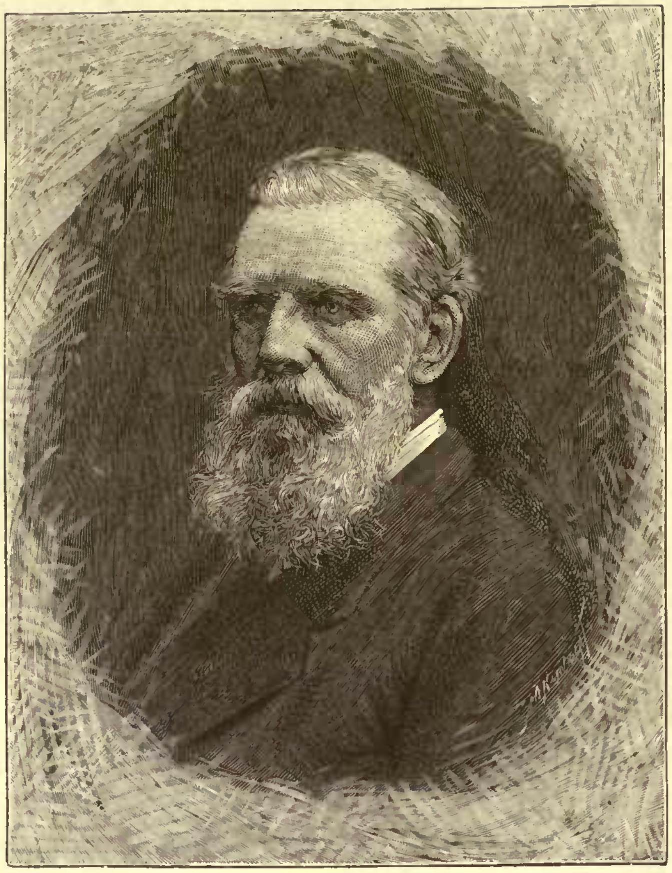
Boilvin sculp.

THE SNAKE CHARMER.

Magazine of Art

In another ambitious work the artist has painted High Bridge, which is a lofty aqueduct crossing the Haarlem River in the vicinity of New York. The picture is low in tone, and the treatment is harmonious and thoroughly artistic. Since it was painted the artist's method and style have deepened, and greatly gained in certain peculiar qualities. And this leads us to speak of the second important feature in his theory and practice. We refer to his great striving after tone. Probably no American painter has paid more attention to this, which is one of the first essentials in landscape art. His aims are twofold: first, to give a landscape the delicious atmospheric tone of Nature; and, second, to impart to a new picture a touch of the mellow richness with which time has imbued old paintings by the masters. It follows that he is an experimentalist. He is a rapid worker, but he never allows that fact to permit him to send a work out of his studio until he is measurably satisfied with it, even if he must go over it again and again. It also goes without saying that there is very great inequality in his works, for the simple reason that he aims high. In some we cannot avoid seeing a high purpose—and failure. Painting as he often does on a dark ground, many of his effects are too low in tone, and verge upon a scarcely natural gloom. His cloud-effects are also sometimes too strong, overbalancing in value the rest of the picture, and thus disturbing the harmony of the composition.

But after all has been said it remains beyond dispute that in his best work there is much richness and depth. The tone is delicious; the colours, often superb, are permeated by a beautiful atmospheric glow. The clouds are sometimes very fine. There is rarely anything slovenly in the artist's *technique.* Sometimes the frenzy of impressionism seizes him; but reason and judgment generally hold the rein, and he maintains—as all good painters must—a just balance between the two extremes of art.



Richd Ansdell

RICHARD ANSDELL, R.A.

BORN in a very hotbed of commerce, and educated at a time when art obtained no place in the curriculum of any school, the late Richard Ansdell from his earliest days followed his inborn craving after art with such unfaltering determination that he seems to have cared nothing for the struggles and privations in which it involved him.

The painter of "Treading Out the Corn" first saw the light at Liverpool in 1815. His father was a freeman of the port, and at the Blue Coat School there (founded for the benefit of sons of freemen, and conducted much upon the principle of Christ's Hospital in London) young Ansdell was educated, probably with a view to following his father's business. But as this did not come to pass, for reasons upon which we need not enter, and as about the period at which he was leaving school the whole country was in a state of agitation concerning the Reform Bill, he never took up his own freedom, as we are told he was privileged to do. Abandoning all thoughts of commerce, he seems, at a very early age, to have half apprenticed himself to a kind of picture-dealer, who employed his talent in making copies of so-called Old Masters, with a stock of which this enterprising gentleman travelled about the country. In those days there were but few collectors or patrons of art, as we now understand them; and beyond a small demand for doubtful antique originals or more or less able copies, and for portraits—either of animals or of their owners—there was little or no encouragement for rising and unknown artists. The love for dumb creatures, however, so inherent in the Englishman, keeps awake a wide interest for pictures of animals; and young Ansdell's natural skill for delineating horses, dogs, &c., by degrees secured him a living when he had cut himself adrift from the aforesaid dealer, who had treated him with harshness and illiberality. His aptitude for catching likenesses also brought him much employment, and various and curious were the mediums which he adopted for portraying his sitters. Nevertheless, it was a hard struggle for the Academician that was to be to keep his head above water, particularly as many heavy family responsibilities devolved upon him very early in life. Beyond drawing occasionally in his own room from a few casts, he had no other education in art than was derived from his practice of portraiture. He never studied at any art-school; and if in his work, as the public now know it, there is a certain amount of hardness and insistence on outline, those who are acquainted with the means by which for some years he used to earn his bread with portraiture of a special type can readily understand how it is that the influence of the old outline work was apparent to the last.

He did not take up his residence in London till 1847, although he had exhibited at the Royal Academy as far back as 1840. The record of these early works includes such titles as "Grouse Shooting," "A Galloway Farm," and "The Death of Sir W. Lampton at the Battle of Marston Moor." This last attracted considerable attention from its size and spirit; but it may be classed amongst those pictures which are more painful than pleasant to consider. The suffering of dumb animals has been too much emphasised by their painters. Ansdell's wounded rearing horse in this picture, though it displayed his talent to great advantage, was a pitiful object at best. Equally open to objection on the same score was "The Death," exhibited in 1843, only in this case it was a deer overtaken and attacked by fierce hounds, as the poor beast "that from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt" was seeking a watery refuge. Besides several other examples of his unquestionable power in this direction, such as "The Stag at Bay" and "The Combat," young Ansdell frequently took his themes from history, and, among other pictures of the sort, exhibited in 1844 "Mary Queen of Scots Returning from the Chase to Stirling Castle."

He was always productive, more productive, perhaps, than any other living painter; and to attempt a record of the work of such a lengthened career as his would be impossible. Long, indeed, would be the story of his life, as represented

TREADING OUT THE CORN.

by his labours, were we to give it *in extenso*. Halting-places there are none; for he maintained a steady, dogged, unvarying, persistent march, taking no rest and desiring none, for labour to him was as the very breath in his nostrils. Nor was this indefatigable industry unnecessary, seeing that in some shape or other the family responsibilities which were so early thrust upon him continued late into life, and rarely, perhaps, has talent such as his been applied to more full, practical, and beneficent uses. Without lingering in detail on the labours of five-and-thirty and forty years ago, we must, however, not forget the picture exhibited in 1848. This was "The Fight for the Standard," known by innumerable engravings. It is of very large dimensions, animals and men being rather over than under the size of life. It depicts the celebrated contest for the colours which took place between valiant Sergeant Ewart, of the Scots Greys, and some Polish lancers.

At the then existing British Institution in Pall Mall the merit of the young painter's work received much of its earliest recognition; but it was to the Academy that he looked for the full endorsement of the verdict the public was beginning to pass upon his powers. Up to the time (1861) of his admission as an Associate, he steadily progressed in public favour, much of his success being due to a couple of visits to Spain, the first of which he made in 1856 with his friend John Phillip, and the second, alone, the following year. Catching with avidity at the features of Andalusian life, he brought home an almost inexhaustible stock of material. Such works as "Mules Drinking, Seville;" "The Water-Carrier;" "Ploughing, Seville" (1857); "Passing the Ford, Seville;" and "The Spanish Shepherd" (1858), mingled agreeably with those Scotch and home subjects by which he had until then built up his reputation. Among these last "The Highland Tod-Hunter;" "Sheep-Washing in Glen Lyon" (1859); "The Lost Shepherd;" and "Buy a Dog, Ma'am?" (1860), were conspicuous, and immediately preceded the first Academic honours.

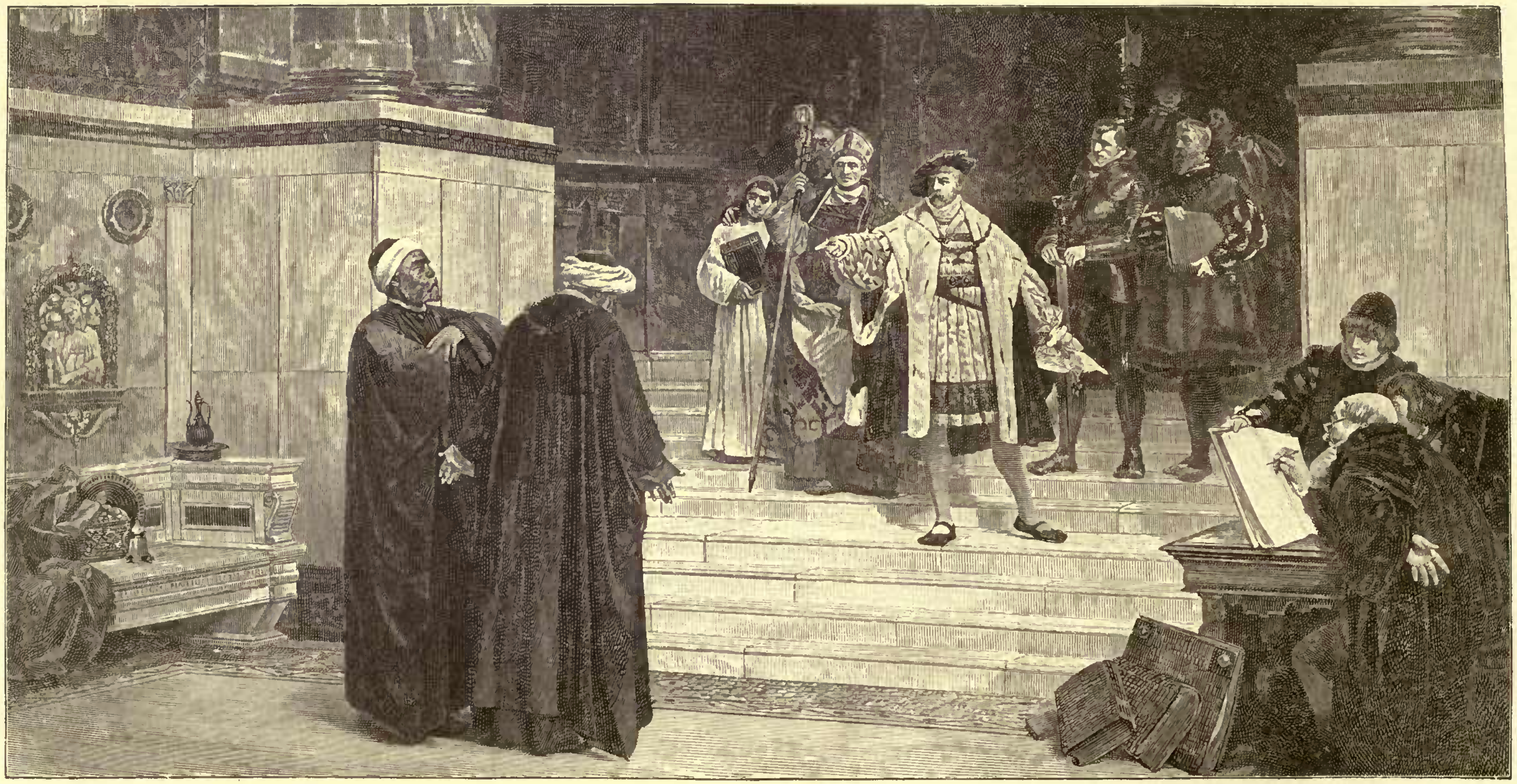
The Lancashire Relief Fund, in 1861–2, was fortunate enough to receive from Mr. Ansdell, as a free gift, "The Hunted Slave," one of the very best of his more imaginative pictures. It formed the most valuable contribution to an exhibition got up by the artists in aid of the Fund for the benefit of which all the pictures were sold. A decade then passed ere the general merit of the painter's labours brought him into the ranks of the full Academicians. A glance through the pages of the Academy catalogues from 1861 to 1871 revives many memories of his work. The walls in Trafalgar Square and Burlington House would have seemed scarce themselves without the bright, clear, rather cold, and not very poetic, canvasses of Richard Ansdell. They were often conspicuous from their immense size, and in those days they gave a striking character to the rooms. Chief among them were, in 1862, "Tired Sheep, Glen Spean;" in 1863, "Going to the Festa, Granada: the Alhambra in the Distance;" in 1864, "The Highland Spate: Sheep being Rescued from the Rocks;" in 1865, "The Poacher at Bay," "A Visit to the Shrine in the Alhambra," and "Treading Out the Corn, as Seen within the Walls of the Alhambra: the Sierra Nevada in the Distance"—this last the original of our larger illustration. The "Interrupted Meal" is of far later date. It is a favourable example of Ansdell's romance, and withal a fairly good and striking picture.

To take up the painter's work during the last decade of his life, in chronological order, we have in 1876 "The Cattle are in the Corn," a group of cows, calves, and sheep, well content, in a field, not of standing corn, but of sheaves bound up for carrying. Not wheat only, but the reapers' dinner-baskets, their jugs, and mugs, and cloths, seem to be at the mercy of the intrusive hoofs. Next year came "The Home of the Red Deer," in which a well-drawn stag and two hinds are boldly relieved against the sky of the Highlands; a large study of dogs called "Rejected Addresses;" and "Burns' Auld Mare Maggie." To 1878 belongs "Morning;" here a sportsman has come to the door of a Scotch cabin to examine by a better light the lock of his gun. His intent look is cleverly reflected in the sympathetic interest of the boy at his side, and still more of the dogs, who have their own well-defined opinion as to guns in general, and as to the particular capacities of the weapon in the man's hands. The group is spirited and expressive; and the picture was engraved, with its companion, "Evening: a Girl with Dogs." In the same Academy were "The Forester's Pets" and "Fifty Years Ago—Before the Salmon Act." The last named is an elaborate composition thus explained: "When making the sketch for the picture in Glen Lyon, this scene took place. Men put small bag-nets in the fall; another man, going above amongst the stones, with a long pole drove down any fish that had got up; the farm having a right to net this part of the fall." Mr. Ansdell's scene is a jumble of rocks, with water rushing over the boulders and between the clefts. One man has his pole in hand, the other has seized a fish by the head and tail, and is swinging it before casting it down by others on the bank. Two dogs (sympathetic again with man in his destructiveness) look on, and in the distance is a Highlander keeping the passage of the torrent above. But the dogs are taking a part in the tenderest work of human mercy to the brute, in the "Stray Lamb" (1879), in which a Scotch shepherd is seen laboriously helping himself along by a ledge of rocks, after a long journey in search of the little creature that nestles under his arm. The sheep await his coming with helpless impatience. In the same exhibition were "On Guard," where the artist has not feared to introduce that impossible object of modern life, a perambulator; "A Storm in the Glen," and "To Ho," a picture of grouse shooting. In 1881 Mr. Ansdell was equally industrious, exhibiting at Burlington House "Shirking a Bath," a good subject of grey horses objecting to the water; "A Morning

THE INTERRUPTED MEAL.

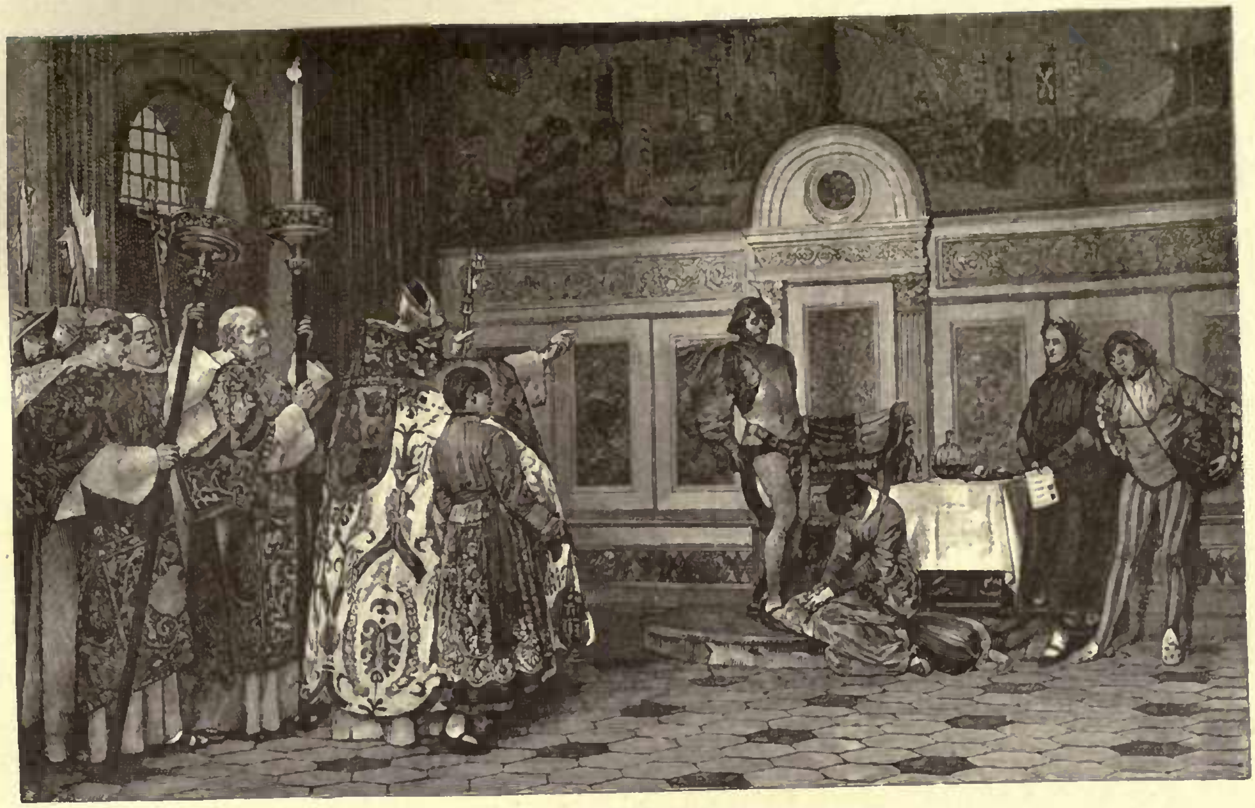
Rehearsal," a mountebank putting his poor little performing dogs through their tricks in the seclusion of an open common; "Collecting Sheep in Glen Spean, Inverness-shire;" "Lucky Dogs" ("dogs" literally, it need scarcely be said); "Misplaced Affection;" and a subject which took the painter back to Spain—"The Farm of the Alhambra." Here mules, shaggy goats, and sleek kids, are in the foreground. Under an arch is seen what would be called a *pergola* in Italy, leading away in chequered sun and shadow; a woman leans over the low farm wall handing out the contents of her baskets to the muleteer. Spanish also was the scene in "Returning from the Fair at Seville," but it might be too much to call the inspiration Spanish; perhaps it was Ansdell's inveterate frigidity of colour that kept the Southern atmosphere out of his pictures; here the horses, white donkey, and goats are, as usual, well drawn, but chilly in tint. So with the companion picture, "The Vega of Granada; Returning from Pasture." A goatherd sits his lazy mule, and the bearded goats "stay and stop, as they crop" the thin bushes by the wayside. With this were "A Timid Visitor," "Collecting Sheep for Clipping," "A Warm Corner," and a picture to which Mr. Ansdell contributed the painting of the charger standing by his master's side—Mr. S. Sidley's portrait of the late Edwin Christy, 8th K. R. I. Hussars. In the Academy of 1885 the artist was represented by "The Slackened Girth," "Shooting the Covers," "Off for the Moors," and "A Highland Mother"—a sheep bleating over her lambs in the keen wind. But this was the last exhibition to which this most industrious and constant of Academicians was to contribute. He had already passed away when the galleries were opened.

Thus alternating between the sunshine, the picturesqueness, the brilliant colour of the Spanish peninsula, and the grey atmosphere, the homely costume, and the grimmer attributes of the Scottish and English countrysides, the artist advanced up to the day of his death with a succession of pictures all bearing the stamp of his unabated skill in the delineation of animal life. He gave us dogs, horses, deer, goats, sheep, oxen; sportsmen returning from or going to the chase; shepherds tending their flocks; gamekeepers, poachers, milkmaids, cowherds, goatherds, peasants, country-folk of all sorts—Spanish and British. These, one and all, formed, with their appropriate adjuncts and details and landscape or architectural backgrounds, his *dramatis personæ* and his stock-in-trade; and looking at the years which elapsed since he first began to deal in them, the wonder is, not that there is some monotony in his work, but that there is so little. Who could paint a succession of stags at bay, Highland sports, deer-stalkers returning, Alhambra fountains, huntsmen, horses, dogs, wounded rams, stray lambs, and the like, without falling into a certain degree of mannerism? It was said, in the days before Mr. Briton Riviere, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Nettleship, had arisen, that had we had no Landseer, our best animal-painter would have been Ansdell. Without pursuing comparisons, it may be added that Ansdell won an honourable place in the English art of his time. He was not in advance of his contemporaries, but it is something that he was eminent amongst them; and if he had no reforming mission to his country, to say so much is to say nothing to his discredit, for mission and reform are rare. And if in later years his pictures had passed somewhat out of date, it was that criticism had advanced, not that he had retrograded. His productions do not lend themselves to any elaborate disquisition on their stories, nor demand any particular description of their composition and arrangement. They have been familiar for the last forty years, and they leave on the mind a general impression, though we may retain no very vivid recollection of their individual features. And so long as Englishmen love and regard as they do the wearers of fur and feather the work of Richard Ansdell will claim interest and attention.



THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

(From the Painting by Sir J. D. Linton, P.R.I.)



THE ADMONITION.

SIR J. D. LINTON, P.R.I.

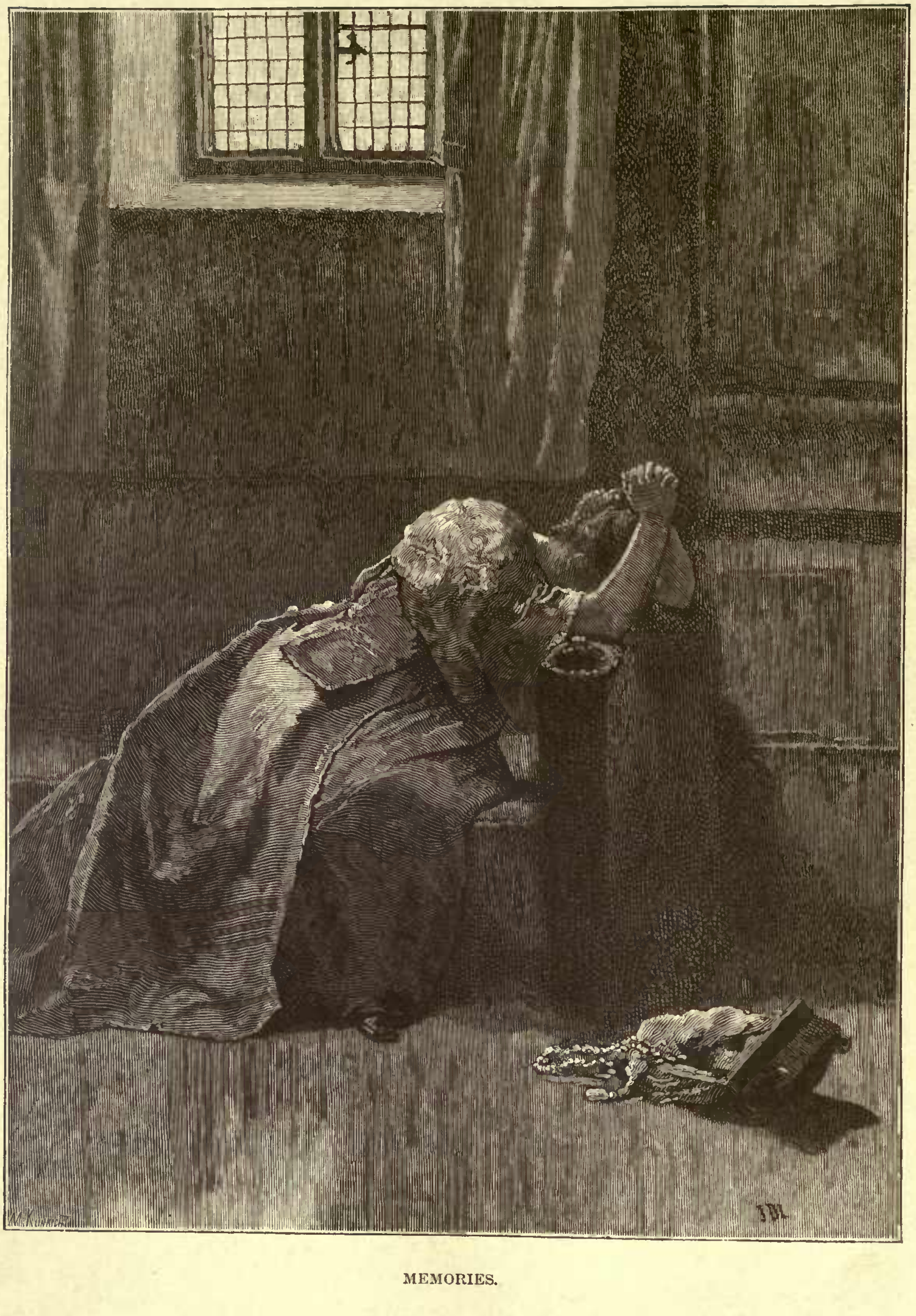
JAMES LINTON was born in London, on the 26th of December, 1840. Unforbidden, he began his artistic education early, making that sacrifice to special and technical study without which a solid success in the Arts is hardly possible. Still a youth, he joined that famous art-school, if it may be dignified by the name, which was held by Mr. Leigh in his studio in Newman Street. Except the Royal Academy, there was nothing — or nothing very noteworthy — for the student to turn to in those days, except Leigh's, which was a curious combination of democracy and despotism, a kind of anarchy tempered by the will of the popular and good-humoured autocrat who came and went wildly among the easels. That there was anything like a serious system of teaching at Leigh's neither master nor pupils would probably ever have thought of asserting; but in those days systematic teaching—not yet regarded as necessary in England—had not been thought about. And the most excellent and lasting testimonial to the qualities of the ruler of the studio is the fact that, of all the many painters who studied there, not one has had anything but good words to say of him and of his cheerful and eccentric ways. As to who, and what, and how many, those painters were, it would be instructive and amusing to have more precise information; but it would probably not be too much to say that the great majority of painters who have by now attained the dignity of fifty years and upwards, have in boyhood pitched their easels among the motley throng gathered round the "costume model" in the Newman Street "Academy." Perhaps few, if any, of them have ever lost a certain effect of the atmosphere and traditions of the place. For even without regular teaching, habits and traditions must needs be influential. It was morally impossible, for instance, that a great esteem for style and vigorous simplicity and originality of conception should have been developed in many minds which had subjected themselves to the routine of Leigh's; and it was quite certain that a whole school of painters of costume pictures would be brought up for the Royal Academy exhibitions of years to come. Slashed doublets, and jerkins of indifferent fit, and bits of not quite authentic armour—all the things which Thackeray loved, and which seemed to him in his time the delightful and rightful accompaniments of that art of painting which he so delusively held to be his right vocation—are among the traditions of such an "Academy" as Leigh's, and of most of the artists who took their beginning there.

But there are costume pictures and costume pictures. Sir J. D. Linton is essentially a costume painter, but his work is to that of the commoner practitioners of this kind of art what a setting of historical plays by Mr. Irving on the Lyceum stage is to the ordinary *décor* behind third-rate footlights. Modern reproductions of romance must inevitably have about them something of the drama; but obviously there is drama and drama.

The young student remained a student for a considerable time, for we do not meet with him as an exhibitor until the opening of the first Dudley Gallery, in 1863. That opening, in days when the British Institution was coming to its end, was an important event to the young artists of England. Perhaps his early experience of the need and the usefulness of this minor open exhibition had no little effect in inspiring the efforts made in a later day by the President of the Institute. Great hopes were bound up in the little Piccadilly gallery, and its promises were amply fulfilled. It became more emphatically than any other institution of its kind the nursery of young reputations. It is true, of course, that the Royal Academy was then, as it is now, open to outsiders; but the water colours there were even less important twenty years ago than they have been, with difficulty, made in the present day; and in regard to the all-pre-eminent oil paintings, there was not then, as there has never been, a real encouragement at the Royal Academy for freshness of enterprise in the way of Art. Young painters might be admitted there, but for *fresh* painters there were difficulties; in other words, the Academy has never been "in the movement." Now the Dudley Gallery, especially in its earlier years, was essentially in the movement. It may even be said that the slight eccentricities which are often signs of activity, found there fair encouragement. Certain it is that its exhibitions were for at least fifteen years the most attractive and interesting in town. To the annual oils and annual water colours were soon added the delightful black-and-white exhibitions, which collected works of singular merit, expressed in artistic mediums full of interest and value. When, so many years later, Sir James Linton developed the Water-colour Institute into the Institute of Oil Paintings and of Water Colours, as we know it now, it was doubtless again the modest Dudley Gallery of his first success that served him as a model.

Four years after exhibiting his first drawing Mr. J. D. Linton was elected a member of the Institute with which his name was to be linked so indissolubly. It was then, the reader need scarcely be reminded, the second water-colour society in London, an exclusive little association, holding its shows in a "hired passage" in Pall Mall. Thence the new member was destined to be the man who should remove it, enlarged and opened out, into a palace of its own in Piccadilly. In these early years Mr. Linton was contributing work in black-and-white to the illustrated papers. He was on the staff of the young and brilliantly-successful *Graphic.* But this did not last long, and he finally devoted himself to colour—to water colours principally at first, exhibiting constantly at the Institute, of which he was elected President—a modest distinction then—in 1883. Of course, a considerable distinction within the ranks of that society had been the precursor of his election; but in the general world of art the painter had hardly achieved wide fame, and perhaps this may be accounted for by the fact that the Royal Academy was not the special ground of his public appearances. Whatever efforts may be made to divide the honours of the year, to push the Academicians from their stools, or at least to share their elevation, it will be long indeed before the mass of the nation will be persuaded that there is anything in England comparable with the national, royal, and ruling body that does so much to make the London season by opening the gates of Burlington House on the first Monday in May. To the millions whom the Londoner alludes to as inhabiting the "Provinces," the Royal Academy, visited or unvisited, is the centre of the art of England, and will long remain so, even though its assailants should go nearer than they have yet done to prove it an outworn tyrant. Ask a recently-elected Academician whether any honour he has ever received equals the Academy diploma, gauged by that most sensitive test—his prices.

It was not, perhaps, until Mr. Linton had succeeded in a notable achievement in oils that his name was established. And his success was won by most legitimate and yet not common means—a solid and trained *technique* applied to the presentment of a distinct motive. That motive was War in the day when war was surrounded with the greatest pomp of circumstance, in Church and State, and had not lost a kind of spiritual significance lingering from the Middle Ages; when it was still a mission or vocation in the strictly religious sense of those words, with a work to do in the individual soul of the soldier; and yet when the increased splendour of living had given it a luxurious picturesqueness of conditions. This subject of a soldier's life in the sixteenth century is illustrated by five pictures, which were intended for the decoration of the panels of a dining-room. Three of them



MEMORIES.

at least were exhibited at the Royal Academy, but the earliest was at the Grosvenor—"Victorious"—the first triumph of the young knight at the success of his arms. "The Declaration of War" is a stately scene of the formalities of days when neither national nor individual conscience would have been satisfied—however wild on many points observed nowadays—in waging war without what may be called the credentials and diploma of a declaration. In this case, the Church and the Law are called upon to give both witness and sanction to the challenge addressed to the Orientals on the Eastern Question of the sixteenth century. Next came "The Benediction," a church interior, suggested by that most beautiful of all church interiors, St. Mark's, at Venice, but supposed to represent a sanctuary of South-Eastern Germany. The soldier and his followers are kneeling to receive ecclesiastical blessing before departing for the wars. His father, young brother, and betrothed, are kneeling to the spectator's left, the groups being composed with excellent science and effect. With regard to the bestowal of the benediction itself, the artist has hardly made so sure of his details as he has done in the matter of armour and costumes. The bishop is elevating either the Host or a reliquary—it is not clear which—and is also lifting his fingers in the manner peculiar to the Pope. Besides the mistake of attributing this action to an ordinary bishop, it is an error to represent a blessing as given with a monstrance or reliquary, and with the hand as well. Next came "The Banquet," a sumptuous scene, with a composition of long lines, the banqueters being ranged on the further side of a rectangular raised table. The principal figure on the hither side is a dancing girl, whirling, with her arms extended, while musicians twang their guitars in accompaniment to the left. The free space around this figure gives air and freedom in the composition, while the seated guests beyond are so arranged that there is no poverty, and none of that lack of populousness which would be fatal to a subject of this kind. "The Banquet," by the way, was hung at the Academy, together with a group of notable pictures by prominent artists who were all "outsiders"—Mr. W. C. Symons, Mr. Waller, Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Laslett J. Pott, Mr. Woodville, Mr. Heywood Hardy, Mr. Seymour Lucas, and Mr. Walter Stacey. There was supposed to be some purpose in this collocation; but among the painters so grouped, Mr. Henry Moore and Mr. Seymour Lucas have since been made Associates. In the following year was exhibited "The Surrender," in which the South-East German *mise-en-scène* is preserved. The young knight, bare-headed, sits his white caparisoned charger at the Saracenic-looking gates of a city, whence Moorish dignitaries are issuing with the symbols of capitulation. There are great beauty and gravity in the figure of the conquering young Christian, the expression of whose features and action is, perhaps, more sympathetic than in the accompanying designs. Throughout the series the beauty of composition is principally conspicuous; but the merits of the rich and strong colour are also striking, especially in the work of an artist trained chiefly in water colours. In the same year (1883) Sir J. D. Linton exhibited at his own Institute a romantic picture of the same quality—"The Admonition"—where again the ecclesiastical situation seems a little strained. A bishop has put on full canonicals, and has summoned the support of cross-bearers, candle-bearers, and acolytes, to "admonish" a little company of four strolling musicians and improvisers, in a kind of sacristy. Here, again, the composition is beautiful—full, but easy and open.

The success of the new palace of art in Piccadilly, which, bolder even than the Grosvenor, asserted itself at the very gates of the Royal Academy, was made still more secure by such well-considered adventitious circumstances as the usefulness of the new room for assemblies and other public and social purposes. And it was in Prince's Hall that Sir J. D. Linton organised the Masque of Painters, with its historical tableaux and its learned and brilliant reproduction of costume. The Institute became something more than a feature in the London year. Royalty was gracious to it, and the granting of a Royal diploma to the Society, and of a knighthood to its President, was accompanied by a commission to paint for the Queen a picture of a Royal marriage—not to be exhibited to the public, as it unhappily chanced, until after the young bridegroom had passed from his short wedded life and from the world. The "Marriage of the Duke of Albany" is a work that may claim some, if not much, advantage over other pictures of its kind. The painter's special knowledge of arrangement stood him in good stead, so that the portrait groups are disposed in such a manner that none of the usual devices to display likenesses are at all apparent. It is perhaps in the quality of the portraits themselves that Sir J. D. Linton betrays the fact that he is not distinctively a portrait-painter. In skill and stateliness of grouping, and for dignity of colour, the work certainly leaves little to be desired. Among other well-known pictures, by an artist who has not yet spent many conspicuous years before the public eye, may be mentioned "Off Guard," "Richelieu," "Les Emigrés," "Gil Blas," "Biron," and that impassioned little subject—"Memories"—in which so much impulse of emotion is conveyed by action only, without the help of facial expression.

Sir J. D. Linton is one of the wise painters who dwell in the clearer air of Hampstead, and so add a considerable number of days to the working time of the winter. Ettrick House, Steele's Road, Haverstock Hill, stands on ground that has classic literary traditions in its air. The road has its name from Sir Richard Steele, who had there a little country house with a thatched roof and a shady garden, the scene of many a talk with his friend and colleague, Addison. Modern stucco and cement, slate and plate-glass have covered the ground, and would have taken possession of the whole hill-side, had not modern art, with its architectural revival, come partially to the rescue. Hither have migrated, as colonists, a group of artists whose names are more or less connected with the Institute—the President himself, Mr. Charles Green, Mr. C. E. Johnson, Mr. Thomas Collier, Mr. Edward Hayes, and Mr. Fred Barnard. These painters are, of course, by no means strangers at the Academy, but they have associations which are quite distinct from those of Burlington House, and it is noteworthy that two of them will be especially remembered for work little attempted now—that of Dickens-illustration. Here, among

THE SURRENDER.

his co-mates, Sir J. D. Linton has a picturesque and massive Georgian house, the principal features of which are the mouldings of the pilasters and pediments in front, the white-sashed dormer windows, the hipped roof, and the high chimneys on either side. The little garden is an ideal suburban walled garden, rich in those flowering trees which, with or without a special reason for the fact, are characteristic of the neighbourhood of London, and so surrounded and decked with ivy as to have a marked look of the last century, also thoroughly suburban. A fine wrought-iron gateway and a short flight of steps bring the visitor to the hall-door, and thence to a passage paved with black and white mosaic, and hung with old Flemish needlework. The windows are filled in with German glass, and the cabinets with pottery, principally Dutch. Reaching the staircase, through an inner hall, we find it defended by English carved balusters, which by a happy inspiration were saved from the fate of so much good woodwork in London—of being broken and lost bit by bit in the darkness of some old house or office in the east. The studio is up-stairs, and has its pillared door hung round with sketches signed by many a notable contemporary name.

As might be expected from the backgrounds and *mise-en-scène* of Sir J. D. Linton's pictures, his studio is rich in tapestry. This true treasure, which he rightly prizes both as artist and as collector, is extremely rare, and all, or almost all, Italian of the early sixteenth century. It is hung over a dado of dark and rather positive green. The floor is of polished wood, and a window, which reaches the height of the room, admits full light from the north-east. A large grate is filled with old Dutch blue-and-white tiles; near it stands some fine and complete armour, and over it a little collection of Venetian and Flemish glass and faïence. Other rarities here are a unique Montelupo plate, a snake-skin-covered lute from China, and a pewter pot, whereof the interest is not artistic but personal, Nelson having drunk from it on board the prize ship *St. Joseph.* The chief collection of arms (which, of course, is important in the studio of the painter of the "Soldier of the Sixteenth Century") are most picturesquely disposed on the wall opposite the fireplace, where runs a little gallery for the storage of canvases and sketches. An Oriental lamp hangs from the ceiling. In a corner of the apartment stands an Italian chestnut-wood chest, in itself an admirable "property," and used for the safe-keeping of sundry rare costumes. Chief among these are various beautiful remains of last-century dress, including a splendid coat of white corded silk and its flowered waistcoat, which give to modern eyes an overpowering sense of masculine dressiness in the near past.

Not the least interesting of the relics—relics well in use and in fine condition—are the chairs, of which Sir James Linton has an unequalled collection, of Venetian ebony, high-backed and inlaid; of Spanish leather with great nails; of Dutch walnut-wood; and of English sixteenth-century workmanship. In the matter of pictures, the master of the studio is particularly devoted to an Etty and to a small Spanish Madonna, hung in the beautiful setting of tapestry and arms. Etty is, indeed, with Richard Wilson, his chosen master in English art, as among the international schools he prefers the Venetians, Titian, Paolo Veronese, Tintoretto.

Rosa Bonheur

ROSA BONHEUR.

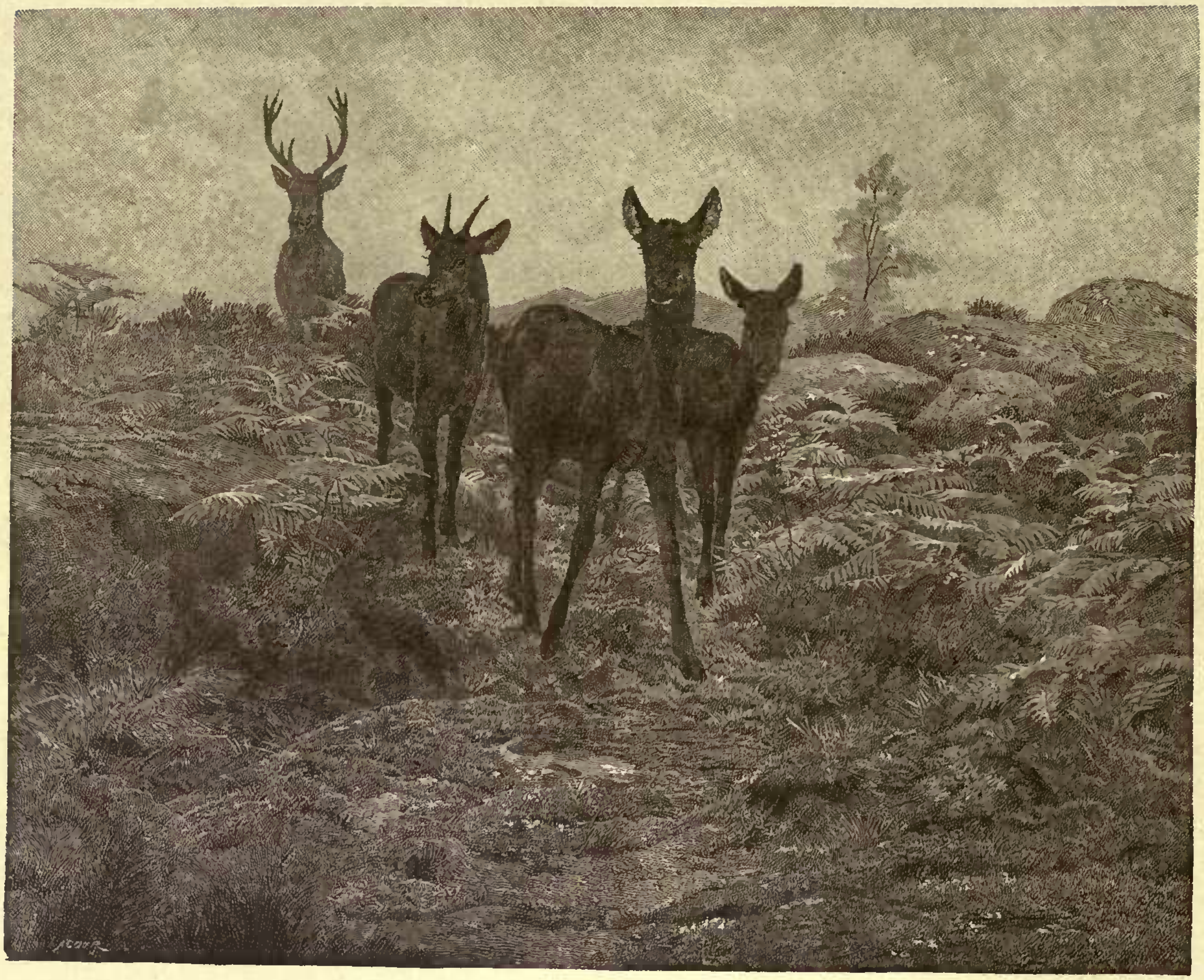
ROSA BONHEUR was born at Bordeaux on March 25th, 1822. When she was about four years of age her father, a struggling artist, resolved to remove to Paris, the sanctuary of the arts, the ideal home of the bold and hopeful. Independent in spirit, kind and generous in disposition, Rosa Bonheur, as a little girl, much preferred dabbling her little fat hands in the clay of the *atelier* and making small figures of it, to opening a grammar and learning her lessons. As the father with much courage and perseverance gradually surmounted his difficulties, he was able to place his motherless children under the care of a nurse in the Champs Elysées, who sent them to school, and, being a woman of a practical habit of mind, insisted on close attention to lessons. But Rosa, at that period of her life, cared little for books, and in spite of "Nurse Catherine," preferred sauntering through the green avenues of the Bois de Boulogne to see the horses exercise. These defiant wanderings of our heroine led to many a grave reproof from the nurse; but on the whole those two years of loitering were years of happiness, and no one may say how much this solitary and independent communing with Nature in the bosky depths of the Bois de Boulogne may have influenced the character and directed the tastes of the youthful Rosa.

Delightedly Raymond Bonheur marked the indications of his daughter's talents, which he cultivated with care, and placed under educational discipline in whatever pertained to the *technique* of art. Before long he sent her to the Louvre, that she might form her taste upon the masterpieces of antiquity; and such was her ardour and constancy that she was the first at the opening of the museum and the last to leave it. With such energetic industry her progress was rapid, and the copies she produced were worthy the inspiration under which she worked. One day, when she had finished "Les Bergers d'Arcadie," an old man approached, and, examining carefully the picture as it lay on the easel, said, "Do you know, my dear, that copy is admirable, irreproachable! Continue your studies thus, and I predict that you will become a great artist." That evening, when the doors of the gallery closed, Rosa Bonheur returned home with joy in her heart, for she felt now that her ardent hope for future fame might be realised. Anxiously desirous to be of service to her father, she worked incessantly. The moment a copy was finished, it was disposed of for whatever could be obtained for it, in order that the domestic means might be enlarged. Having attained her seventeenth year, Rosa Bonheur commenced the study of animal forms. Her first effort was a goat executed from Nature. Delighted with the new path in art opened her, she sought subjects on all sides, and made frequent excursions into the country on foot, her colours in her hand, or laden with several pounds' weight of modelling clay. Unable to afford anything in the shape of a conveyance, she often returned to her father's house broken down by over-exertion; but nothing could damp the ardour or subdue the energy of one whose object was thus to master the mysteries of art and unlock thereby the secrets of Nature. As in the case of his other children, Rosa's father was her main teacher. M. Léon Cogniet showed her great kindness, and gave her valuable encouragement in the progress of her labours, but he was never her master. Her knowledge of *technique* came solely from her father, her inspiration as entirely from Nature. To pursue the latter untrammelled, she had the courage to attend daily the Roule slaughter-house, and the rough men by whom she was surrounded, whose gross manners and repulsive trade would have daunted a less resolute nature, soon learned to respect and admire her. Some say that it was in these *abattoirs* she first assumed the male attire, and that it was to avoid the rude behaviour of the slaughter-men that she did so. So assiduously did she carry on her studies in these reeking shambles, and so absorbingly did she identify herself with her subject, that she frequently forgot to take the refreshment she had with her, which generally consisted of a piece of bread, carried in her pocket. When she returned home in the evening her bonnet, her sketch-book, and studies, all indicated the presence of the myriads of flies that always congregate where animals are confined and slaughtered.

According to M. Lepelle de Bois-Gallais, whose admirable biography, written a quarter of a century ago, we have frequently quoted, subject to such correction as Mlle. Rosa Bonheur has herself very kindly suggested to us, her father at length took a second wife, and this new marriage added two more children to the domestic circle. It became therefore absolutely necessary that redoubled exertions should be made. A spirit of emulation accordingly took possession of the whole family. United in the same painting-room, like a young covey, they all worked away ardently and merrily under the wing of their father, the master and friend who shared their hard labours and joined in their innocent games. "I have been told," continues M. de Bois-Gallais, "that nothing could be more delightful or more touching than that picture. Auguste and Isidore studied without ceasing, and Rosa, the first at the easel, sang from morning till night. They were disheartened by no misfortune, and often after the fatigues of the day our young artist spent the evening by the fitful light of the lamp in making designs for the morrow's sale."

PLOUGHING IN THE NIVERNAIS.

This happy little home was situated on the sixth floor of a house in the Rue Rumfort. Her birds, of which Rosa was so fond, instead of being confined in a cage, had something like the semblance of liberty in enjoying the range of the room, a piece of network made by her brother preventing their escape by the window. The existence of a sheep, which also shared her affections, could not be made quite so comfortable on the sixth floor of a Paris house; but it was a docile model and always at hand, and Isidore Bonheur would often laughingly place it on his shoulders, and, descending the long stairs, carry it to a neighbouring meadow to graze on the fresh grass. This love of animals afterwards found a more fitting field for its exercise in her all but baronial home at Thomery, on the confines of the forest of Fontainebleau, where she now resides. Here all the beasts she has had at one time or another under her care would form a considerable menagerie. It is not long since she presented to the Jardin des Plantes a beautiful lion and lioness, which, when in her keeping, used to come up to the bars of the cage to be stroked and patted by her sympathetic little hand.



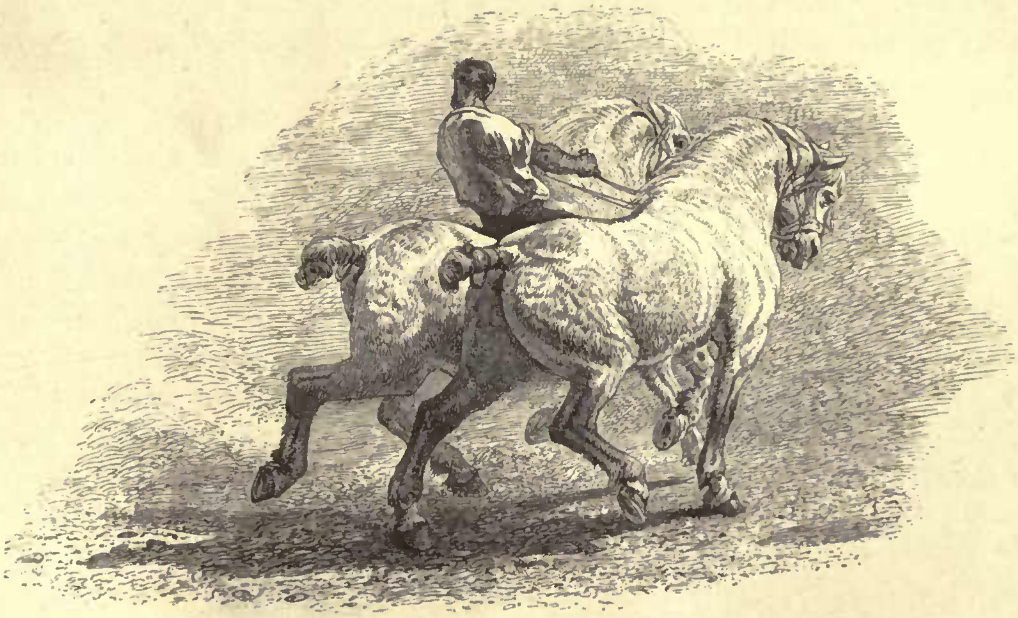
A SOUVENIR OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

(*By Permission of Messrs. Goupil and Co.*)

Her first picture was that of a pair of rabbits, which figured in the Salon of 1840. The Salon in 1841 accepted and hung two charming little pictures of sheep and goats; and the following year furnished it with three, entitled "Animals in a Meadow," under an evening effect, "A Cow Lying in a Meadow," and "This Horse to be Sold." In 1843 were exhibited "Horses Leaving the Watering-Place" and "Horses in a Field," which, when sent the same year to Rouen obtained the bronze medal. In the exhibition of 1844 she had five pictures, and a bull modelled in clay, and this time the city of Rouen awarded her the silver medal. Each year added to her renown, and in due time she received from Paris the gold medal.

With her fortunes rose those of her father; and the heroic man, after all these years of incessant labour and anxiety, was appointed by the Government Director of the Female School of Design. But life's burden had been too heavy for him, and incessant struggles left him at last so prostrate that he was not able to share with his family the joys of triumph. He died on the 24th of March, 1849, and from what has been said it may easily be imagined with what profound grief the family was overwhelmed. Rosa succeeded her father in the direction of the school, and had during his illness painted the magnificent picture of "Ploughing in the Nivernais." When exhibited it made a great sensation, and was bought by the Government, who complimented the artist and honoured the work by hanging it in the Luxembourg.

Rosa Bonheur's compositions now followed each other without interruption, and consisted of such subjects as "Weary Oxen Going to Water," "Cows with their Playful Calves," "Ewe and her Lamb Surprised by a Storm," "A Farmer of Auvergne"—mounted on his nag, accompanied by his man driving to market a herd of animals—"Chalk Waggon of the Limousin," "Young Shepherd of the Pyrenees Guarding his Flock," "Charcoal-Burning in a Forest," and the like. These works attracted the critical admiration of the finest judges in Paris, and France felt that she had in Rosa Bonheur a rival to Troyon. In force of conception and vigour of brush-work there was no indication of her sex on the canvases of our heroine. But the mention of Troyon gives occasion to the remark that Rosa Bonheur's distinctive quality is not essentially painter-like. Her *technique* is not that of the brush. In execution she is sufficiently accomplished, and no more; and she is not a colourist. To Troyon, on the other hand, belonged the very triumphs of those two qualities—style and colour. Rosa Bonheur therefore has her reputation founded upon her power in the matter of draughtsmanship and action; and great, indeed, is that mastery proved to be when it makes amends for absence of style, even in the



GROUP FROM THE "HORSE FAIR."

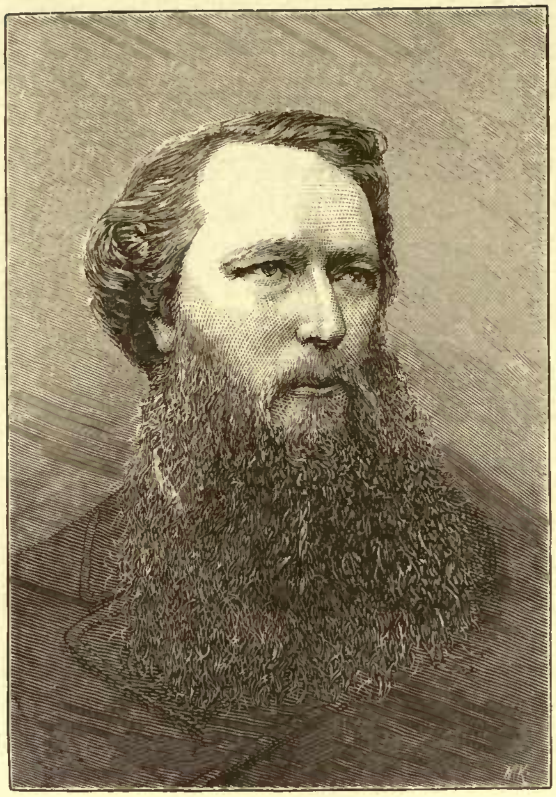
(By Permission of Mr. L. H. Lefevre.)

eyes of a nation in love, as are the French, with style. It is well that she keeps so distinctively her own kind of excellence, while the qualities of Troyon—surface, illumination, colour, and fulness of brush-work—are so admirably inherited by her contemporary, Troyon's pupil and successor, Van Maarke. Each is unapproachable in his or her own chosen points.

Hitherto Rosa Bonheur's fame had been mainly confined to France, but now it was going to cross the Channel, and, through England, to become world-wide. When in 1856 her famous "Horse Fair" was exhibited by M. Gambart in the French Gallery, the artists and connaisseurs of this country could scarcely realise the fact that they were looking on the work of a woman; and the gallery was crowded for months by those who wished to satisfy themselves as to the merits of the picture. Neither James Ward, R.A., nor Sir Edwin Landseer, who for many years followed that artist's method, had ever produced a group of horses like this, so natural, so rampant, and so life-like. Rosa Bonheur's triumph, in short, was complete, and henceforth her name in England was a household word.

Since then Rosa Bonheur has gone quietly on, pursuing her profession with unabated ardour in the seclusion of her forest château, enriching the world and extending her fame. There is no animal subject, from lions to lambs, which she has not touched and ennobled; there are few countries where shepherds wander with their flocks, from the Pyrenees to the Grampians, or where the lowland hind follows the laborious steer and the furrow-cleaving plough, which she has not made as lovingly her own as if the incidents depicted were a group of grazing or of startled deer within her own noble forest of Fontainebleau; for that, too, is peculiarly hers.

Rosa Bonheur is below the average height of her sex, but she is robustly and broadly built, and she carries her head with an air of freedom, and when a younger woman, almost of defiance. The carnation has not yet left her cheek, and her comely face speaks of health and vigour. Her hair, however, is quite grey, and she still wears it cut and parted like a man's. When in her studio and at home, her attire also follows that of the sterner sex; but, as a clever contemporary remarks, "her face restores a perfect womanliness to the whole figure—small regular features, soft hazel eyes, and a dignified benignity of expression. The manner matches the face. She has a low pleasant voice, and a direct sincerity of speech most agreeably free from the artifices of compliment." When she goes to Paris she dresses in the uniform of her own sex. She never assumes petticoats without deprecating the custom, indeed, and complaining of their interfering with the freedom of the limbs, and thereby impeding the power of locomotion, but so amiably anxious is she to conform to the ways of the *mondaines*, and to do what is expected, or what she thinks is expected, of her, that she has been known to don a coifiure of artificial roses, in spite of the difficulties of adjustment presented by her cropped hair, and to her own manifest embarrassment. With regard to her appearance at home, a curiously amusing account of a visit to Fontainebleau was given to the present writer by one who was invited to make acquaintance for the first time with the great painter. "As we drove up to the gates," he said, "we were welcomed by an elderly *ouvrier* in a *blouse,* who had come out to meet us, and who greeted my friend with the warmest and frankest effusion. As we followed him into the house, I was rather puzzled to observe that his collar and wristbands were fastened with diamonds; but believe me it was not for several minutes, in spite of a formal presentation, that I realised the fact that the white-haired working man was no other than our hostess, Mlle. Rosa Bonheur herself. And very pleasant to us did she make her delightful country house."



Yours ever Sincerely
Vicat Cole

(From a Photograph by Done and Co., Baker Street.)

VICAT COLE, R.A.

VICAT COLE, R.A., was born at Portsmouth in 1833. He inherited the pursuit of art. His father was known as a very successful portrait-painter; but turned later to animal and landscape painting. In these branches he achieved considerable reputation, and rose to the position of Vice-President of the Society of British Artists. Mr. Cole, brought up in a studio, received his early instruction in painting from his father, who, while the son was yet young, moved from Portsmouth to London. At the period in which Mr. Cole's youth fell there were no schools of art in the provinces; and his early efforts at self-culture were mainly devoted to copying, in black-and-white, Turner prints, and works by Constable and Cox. These three artists had the greatest hold upon the admiration of young Cole, and largely influenced his early studies. When about sixteen he exhibited his first work, a landscape in oils, in the old, now extinct, British Institution in Pall Mall. It was, to the young artist's great delight, hung upon the line; but his later works were, for five consecutive years, either "skied," or otherwise badly hung, at the Institution. Mr. Cole still speaks with delight of a fine painting, by Linnell, which was exhibited, in 1852, in the British Institution, and of a noble Cox which appeared in the same year in the Old Water-colour. Mr. Cole had, happily, his youthful time of up-hill, arduous, wholesome struggle. He had not many friends to help him onwards in his career. He himself has won his own honours. He states that he was for the first time well hung in the Academy when Millais generously interfered to serve a young painter of whom he knew personally nothing. Price and value are, especially in connection with painting, by no means synonyms; and Mr. Cole relates that in the years 1852 to 1856 he painted a vast number of pictures which sold at prices never exceeding forty shillings. These early works would command now a much greater price. In 1853 or 1854 the young artist sent, with the usual fear and trembling, his first contribution to the Academy. His reputation and success were steadily on the increase, and, as a merited reward for a probation of seventeen years, and for a long series of able and honest works, Mr. Vicat Cole was, in 1870, elected an Associate, and in 1881 he attained to full Academical honours.

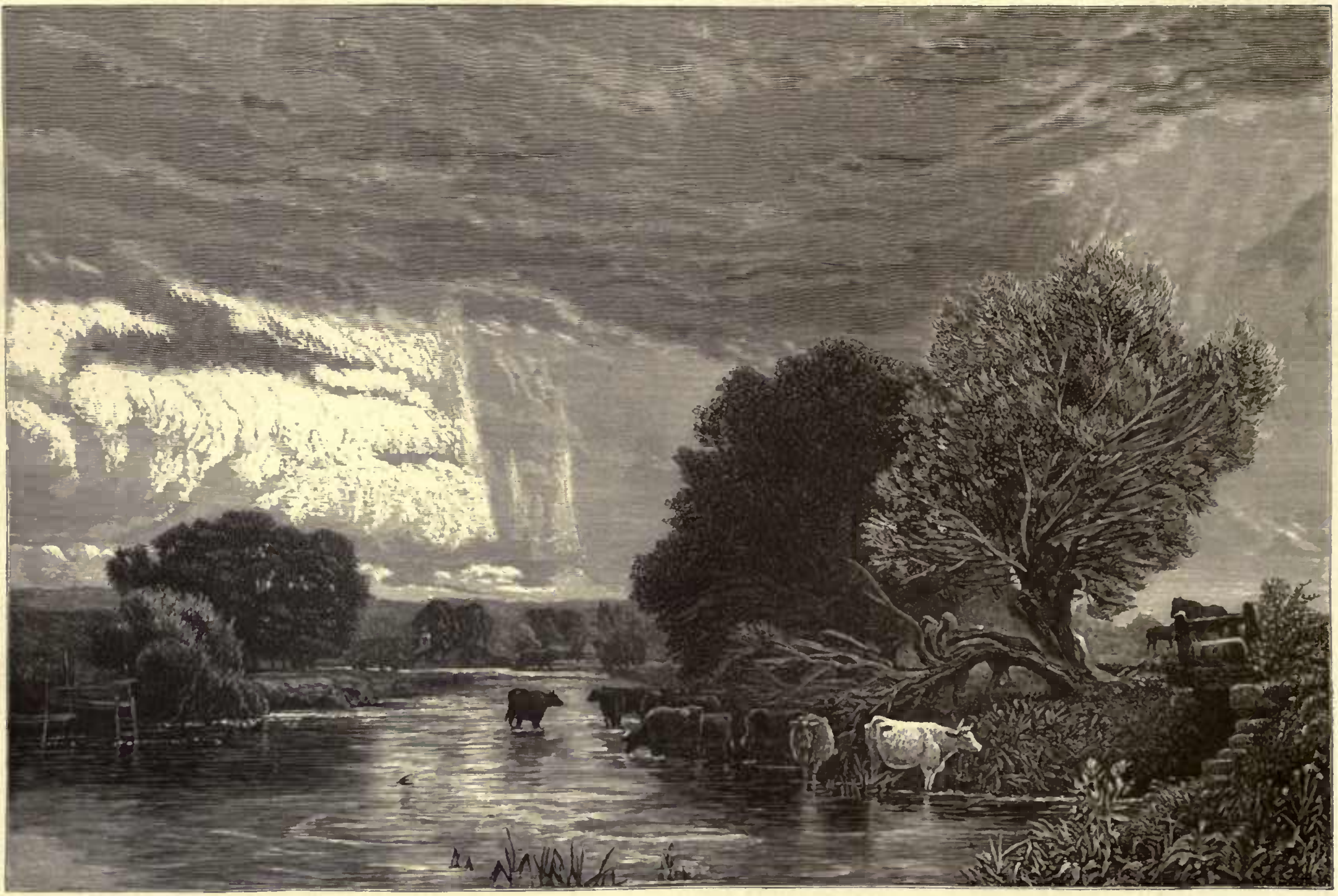
ARUNDEL.

If we come to classification, Vicat Cole must be called a naturalist. He is little encumbered by theories when painting; but a naturalist is not necessarily a bald and barren literalist: art instinct often gives true art power. A painter who, working simply and honestly without theories, but with loving vision, succeeds in rendering Nature faithfully and skilfully, gets, unconsciously, less obvious truths of Nature expressed through work which may be realistic in its conscious aims and aspirations. Such a painter may even be surprised when criticism detects in his work things which the painter himself had only dimly suspected. Art, when of really sincere intention, may include within itself the faculty of embodying something of the majesty and the mystery of Nature. As Polixenes says:

> "Yet Nature is made better by no mean
> But Nature makes that mean; so, o'er that art
> Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
> That Nature makes."

It is a canon of art that it shall sublimate fact to truth; that the mere local, temporary, accidental fact shall be idealised to imaginative truth, which is art beauty; nor is this law superimposed by criticism from outside, since every born artist must instinctively idealise. From very opposite standpoints artists may aim at the same end; as men at the antipodes alike look upward when they pray. In dealing with Nature there are different attitudes, as well as differing powers of mind; the question being, whether Nature or art be the predominating love in the painter's mind. The positive and negative poles of these divergences being (1) reverence for Nature, or (2) enthusiasm for art. The one tendency may degenerate into timidity, and the other quality may revel in wantonness. There is an abstract beauty in landscape, independent of any importation of human meanings. The typical English landscape painter is supposed to stand before Nature in the simple grandeur of awed reverence and profound love. It is well if to this mental attitude he adds a certain mastery of painting. He feels, but he never theorises. In his landscapes the human element always recedes or disappears; nor has the conventional, pastorally picturesque any place in his scheme of landscape art. He paints Nature in sincerity as in humility. Mr. Cole belongs to this school; which is properly no school, but merely the conscientious and unconscious art of competent artists who are not doctrinaires.

Were we to give a list of Mr. Cole's works, that list would be a long one. His popularity is of such long standing as to go beyond the current memory of picture-seers. But it will be well to note the works still best in remembrance. In 1870 his important picture of "Evening Rest" was exhibited at the Academy. A few years later came the remarkable "Misty Morning," in which the light frost of an autumn night, melting into sparkles in the grass under the cool sun of the early day, was very well rendered. To 1875 belong "Richmond," "Loch Seavaig," and "The Heart of Surrey;" and to 1876 an autumnal scene on the River Arun, brilliant with colour. The river winds, so that the spectator looks along its placid surface against a high bank of hills, with the cottages and rounded trees upon its



SUMMER RAIN

slope. A tall tree "composes" well on the left; flat meadows lie to the right; and over the hills, trending away as they follow the reach, is spread an ample sky. Next year came the well-known "Arundel" (p. 145), with riverside houses crowned by the castle, and boats standing dark in the bright waters; and "Summer Showers," studied on the Thames in an effect of rain-clouds breaking up. Similar in motive was "A Showery Day" (1878), with which was exhibited "A Surrey Pastoral," and a subject sought further afield, "The Alps at Rosenlaui." Mr. Vicat Cole would probably bear no grudge against those of his admirers who would not be sorry to see him limiting himself still more closely than he does to English scenery. It is certain that the round forms and smooth surfaces of our hills and trees are better suited to his manner than the distinct and distinguished outline of the mountains of Switzerland or the trees of the South. There are "schools" of landscape in Nature herself, as well as in art; and the English school, with the kind of execution and handling which it fosters, holds its Academy in the meadows themselves. The following year the painter took us again to a little English river wearing its autumn tints, among which shines a blue kingfisher on a twig; and, in "Ripening Sunbeams," to a rolling English country, part dense wood, part cornfields, ready reaped and with the sheaves standing. From the spectator's feet the land dips gently, with its rich burden of wheat, then rises again opposite with more meadows and more woods.

"Half veiled in light of shimmering air
The landscape stretches wondrous fair,
No paling beauty anywhere;
Nature is in her prime.

"In richest robes the hills and woods appear,
The lakes and springs lie motionless and clear,
Ruled by the fairest queen of all the year—
Beautiful harvest time."

Mr. Vicat Cole, by the way, is responsible for the quotation, with its rhythmical variations. In the same prolific year Mr. Vicat Cole produced two Surrey landscapes—"Leith Hill from Denbies" and "Box Hill from Denbies"—great panoramic views of the sweeping lines and tracts of a part of the country full of fine distances.

Next came a picture of which the motive was even more than usually one of singular peacefulness; for surely nowhere in Nature is there more inviolate quietness than in a "Thames Backwater," where even the gentle motion of the English river pauses, silent with the fulness of a flood—

"A watery maze, haunt of still solitude."

And with this was another of the autumnal landscapes, also with a quotation—

"The leaves of wasted autumn woods"

and "On Silver Thames." To 1881 belong "Streatley," "Wargrave," and "August Days," with willows, cows lingering in the water, the surface of which is rich with lily-leaves, and all kinds of river growth. "Windsor" belongs to the more grandiose class of "Arundel," being a stately scene of river and hill, with the mass of the castle rising against the sky. The water lies large and calm in the foreground; in the middle distance small houses nestle under the hill, and historic Windsor Castle towers beyond. Also scenic with buildings is "Abingdon," where a church spire rises over the foreshortened arch of a bridge, with boats at rest below. These two works, and the other many Thames scenes, are, we believe, part of a series illustrating the course of the Thames, from the source to the sea; and in effect Mr. Vicat Cole has already followed up the national river to its beginnings, showing us, in "The Source of the Thames," a little pool lying still under mosses and the branches of a winter wood. "Iffley Mill" and "Sinodun Hill, from Day's Lock, Dorchester," were the pictures of 1885; and "Pangbourne," "Cookham," "Great Marlow," and "The Sultry Hour" those of 1886. At Paris, at the International Exhibition of 1878, Mr. Vicat Cole was amply represented, having three pictures—"The Day's Decline," "Autumn Gold," and "Summer Rain," the subject of our larger illustration.

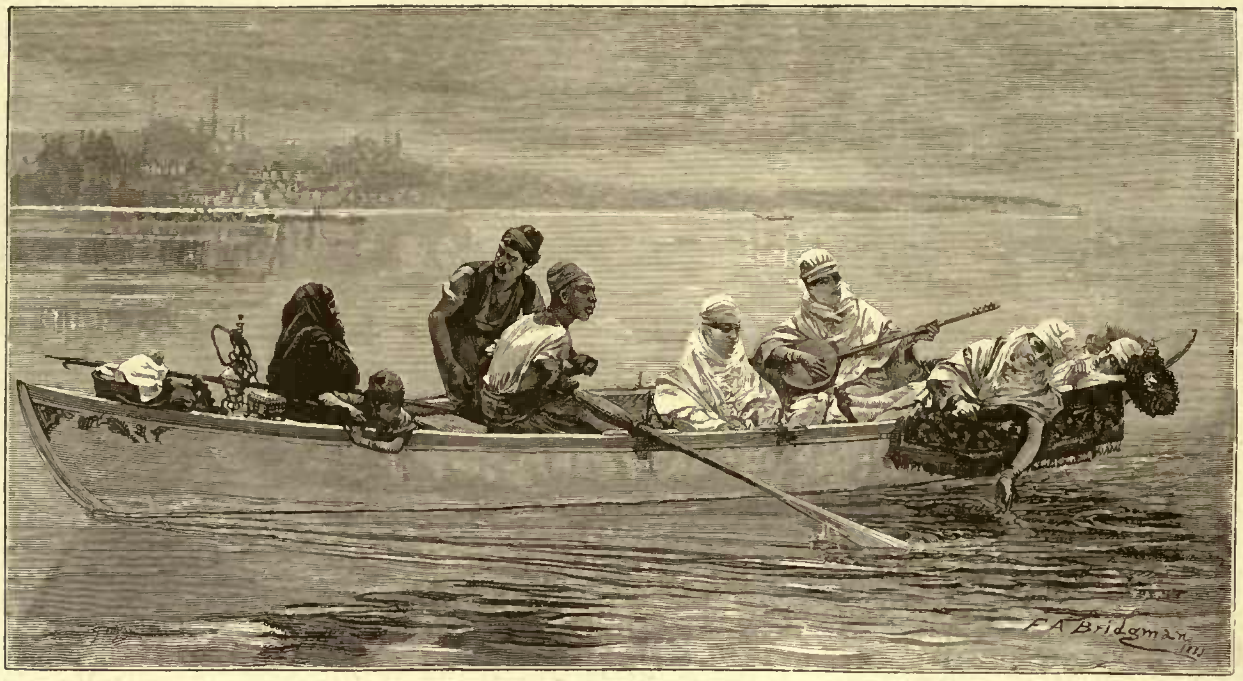
This artist, even though he has not the manner of the contemporary "outdoor" school of painters, does, in fact, work with all possible persistency in the open air, camping on the banks of his favourite streams, or established still more gracefully under his white umbrella in a punt. The studio in the house on Campden Hill is used for no work, except that of more or less mechanical finishing.

Mr. Cole dwells with love on the effects of splendour and colour; and he joys in painting a summer day in fair Surrey, what time the lark is quivering in the air, and all the blue is resonant with song. In wet and cloudy Skye, gloom descends in grandeur upon his canvas. He has a special skill in painting vacant, smooth water; trees, with sun-smitten leaves; and clouds, with

"Sky-robes spun of Iris' woof."

Owing, perhaps, to his care for atmosphere, the blues in his distances are sometimes a little crude, and hue outweighs colour. On his own loved Arun, the river that he has painted for ten years, he is especially moved with warm, keen sympathy with every phase of Nature's loveliness. Man, like a kettle, must become warm before he begins to sing; poems and pictures must be written and painted with a certain excitement of emotion, and Mr. Cole always begins his work with real enthusiasm.

The work of Mr. Cole which is, perhaps, his best is the "Arundel." The golden blood of sunset flames and burns upon the glowing clouds. "And the sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire." The glory of the colour is splendid and sad, mournful and menacing. These scarlet and crimson skyey war-flags threaten wrath, woe, destruction; fiery harm to man; and yet through their stern terror shines beauty.



SUMMER ON THE BOSPHORUS.

F. A. BRIDGMAN.

MR. BRIDGMAN is one of the newer school of American artists, men who owe their temperament indeed to their nationality, but the whole tradition of their art, their studies, and their subjects, to the Old World; who have wisely refused to believe that a new soil is able to produce new art, new literature, and new polity, and have resolved rather to carry the old ways out in a modern perfection, and to find in that very perfection the real and national American specialty. Born in Alabama, he is one of the comparatively few painters whom the United States owe to their Southern Provinces, those once disaffected regions which in literature also have been comparatively sterile, although the names of Mr. Cable and Miss Murfree have done so much to retrieve their literary glory. The Southern States, though they may send their children into the world with the artistic nature full of vitality within them, are hardly able to give the equipment as well; and for his first studies (which had wood-engraving for their subject) Mr. Bridgman went North. A course of work in this art-handicraft was followed by a student's career at Paris, where the studio life was followed by the young artist with a seriousness and application which gained him the respect of the industrious and the lax at once. The peculiar quietness and sweet-tempered reserve which is so distinctive of the American of fact (though by no means of the American of fiction, or of

LA PLANTATION DU COLZA.

(From the Painting by F. A. Bridgman.)

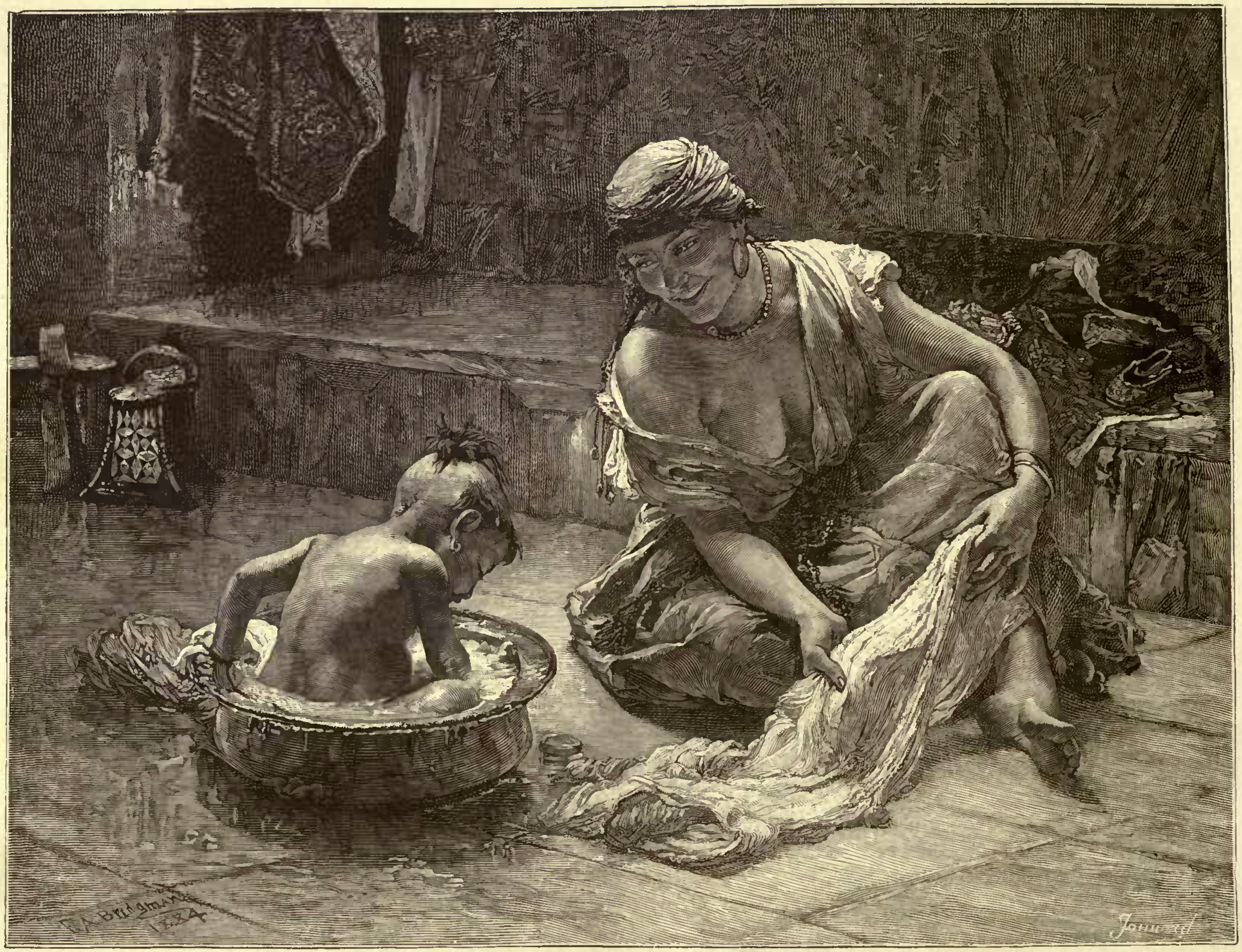
popular English conception) gained him also that personal popularity which makes studio-work in a little throng of many natures and several nationalities not only possible but delightful.

These pleasant conditions continued when Mr. Bridgman took the next step in the artist's career—the step that brings him to Nature. Nature for the student from Paris generally means Pont-Aven, a simple life at the inn, under Julia's

AN EASTERN BAZAAR.

(By Permission of A. S. Dixon, Esq.)

motherly guardianship, emulative work in the fields and by the roadsides, and, in the sad spring evenings, a lounge at the little tables outside the hotel door with technical chat that has all a vocabulary of its own. To students fresh from the teaching of a master, this life of example and experience, this comparing of notes, and mutual catching up of ideas in *facture*, this receptiveness of learners one from another, are of infinite value. From the experience of a student just a little ahead may often be learnt more than from the precepts of a teacher. And the *camaraderie*, the common hope, the common interest, put these sojourns at



THE BATH AT HOME—CAIRO.

Pont-Aven and at Barbizon among the pleasantest memories of a painter trained in France. And to the otherwise absorbing interest of his own art Mr. Bridgman added that of a delight in music, and the evenings in the village were made still more pleasant by the voice of his violin, the companion of his whole student life.

An American comrade has written of this time :—"To Brittany Bridgman carried observant grey eyes, unshaken energy, and a rusty case containing a complaining violin. It was quite disgusting, to those of the brotherhood who accepted the country as a field for agreeable loafing, to find the lad so business-like, assiduous, and good-natured. It was the first season of that flourishing school of Americans at Pont-Aven, which has since grown to such prodigious popularity. His tenacious industry made the industry of the rest seem like idleness. On repairing to the studio to sketch Marie Morven, we would find that he had engaged the Bonhomme to pose at sunrise, and was now finishing an elaborate study of that worthy, planted against a wall in the long morning light. When the rest were dining at twilight, he was out in the fields sketching figures at their posture of prayer at the evening Angelus. Every hour of the longest day of summer brought him his appropriate task; and just as, at the school, it was quickly found that his perseverance had caused the Professor to advance him from crayon-drawing over the heads of his contemporaries, so in the country he was quickly advancing from single figures to narrative groups posed in landscape, and already winging his soaring flight towards elaborate compositions, decorative complexities, and we knew not what ambitious projects. When it grew really dark, Bridgman, without offensive uncompanionableness, would vanish, the window of his chamber would be heard to open, and the strains of the rusty violin would stream out towards the stars."

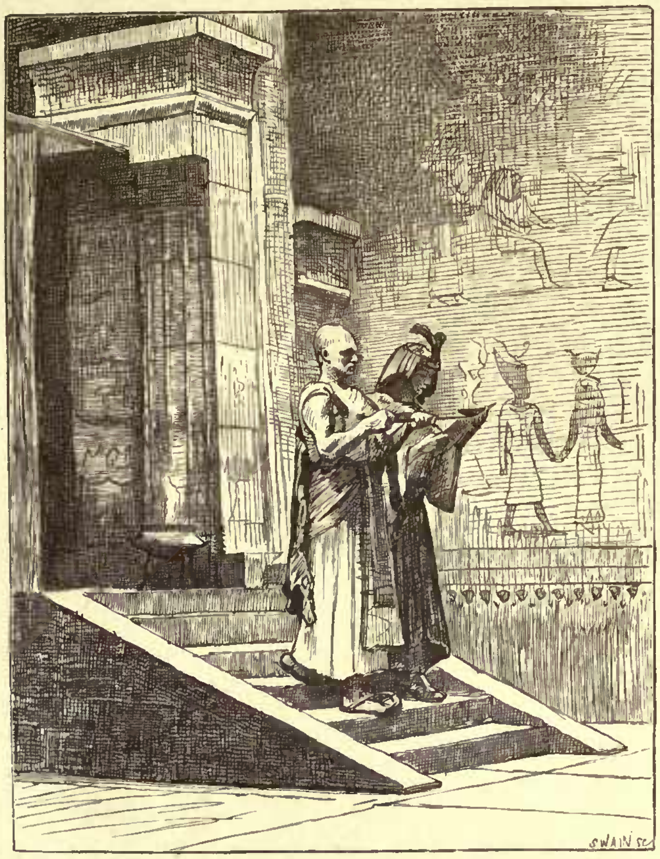
In Paris Mr. Bridgman's severer studies were directed by M. Gérôme, one of whose favourite pupils he became, and whose example led him to the East for subjects. But before devoting himself to Algiers and to the Nile, the young artist wandered afield in Europe, painting peasant life on the frontiers of Spain, and on the hill-sides of France, following the harrow and the plough to study the action of the horses as the furrows are made for the planting of the colza, while the steam of labour invests men and animals with mist in the morning light.

Two journeys to Algiers, where he lived as much among the people as it was possible for a man of English race to do, gave Mr. Bridgman a keen appreciation of the characteristics of the Arabs, whom he studied in their home life and their street life, pitching his easel in the midst of a little *carrefour* of the Arab quarter, where the comers and goers brushed past him as he sat at work. Here, on the North African coast, was the Oriental life of the present; but on the Nile he was moved to re-awaken the statelier past. "The Funeral of a Mummy" is the grandest of his pictures painted under this inspiration. For beauty of light and landscape, and for poetry of feeling, this remarkable picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy after its first appearance at the Salon in 1877, is a true masterpiece. The painter was thirty at the time of its production, and it shows the rare combination of young enthusiasm and delight in beauty, with the restrained power of maturer life. The wonderful Nile has never been painted with more tenderness, solemnity, and more of the spirit of the place; and one might fancy that the painter had, in fact, seen the funeral barge move upon the waters and had heard the wailing of the mourners. In the middle of the principal funeral boat is the painted sarcophagus resting upon a sledge, which, upon arriving at the shore, will be drawn by oxen to the tomb up in the mountains. At the head and feet of the dead are two persons, mourners, symbolical of the beginning and end of

A LADY OF CAIRO VISITING.

AN AMERICAN LADY.

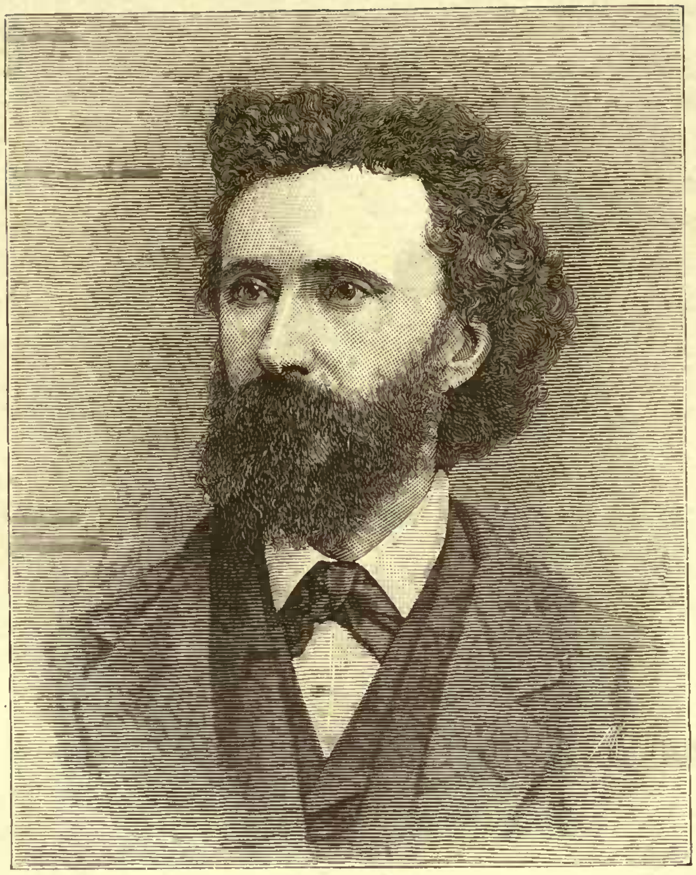
life. On each side of the mourners, upon pedestals, are statues of Isis and Nephtis, goddesses of the beginning and end. Above are standards, one representing gods weighing in a balance the heart of the deceased against a feather which signifies "Truth." Perched on the sarcophagus is the *soul*-bird with human head; the blue ape is the symbol of "Knowledge," and, with other emblems, is to be carried in the procession on land. The figures painted on the dark cloth hanging over the side represent the deceased at the final tribunal in presence of all the gods. Paid mourners are at the stern; in front, burning incense to the dead, stands the high-priest before an altar covered with offerings, and a sacred scribe is chanting with three musicians; in front of the altar are four alabaster jars containing the viscera of the dead. In the bow is the funeral box, with a black image of a jackal, impersonating Anubis, the god who accompanies the dead. In the other boats are mourners, priests, and the family of the deceased.



AN EGYPTIAN PRIEST AND SCRIBE.

Nevertheless, Mr. Bridgman's love of observation and of actuality did not permit him to devote himself long to the past. Cairo became to him as familiar as Algiers. He watched the coming and going of a veiled lady on her round of visits, the little Egyptian child dabbling in his " Bath at Home," the "Priest and Scribe," the gossiping in the transparent shadows of an "Eastern Bazaar," and all the changes and interchanges of light in the streets—that light which is the life of the East. For this latter all-essential study Mr. Bridgman's French training stood him in good stead, as no other training to be had in the world would have done.

A frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy, Mr. Bridgman has contributed from time to time to the National Academy at New York, among his pictures thus sent home being " Tête-à-tête in Cairo," the " American Circus in Paris," and "In the Pyrenees," which gained him the honours of the Associateship. At the Salon he exhibits continuously, having made his residence permanently in Paris, where a painter whose heart is more in his work than in the world finds a simpler life of artistic sympathy and interchange than can easily be had in London. England, nevertheless, has manifested a keen interest in his work, and the 1887 Spring Exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in Bond Street consisted of a collection of his works—two hundred and thirty pictures, studies, and drawings, ranging in motive from the shores of Bellagio to the old cypresses of Mustapha, Algiers, and from the death-bed of Victor Hugo to the groups of children by a Nubian village, and the swift transit of veiled ladies over the waters of the Bosphorus. "An American Lady," the subject of our larger engraving, was executed by him to represent a type of his countrywomen.



Yours faithly

Peter Graham

(*From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.*)

PETER GRAHAM, R.A.

WHEN a controversy has chanced to spring up upon the relative claims and merits of landscape and figure painters, it has not seldom been asserted that, as a rule, the one knows little or nothing comparatively of the other's art, and that often, so far from being able to practise it, the former could no more make a presentable study of the nude than the latter could represent the effect of a passing shower upon a mountain-side. Mr. Peter Graham, however, it is pleasant to know, won his first honours in his native Edinburgh as a figure painter. Born there in 1836, the son of an accountant, he was placed, at the age of fourteen, at the School of Design in that city, so evident had the youngster's bias become even at that early time of life. Passing through the successive stages of the curriculum, including the "antique" and the "life," he painted and exhibited figure pictures till he was four-and-twenty (1860); and he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in that year. One of these works, indeed, "Fra Angelico before his Easel preparing for Work by Prayer," received the honour of being engraved for the Scottish Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts. Always deeply impressed and affected by the sentiment of Nature, he first while painting out of doors an important background to a figure subject began to think of giving his chief attention to landscape.

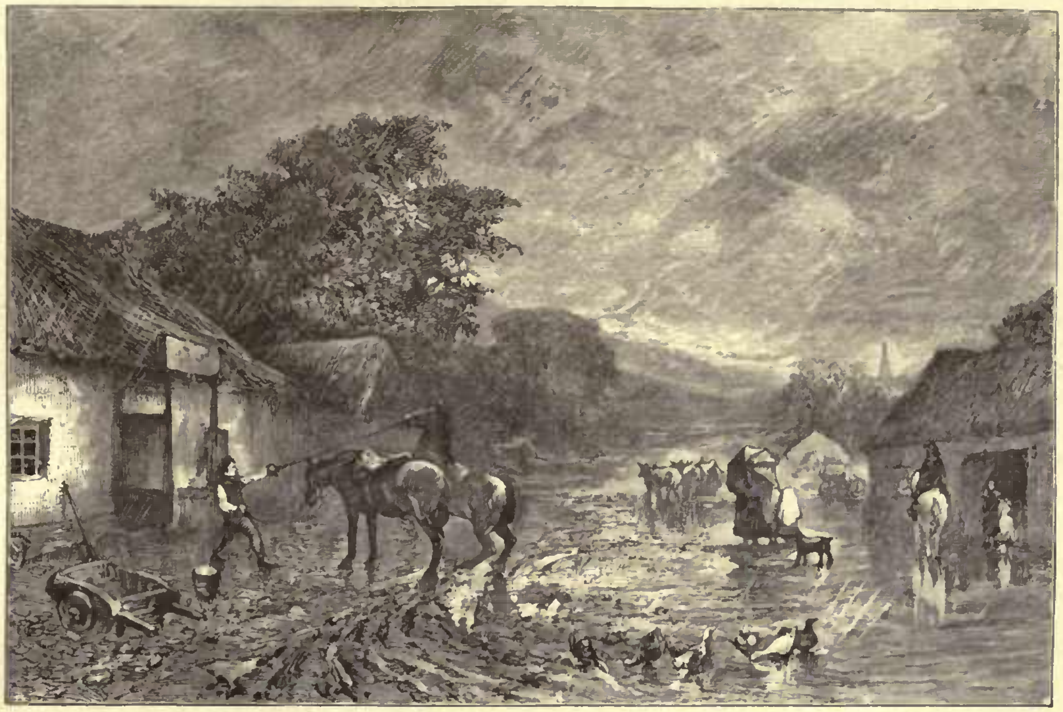
The significant result of the next few years' exclusive devotion to this branch of art was that in 1866 he came to London and exhibited at the Royal Academy the picture which at once established him as a landscape painter of no ordinary powers. "A Spate in the Highlands" created much excitement amongst those who are interested in such matters, whilst its striking merit was acknowledged by all who saw it. Immediately purchased by a dealer, it was re-sold, doubtless at a large profit, within a few days.

Considerable talk was going on just then among artists about the systematic neglect with which the Royal Academy was treating landscape art, chiefly, it was said, because there were no landscape painters, and it was foreseen that the advent of Mr. Graham's picture would put an end at least to this plea. At any rate, it had the effect of drawing public attention to the state of things in Trafalgar Square, the result being that in a very short time a hitherto overlooked though gifted landscape painter was elected an Associate. Mr. Graham, however, as was perhaps reasonable in the case of such a new-comer, had to wait some years before a similar honour was conferred on him; and it was not until 1877 that he could append the initials A.R.A. to his name. He reached this distinction through a succession of highly meritorious works, though not always, it was said, by a sequence of continually developing power. But when an artist makes a great hit with his first picture, it is almost impossible for him immediately to advance the reputation which that has gained for him; indeed, he will be lucky if he can sustain it. Thus, although Mr. Graham never went back, we had no work for a year or two demanding especial mention. In 1869, however, the public readily discerned that he did not intend to be a man of one picture. "On the Way to the Cattle Tryst" and "Autumnal Showers" fully bore out all that his friends had prophesied for him. The former picture particularly displayed him at his best again, and when having found its way into the Gillott collection it some years later came to the hammer with the rest of the great pen-maker's effects, it reached a price far beyond what the artist had originally received for it; whilst its companion of the year, "Autumnal Showers," was carried off as a trophy of English artistic prowess to the National Gallery of Melbourne.

After this there was once more a short pause of expectation. "Afternoon Clouds" and "Among the Hills," in 1870, kept the painter favourably before the public, but the following year everybody was talking about, and rushing to see, "A Rainy Day." This remarkable work expressed more completely, perhaps, than had ever been done before on canvas, the aspect of wet weather in the Highlands. There never was anything *wetter* seen—it was a sensation, but one attained by legitimate and careful art. Every feature and every incident which could help to bring home to the spectator's mind the general unpleasantness and hostility of the elements was carefully thought and worked out. The long straggling street of the village; the soddened thatch of the roofs; the dripping eaves; the foliage heavy with moisture; the splash of the pitiless downpour in puddles and gutters; the effect of the wet on the colour of the unprotected backs of the poor nags about to be tied up to the door of the little inn; the general aspect of a day on which the rain had been falling for many hours with no promise of cessation—all conduced most efficiently to the rendering of the facts, no less than to the expression of the sentiment intended to be conveyed by the scene. We are fortunate in being able to present our readers with an engraving of this picture, by the courtesy of the owner.

It has been said that the sentiment of a landscape is the element of it which chiefly inspires Mr. Graham's genius. The titles of his pictures show this usually in a marked degree, and the poetic ring they always carry with them is amply justified by their treatment. This is robust and sober, the work always of a conscientious student of Nature in her varied aspects, and is never disturbed by the way in which the detail is expressed. Amidst many pictures claiming attention principally on these grounds, there appeared in 1873 another canvas from the painter's hand, having like "A Rainy Day" an objective interest in addition to the subjective one always pervading Mr. Graham's work. "The Cradle of the Sea Bird" was, of course, eminently poetic, the very title—conveying as it does a wealth of associations in a few words—would indicate this. The majestic cliff scenery of the Island of Handa, off the coast of Sutherlandshire (which was the locality depicted), was invested with an overwhelming effect of size and height. The grim face of sheer perpendicular rock, rising straight from the ocean's bed, almost made one shudder to look upon—so forbidding, so awful was it in its stern supremacy. The heaving, treacherous motion of the calm sea, too, was admirably given, whilst the remnant of wreckage floating upon its oily, glassy surface told significantly and pathetically of what such a region would be when within the wild embrace of storm and tempest. But what especially attracted and fascinated the mind was the contrast which this fair, calm weather and the circumstances which gave the name to the picture presented to the terrific feature of the frowning cliff. Thousands of sea-birds, gulls, guillemots, razor-bills, puffins, cormorants, &c., swarmed in all directions; the air was alive with them; every ledge and shelf of rock was occupied; the sea was crowded with them—swooping, floating, diving. One could almost hear their cries as plainly as behold their motion, for it was breeding-time; the cradle of fluffy fledgelings being literally nothing more than the hard, bare rock. Upon this—

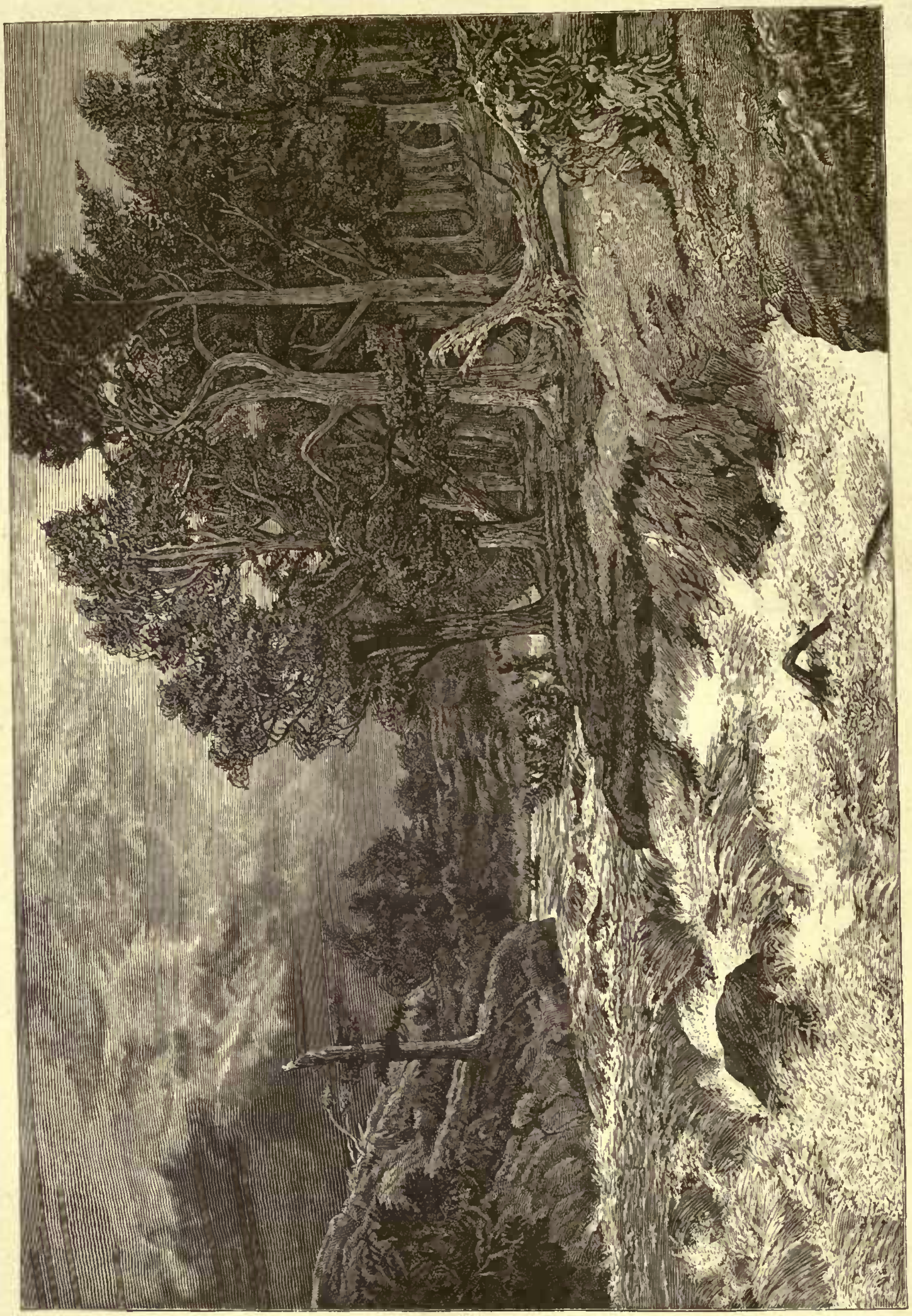
upon every available ledge, cleft, or cranny of it—the mother lays her eggs, hatches and brings up the brood, no soft nest being constructed wherein to cradle these hardy Vikings of the air and sea, and this is the objective ornithological fact that was turned to such good and poetic account in this remarkable production. It might be called an historical picture, from the way in which the true, the actual, were portrayed, just as the "Rainy Day" was an historical record of certain meteorological conditions. The thoroughness and extent of Mr. Graham's knowledge of matters which are supposed to come more within the province of the figure than the landscape painter are, of course, of the greatest advantage to him when landscape has to be illustrated with life. Hence his birds are as well drawn and painted as his skies, seas, cliffs, or moorlands. The same may be said of his cattle and figures, so that when these take prominent places on his canvas they are obviously the work of an accomplished animal and figure painter; indeed, were they simply relieved by a plain tone of colour, or a slight conventional bit of background, they are of sufficient excellence to stand alone as remarkable works, without the additional interest and value which is lent to them by the landscape itself. They are almost good enough to be regarded as the principal features of the subject—as the subject itself, if we please—but as mere adjuncts their excellence is rare, and far beyond what is usually looked for in landscape. Thus, as a whole, Mr. Graham's work gives us a sense of completeness which might be taken as a lesson by all students—



A RAINY DAY.

(In the Collection of Mr. Thomas Taylor.)

a lesson teaching the fact that art is universal and unlimited, and that he who aspires to be an artist in the widest and completest sense of the word should be competent to delineate with equal skill, force, and fidelity, all objects upon which his eye may rest.



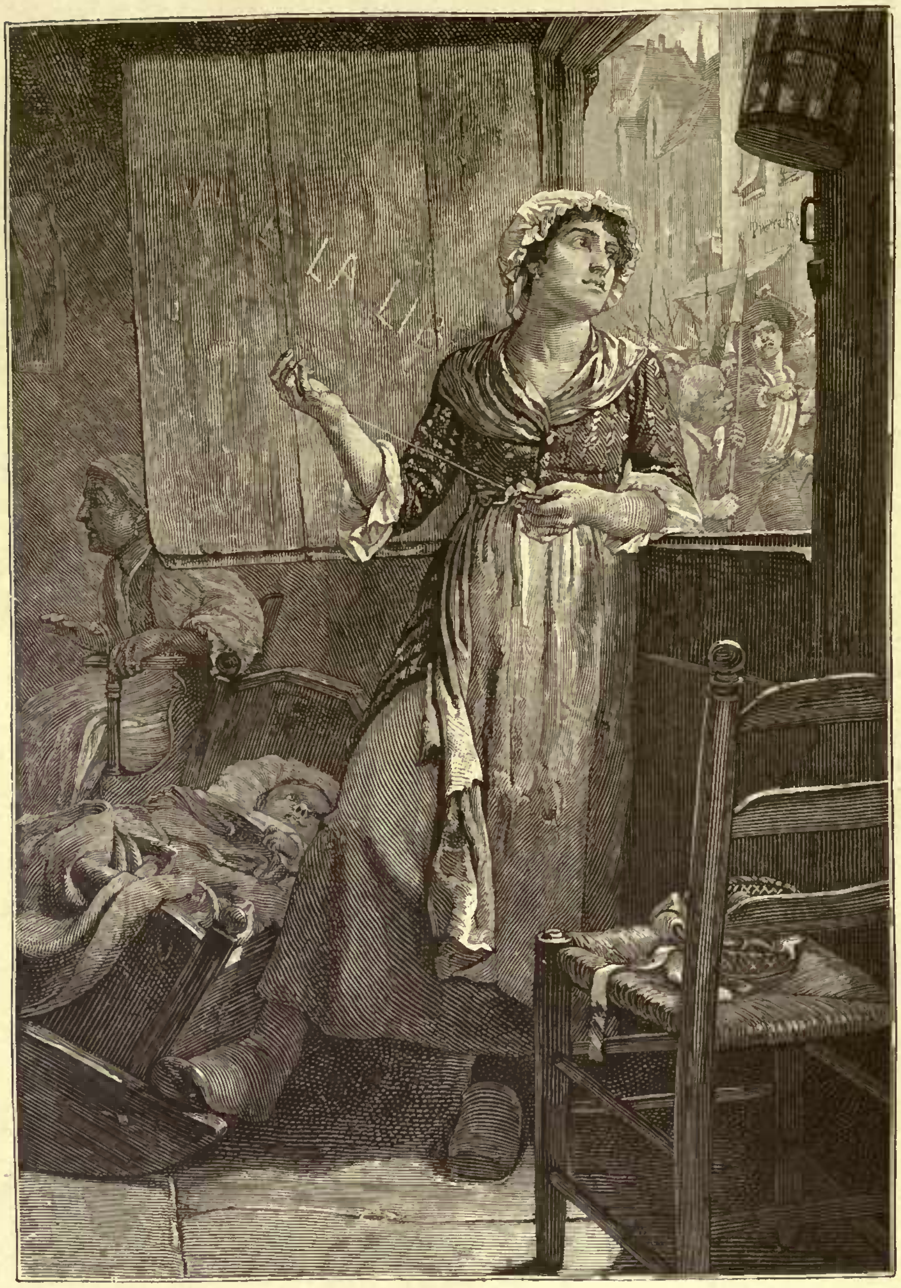
WIND.

(*In the Collection of the late J. K. Cross, Esq.*)

In January, 1877, Mr. Graham (as has been said) was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, as a just recognition of his powers; and the Academy Exhibition of 1882 found him in possession of the full honours of membership. Thus he became not virtually only, but officially, one of the leaders of the Scottish band which has been so conspicuous during some fifteen years in the English galleries. Their work has a quality of vigour which is strictly national. It is a vigour not of style, but of labour. Indeed, the thing called style is no part of the typical landscape art of Scotland, and could hardly co-exist with the singular literalness of conception and explicitness of parts and details in which that art outdoes even the landscape art of England. Nevertheless the place of style is partly supplied by the thoroughness and power which save the work they distinguish from anything like vulgarity.

"Wind" and "The Restless Sea" (1873); "Our Northern Walls" and "The Misty Mountain Top" (1874); "Highland Pasturage," "Crossing the Moor," and "Twilight" (1875); "The Gently Heaving Tide" (1877); and "Wandering Shadows" and "Gusty Weather" (1878), followed one another at Burlington House. In 1879 came "Cloudland and Moor," "Where Deep Seas Moan," and "The Sea-Birds' Resting-place," showing a ledge of rock on a Northern coast, with penguins holding there one of their convocations, more penguin forms being seen in *silhouette* on a distant headland, while others again are dipping over the surface of the washing and swinging waves. "A Highland Drove" followed, a grim chilly scene of mist, feebly lighted by fitful sunshine, with cattle coming down to their watering at a stream; while similar in subject was "A Highland Glen," with its broken skies, red cattle, herdsman, and dog. In the same year (1881), however, Mr. Graham exhibited two works with at least more genial titles—"Pleasant Pastures" and "A Sunny Day," in which the cows are showing their sensibility to hot weather. "Homewards" was the new Academician's diploma picture, contributed in 1882, and with it were "After Rain," in his well-known manner, and another sea-subject, "The Inflowing Tide"—"massy waters" rising against a rock-bound coast. A wreck is introduced into the desolation of the following year's marine picture, "A Lonely Shore." "Evening" and "Passing Showers" appeared next, with a powerful upright composition of dark rocks which rise up out of the spectator's sight, their bases hollowed out by the almost ceaseless movement of the seas of stormy latitudes. Not an inlet, not a shelter, not a ledge for man or boat, on those abrupt headlands, "ribbed and paled in with rocks unscaleable and roaring waters." "Seagirt Crags" gave the painter a subject in 1886 also, his other works that year being "Across the Moor" and "Ramblers."

As a colourist Mr. Peter Graham aims at what "grey" painters of the British school, north and south, have almost always desired—the introducing, with a certain amount of force, of purples and violets to vary the tones of grey and dun. There is almost always a good deal of colour in the mists that come drifting down his steep, deep Highland valleys.



LA COCARDE TRICOLORE.

G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

AMONG the young reputations in which young English art has hope and confidence is that achieved by Mr. Jacomb-Hood, whose short but earnest time of studentship gave its first fruits early. Entering the Slade school in 1875, where he worked under Mr. Poynter and M. Legros, Mr. Jacomb-Hood won within two years the prize for painting from the life, and within three years

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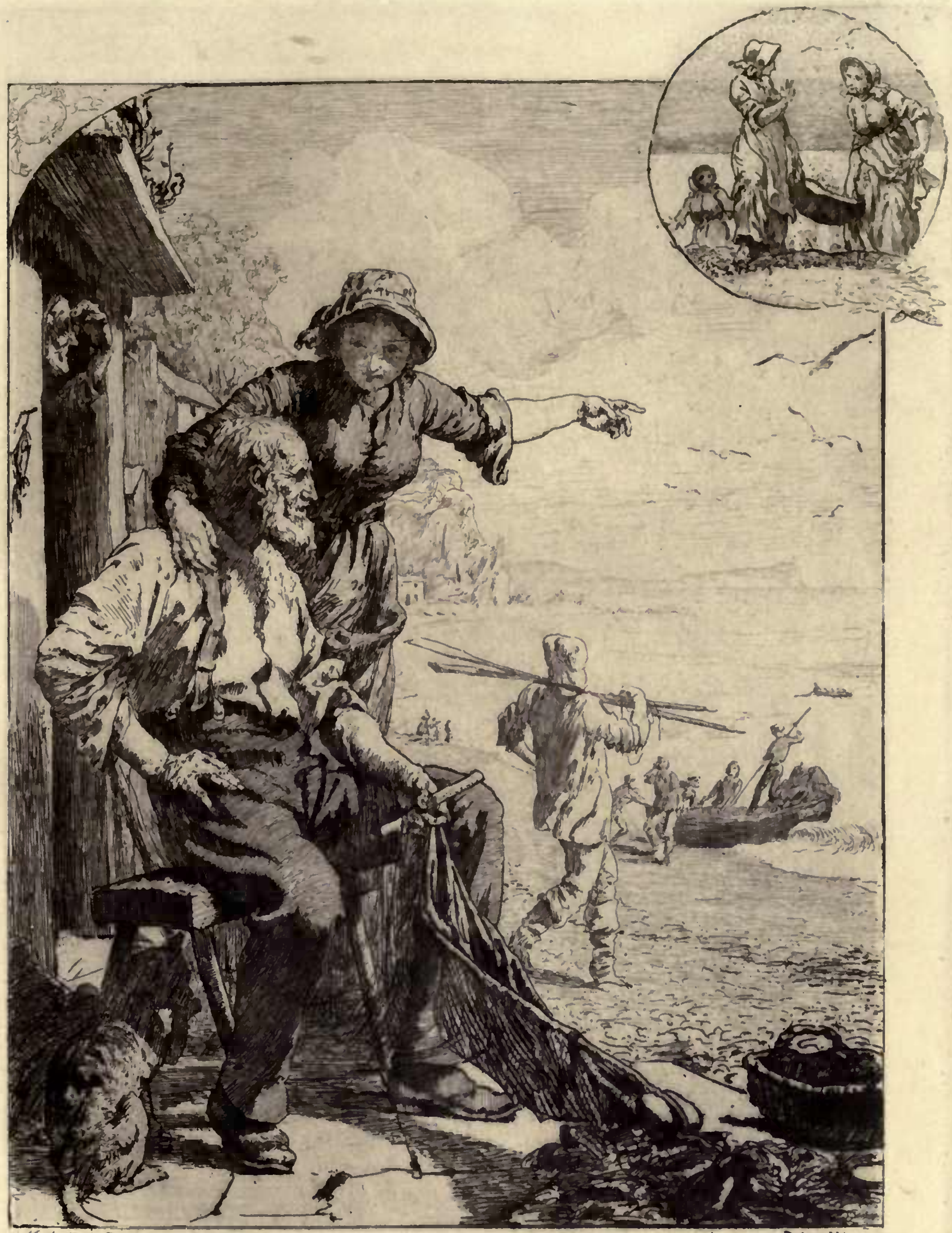


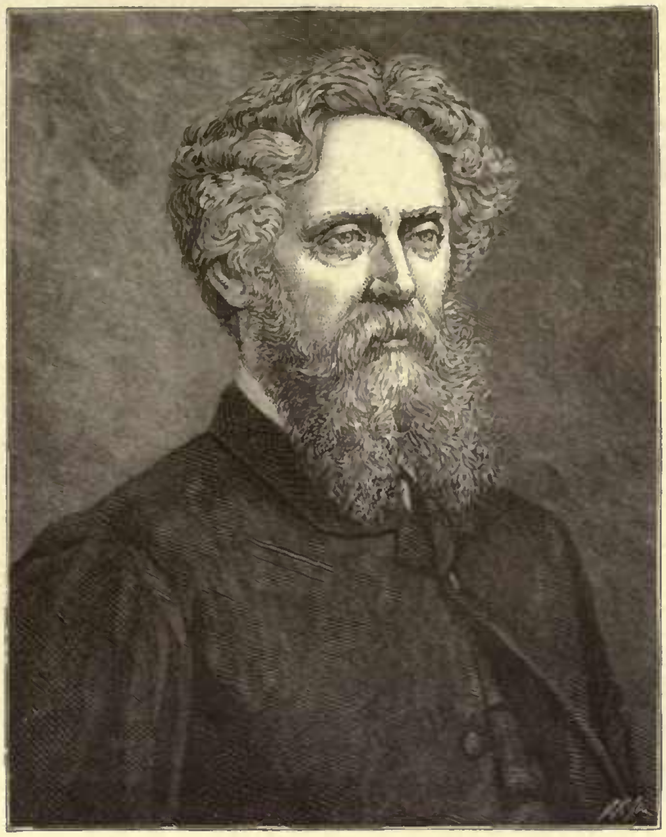
Mackerel in the Bay! Sketch in S. Devon.

P Jacomb Hood

The Fisher Folks' Harvest.

a special prize, given by Mr. Poynter for competition, the subject being the finding of the body of Abel by Adam and Eve. At the same time, his second master declared his opinion of the bent and promise of Mr. Jacomb-Hood's talent by recommending the Council of University College to send him to Madrid to study Velasquez. "Chi fur li maggior tui?" "Who were thy ancestors?" is a question asked by Dante of a shade, but the first and fittest to be put, says Mr. Lowell, the lover of subtle allegory, to the living poet. So it is as regards the living painter. "Who were your forbears? whence is your derivation? from the work of what hands, now at rest, have you accepted the transmission of art? by what lineage is your heredity? and through which of the dead do you succeed to the modest and inspiring immortality *à parte ante*, which is the modern worker's treasured possession?" The answer to such a question as to the past is a sign as to the painter's future; and when we learn that he has chosen to derive and descend from the master Velasquez, we know that he is a student of that quality of *style* which is "the man." "Le style, c'est l'homme" has not for many a year been a saying adopted in England, where the negation of all style has become a kind of national manner—fostered by a great but too literary school of criticism. It is among our younger painters and our students now in the schools that a love of pictorial style, and a consequent devotion to Velasquez, is beginning to rise again.

Mr. Jacomb-Hood exhibited his first picture, "St. Simeon Stylites," at the Royal Academy, in 1879, and received such ready recognition that his work was hung on the line—a fact which, occurring at the *débût* of a Slade student, should go towards refuting the facile accusation sometimes brought against the Academic authorities, of special kindness to men fresh from the Academy schools. "St. Simeon" was bought by Baron Emile Erlanger, of Paris. In 1880 the young painter exhibited "Mercy at the Wicket-Gate," also at Burlington House; and in the same year he accepted a commission from the *Portfolio* to make, in Lancashire, a set of etchings and drawings from Nature, in illustration of a series of articles. The study of etching had become an important part of Mr. Jacomb-Hood's career, and his mastery of expression by the needle will be appreciated from the "Fisher-Folks' Harvest," executed for the *Magazine of Art.* In 1881 he joined the Society of Painter-Etchers; but "rode for a fall" at the Academy with a picture of peasants in an autumnal procession, which he acknowledges to have been "ambitious," and which was not hung. In the following year Mr. Jacomb-Hood had better fortune, both at Burlington House and at the Grosvenor, with a charming group of Spenser's "Una," on her milk-white ass, and a portrait of himself as "A Painter-Etcher." That same year he went to Paris, and worked in the studio of Jean Paul Laurens, producing while there his etching for the *Portfolio*, "Washing Horses in the Seine," and his Academy and Grosvenor pictures, "Pippa Passes" and "Half-Holiday." Returning to England, Mr. Jacomb-Hood painted "La Cocarde Tricolore" for the Academy, "Golden Hours" for the Grosvenor, and "Leave but One Kiss within the Cup" and "Paolo and Francesca" for the Institute. Elected a member of the British Artists in their new life of energetic reform, Mr. Jacomb-Hood has won in their rooms his most conspicuous artistic successes with "Summer-Time," a "'Long-Shore Loafer," "The Crabbing-Smack," and the "Portrait" of 1886. But to the general public his name was, perhaps, made most familiar by the singularly original and painter-like "Jairus' Daughter," at the Academy, in 1885. Passing some time in the following year in the West Indies, the artist had nothing at Burlington House except a frame of etchings, and was represented at the New English Art Club, of which he is a member, by two rather unimportant works. Two months of that year were spent in executing a hundred and twenty drawings as illustrations to "In His Name," for an American firm of publishers. The rest of the year was devoted to studies for a large decorative work in preparation for future exhibition, and to the "Page of Boccaccio" for Messrs. Tooth's Galleries. To the Academy of 1887 the artist contributed "Whither?" and to the Grosvenor Gallery "Jessica," a very delicate study, "Spring," and a portrait. Mr. Jacomb-Hood has exhibited at the Salon both in oils and with the work of the point, his portrait of a "Lady in Black" there, in 1887, having gained the only *mention honorable* accorded in that year to the work of an Englishman.



Very truthfully yours
Noël Paton

SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON, R.S.A., LL.D.,

Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland.

TO attempt a just estimate of a painter still living and working amongst us is like criticising one of his unfinished pictures. This is especially so while the hand shows no symptoms of weakness and the vigour of the mind is unimpaired. In the present paper we do not attempt to give a critical notice of Sir Noel Paton, or to fix his position among the painters of his time, but can merely glance at the main incidents of his career in some sort of chronological order. Like David Wilkie, and many other shrewd Scotchmen who have successfully made their way in the world, Sir Joseph Noel Paton is a native of the ancient "Kingdom of Fife," being born in Dunfermline, its western capital, on the 13th December, 1821. Than Dunfermline few places are more favourable to the growth of poetry and romance.

Its history is the history of Scotland in its days of chivalry and of regal and ecclesiastical magnificence. Here were born King David II., James I., and Charles I., the unfortunate "anointed king" of England; here, in the abbey, are buried King Malcolm Canmore, his Queen St. Margaret, King Robert the Bruce, and many others among the kings and chieftains of Scotland; and on the great square tower one can yet read, as a sort of historical signboard, the name of "King Robert the Bruce" in open capital letters, visible miles away. The ruined abbey and palace are pregnant with romantic associations of its founders, the Benedictines from Canterbury, and of King Edward I. of England., who wintered here in 1303–4. In young Paton's imaginative mind those shadowy reminiscences of cowled monks, rough warriors, and stately dames, must have taken definite shape, and had, as will be shown, peculiar significance to him. His father was connected with the damask manufactures of the town, but was better known as a learned antiquary, a Fellow of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, and a zealous collector of old books and pictures, old casts, and relics of all descriptions. In 1819 he had married a Highland lady, descended from members of some of the most famous clans of the north. From her, no doubt, the young painter and poet had many deeply-interesting recitals of traditionary lore—tales which must have fired his imagination, and made him long for the time when he could embody them in definite shape. Through her also he could claim kinship with the long line of kings and queens that, in his mind's eye, still peopled the old palace and abbey under the shadows of which he lived. Through a noble record of Highlanders and chieftains she could trace her ancestors to King Robert II.—the progenitor of the Stuart line—and from him to Robert the Bruce, and so backwards, through two centuries of kings, to Malcolm Canmore. What wonder that the heir of such a history should have been instinctively moulded to painting and poetry? The daring and chivalrous deeds of his Jacobite ancestors furnished him, doubtless, with subjects for his pencil as a child, and we can well imagine the enthusiastic young student, surrounded by old books and musty armour, within hearing of the abbey bell and the cawing rooks that circled about the ruined walls, poring earnestly over his drawing, or composing verses to the prowess of Sir Angus or Sir Duncan, or to the fierce chiefs of Athol.

His first work of any importance was the natural outcome of this training, and in 1838 he completed a water-colour drawing of "The Combat between Bothwell and Balfour," from Scott's "Old Mortality." In the following year he illustrated another subject from Scott's novels, "Annot Lyle Playing," from "The Legend of Montrose;" and during the next three years we find him busily engaged with drawings and verses for the *Renfrewshire Annual* (supplied gratuitously), and with outline designs in illustration of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" and Milton's "Comus."

So far our artist had been his own tutor, and, indeed, the problem of Sir Noel's career is how he could have become possessed of his comprehensive

THE DEAD LADY.

(By Permission of Mr. Thomas A. Hill, of Edinburgh.)

knowledge of form and drawing without the academical training usually considered indispensable. In 1843 he came to London, and for a few months attended the schools of the Royal Academy, then under the superintendence of Mr. Jones, R.A., from whom he received much kindness and advice. In this year was held the first of the famous cartoon competitions at Westminster Hall, won by "that young pupil of Delaroche," against whom poor Haydon so bitterly and unjustly inveighed, and here, probably, young Paton was a frequent visitor, and made inward vows to measure himself in future contests against the great spirits whose works he saw upon the walls.

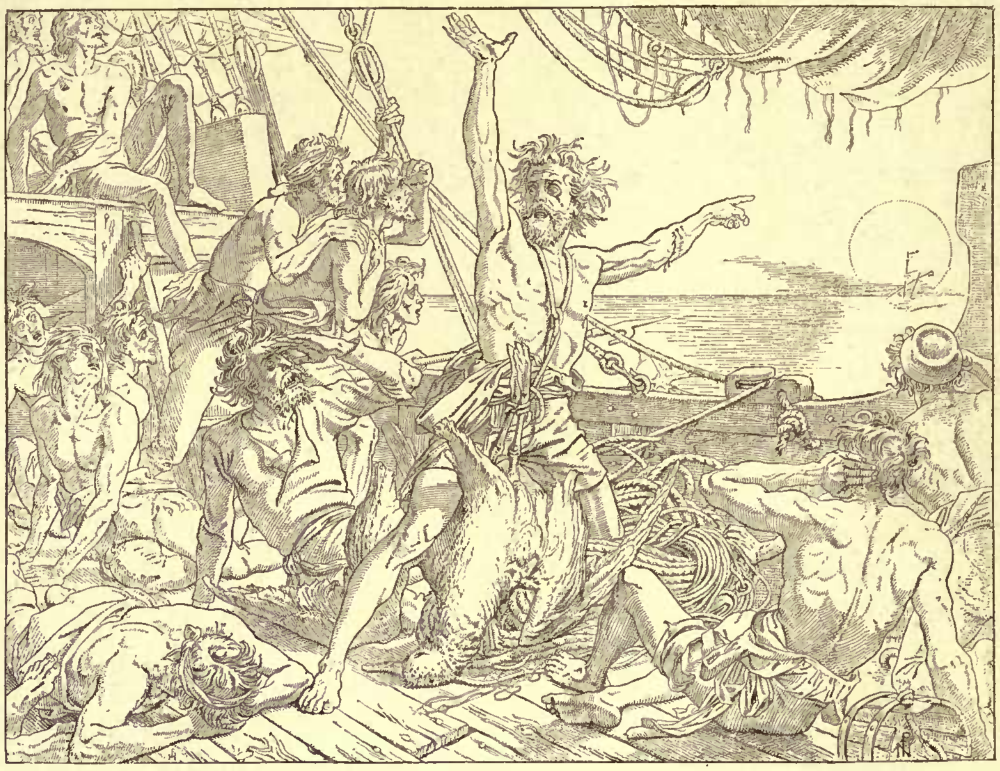
THE ADVERSARY.

In 1844 he is back again in Scotland, and sends his first picture to the Royal Scottish Academy—"Ruth Gleaning"—which is well hung in the exhibition, and brings him much credit. Next year gives him his first great success, and must have been a period of much hard work and anxiety. At the Royal Scottish Academy he exhibits "Rachel Weeping for her Children," and the "Holy Family." Besides these he executes a series of etchings on copper, illustrating Wilson's poem of "Silent Love," a literary effort which has long since departed into well-merited obscurity; and, lastly, he sends a bold and ambitious work, "The Spirit of Religion," to Westminster Hall. We have seen what training he had at this period, and it says much for his natural genius, still more for his technical knowledge and manipulative power, that the Commissioners awarded him one of the three premiums of two hundred guineas. The other two prizes went to Armitage and Tenniel.

In 1846 we have the first of the series of those charming conceptions of fairyland in which Sir Noel Paton is still without a rival. It is in such works as these that the poet as well as the painter has full scope for his imagination, untrammelled by rude conventionalities; and every inch of the canvas is rich with some quaint conceit or delicate play of fancy. His first two works of this class were "The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania," and "Puck and Fairy," both exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy in 1846. To the competition in

Westminster Hall, in the following year, he sent another of these subjects, "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania," and along with it a large work containing many life-sized figures and evincing great strength of design and beauty of drawing, "Christ Bearing the Cross." The fame of the artist was by this time fairly established, and, when the Royal Commissioners decided for the second time to award a prize to him, honours showered in from all sides. The Royal Scottish Academy promptly elected him an Associate of their body, and handsomely purchased his "Reconciliation" for a good round sum. In hot haste, but too late by a post, the Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts wrote, offering him £100 more than the Academy for his picture. To Sir Noel's credit, be it written that he did not hesitate for a moment, and, although it was quite within his power to close with the Association, he held to his bargain with the Academy. The competition for the work was not yet exhausted, however, and last of all, and much too late, of course, the then King of the Belgians expressed a strong desire, through Sir Charles Eastlake, the Secretary to the Commissioners, to obtain the picture for his collection. Seldom has a British artist received such spontaneous and hearty approbation at the outset of his career, and from this date Sir Noel Paton's history is a chronicle of uninterrupted success.

For the next three years our artist's energy was unabated. The Royal Scottish Academy elected him an Academician in 1850, and the following year he sent four important pictures to the gallery; these were "Thomas the Rhymer," "The Father Confessor," "Death of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini," and "Nimrod the Mighty Hunter." During the following years we have a large number of works, among them "Dante Meditating the Episode of Francesca da Rimini," "Eve of St. Agnes," "The Dead Lady" (which we engrave), and "Faust and Margaret Reading." In 1855 his picture of "The Pursuit of Pleasure" (well known through the medium of engraving) was finished, and was sent to the Royal Scottish Academy, where it elicited an almost unanimous chorus of praise as a work of very exceptional merit and displaying high imaginative power. At this time also he executed a sketch for a picture of "Vanity Fair," introducing many hundreds of figures, which, had it ever seen the light, would probably have ranked among the noble achievements of modern art. To those who have had the privilege of examining this remarkable sketch, it appears far to excel in depth of thought any of the artist's published works, and it cannot but be cause for regret that, partly through Mr. Ruskin's dissuasion, partly through the length of time it would have involved, and the consequent severance from other work, Sir Noel Paton felt reluctantly compelled to abandon his design. His next work of importance, this time exhibited in London, at the Royal Academy, in 1856, was particularly appropriate to the year of its exhibition, and came upon the public with peculiar force, while the harrowing details of the Crimean campaign were yet fresh in its recollection. This picture—"Home"—represents a soldier of the Guards returned to his wife and child. He has lost one of his arms on the battle-field, and the hard lines of his face tell of the sufferings he has undergone. The work is replete with homely pathos, and tells its story with unaffected simplicity. Its success at the Academy was immense. Mr. Ruskin accepted it as "a most pathetic and precious picture," and the artist was commanded by the Queen to furnish her with a replica for the Royal Collection at Windsor. In the following year the chief picture was "Hesperus," and at the same time he exhibited two exquisitely finished landscapes in water-colour—studies in the Highlands of Scotland. As the Crimean War evoked "Home," so the Indian Mutiny called forth "In Memoriam." From such earnest work as this the painter must have turned, almost with a sense of relief, to a further series of fairyland—"Oberon and Titania," "The Song of Silenus," and "Oberon and the Seamaid." In 1859 our artist fairly surprised his friends with a striking work of sculpture, and plainly demonstrated that his powers had not yet been fully gauged. In one of those outbursts of patriotic enthusiasm which periodically agitate all communities, it had been decided in Scotland to erect a national monument to Scotia's favourite—if somewhat fictional—hero, Sir William Wallace. The site selected was the top of a wooded hill—the Abbey Craig near Stirling—which commands a majestic view of the valley of the Forth. Plaster models were submitted, and, after much serious deliberation, the Acting Committee at Stirling selected the design bearing the name of Sir Noel Paton,

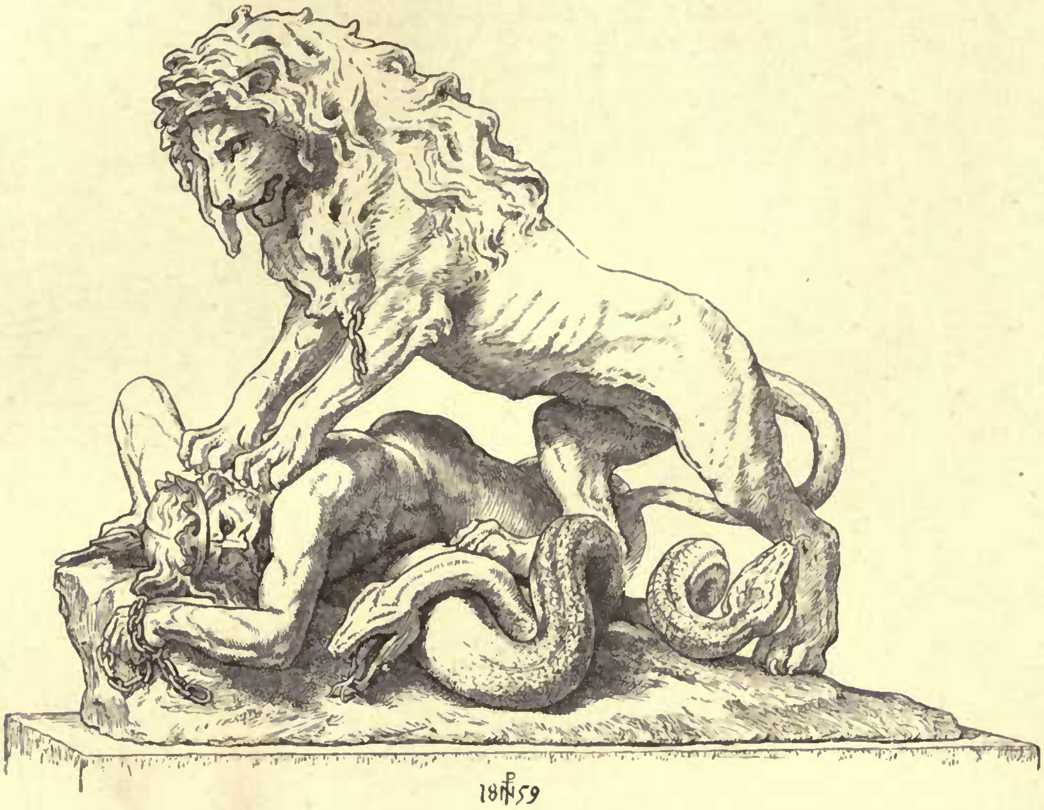


"A SAIL! A SAIL!"—FROM THE DESIGN FOR "THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER."

(By Permission of the Art Union of London.)

"A Lion Struggling with a Typhon." The idea was a magnificent one, but it was never carried out.

From this date there follows a long list of important oil-paintings, designs on wood, and sketches of all descriptions—among them, in 1860, "The Entombment" and "Gethsemane." In black-and-white appeared a grand series in strong outline illustrating the "Ancient Mariner," and a portfolio of drawings on the incidents of negro slavery—then still a disputed question pending the close of the American War. During this period Sir Noel Paton's first volume of poems was published, under the title of "Poems by a Painter," to be succeeded four years after by another volume, "Spindrift." Here again we have the elegant fancy which forms so great an attraction to his lighter works. The verse is always graceful—not very deep, perhaps, not quite true to the rougher side of life—but affecting us with its gentle melody like fragrant perfume. In 1865, to return to pictures, we have "Fact and Fancy" and "The Death Barge of King Arthur"; in 1866, "Mors Janua Vitæ;" in 1867, "The Fairy Raid;" and since then many other notable pictures—"Satan Watching the Sleep of Christ," "The Man of Sorrows," "The Spirit of the Twilight," "Christ the Great Shepherd," "The Man with the Muck Rake," and "Thy Will be Done." In 1867 the artist attended at Windsor, by command of Her Majesty, and received the honour of knighthood



A LION STRUGGLING WITH A TYPHON.

—he had in the previous year been appointed "Limner for Scotland"—and, in 1876, the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. To the Royal Academy, nevertheless, the Queen's Limner has long entirely ceased to contribute. He is more than constant to its namesake of Scotland, but his name is to be found not infrequently in the Grosvenor catalogues, the "Adversary" having been exhibited at Sir Coutts Lindsay's gallery, also the "Christ Weeping over Jerusalem," and "Oberon and the Mermaid":

> "Once I sat upon a promontory,
> And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
> Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
> That the rude sea grew civil at her song."

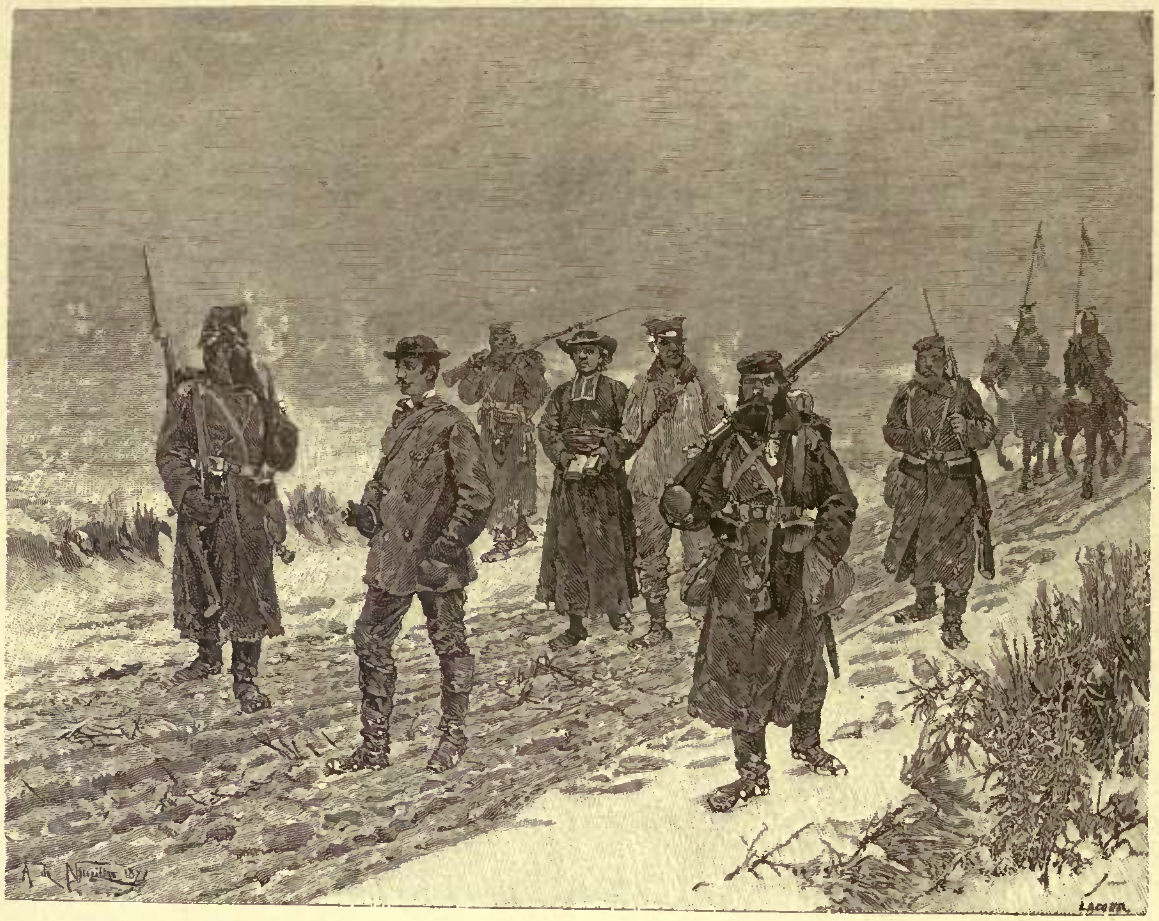
At the Paris International of 1878 Sir Noel Paton was represented by "Caliban Listening to the Music."

votre dévoué
Alph. de Neuville

ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE.

ANECDOTAL literature, anecdotal landscape, anecdotal sculpture, and above all anecdotal military painting, seem to be in the temper of our time. The reason of the preference is not the trivial one which at first suggests itself—that is, a love of gossip, natural gossip or heroic gossip, as the case may be, rather than of solid narrative; for a better reason lies in the fact that a personal man—the human unit—has become very interesting to us of late, and that anecdotal art brings us near to him, and near also to Nature, whose more accidental moods and humbler phases seem to have an intimate interest akin to that of individuality in man. Some epic largeness will of course be lost in the prevalence of this modern fashion, something of the generalities of noble classic art must disappear, but the gain is a gain of truth; and when, in place of Classicism, the world accepted Romanticism with its insistence on human characteristics, it might have foreseen the speedy advent of Realism with its love of human accidents.

The realistic revolution has extended to all the arts. In some of them its effects may be more reasonably lamented than in others, but in one art none will surely hesitate to look upon it as a vital reform—and that is the art of military painting. War is human, intimate, noble, only in its episodes—in its anecdotes. To leave painting for a moment and come to literature: who does not know the stolid, generalised narrative of school histories—the records of Roman campaigns, for instance, each chapter of which ended, in a spirit of cheerful dulness, with the formula, "the garrison was put to the sword"? It is quite certain that in such weary history as this we never come near to any human heart; and so it is with the military painting which was the boast of France before the dawn of the anecdotal age. Even if personal incident was admitted, it only existed in the form of by-play, and never as the leading motive of a picture. Now, we might endure



ON THE ROAD TO A GERMAN PRISON.

(*By Permission of Messrs. Goupil and Co.*)

masses and generalities in politics, love—in any of the interests of life—but we cannot endure them in slaughter. War seen from a distance, from the distance of conventionality and heartlessness, is stupid; it is noble in detail only, and it is of all things the most intimately concerned with experience; and experience, as we know, is the watchword of the Realists.

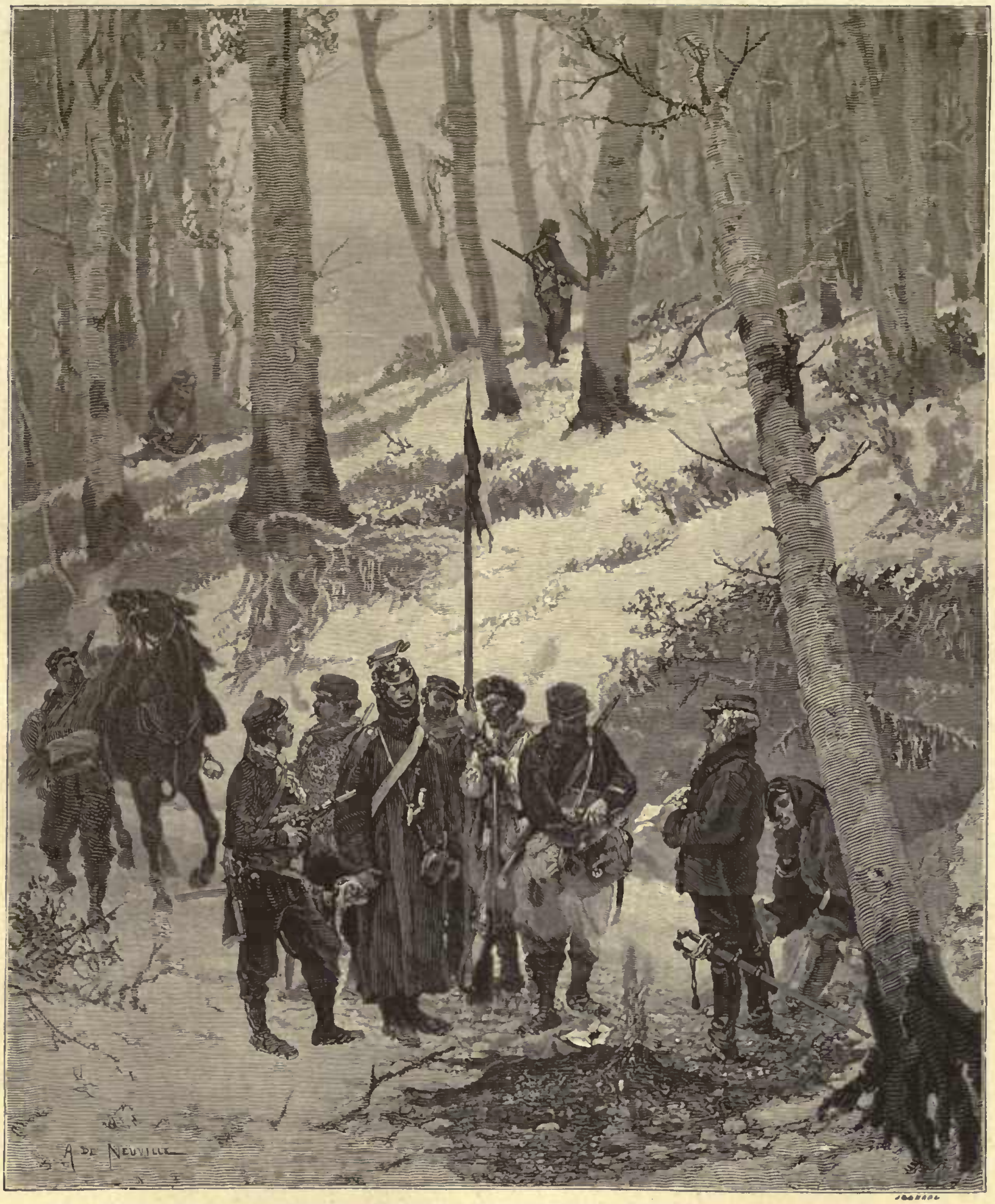
The late Alphonse de Neuville was the leader of modern military art. To him fell the supreme good fortune of being so completely in the movement of his time that he became, in his own art, representative of his time. To hold this happy position it is necessary to be in the very front rank of change and progress; we can all belong to our time in the sense of following its movements, but those who are typical of it and thoroughly representative of it are those who lead it—which is only apparently a paradox.

M. de Neuville was a soldier in all his hopes and sympathies before he knew he was an artist. He was born in 1836, a date which his fresh, swift, and young spirit and manner seemed to belie. Little is to be told of his early boyhood except an unwonted measure of success at college, and his protracted differences with his parents as to his choice of a profession. These difficulties were arranged for a time, and the boy was permitted to enter the preparatory Naval School of Lorient. It was here that the first striking capacity for drawing was manifested, and, according to M. Gustave Goetschy's admirable and interesting notice of the painter's career, it was M. Dubousset, the professor of drawing at the school, who played that part of prophet which is attached to the early years of every genius. "Whatever you do, remember that you will never be anything but a painter," said the professor to his pupil; and all the instruction which he bestowed upon De Neuville was given with a special art, interest, and energy. He led the boy straight to Nature, even the laws of perspective being studied not from a book, but from the lines of buildings in the streets. Upon his return home to Saint Omer, Alphonse de Neuville found that his parents had repented of their former concessions. Permission to enter the Naval School was denied, but, his old drawing-master's prophecy having its weight with him, he was resigned to the refusal, and even consented to enter upon a course of law, intending to devote the ample leisure of a nominal student to strenuous work with the pencil. He took up his abode in the Quartier Latin, and spent his days in sketching the men at the Military School and at the Champ de Mars. He did not begin by a composed picture, for which professional models should sit in uniform; we hear nothing of a studio in this early time; but he drew the men—the man, with all the character and temper and accident of his face and figure, his bearing and gesture.

At the end of three years of this happy work De Neuville had completed his law-studies with a success which surprised himself, in view of his constant and deliberate distractions. But his first announcement, on reaching home, was that of his determination to be nothing but an artist. For a whole year a struggle continued on the subject. No one was unkind or tyrannical to the headstrong youth; but in the eyes of his father he had chosen a deplorable profession. That father, nevertheless, would not thwart his child entirely. The two went together to Paris, and made that pilgrimage to the studios of great authorities, which so many a pair, the young with the old, have performed before and since, portfolio in hand! A favourable verdict of the son's power or promise would have considerable weight in the family decisions. The first opinion sought was that of M. Bellangé, the great military painter of that day, and it was uncompromisingly unfavourable. Bellangé was probably bored by the familiar apparition of a father and son from the country. "Most artists," he said, "die more or less of hunger, and those who survive are not happy men. Take my advice; go back to the provinces." Thence the De Neuvilles passed to the studio of M. Yvon, a military painter of great standing and official character. He gave the aspirant's drawings careful attention, but pronounced against any evidences of talent or promise.

Nevertheless, Alphonse de Neuville won his father's permission to go on his pre-determined way, and entered the studio of M. Picot, who thought so little of his new pupil's attainments that he forbade him the use of colour, and put him back into chalk studies. The student certainly had confidence in himself; he left his master's studio in a very few days, and went to work alone, without teaching, without encouragement, without that solace of the good opinion of others which the strongest hearts require in moments of discouragement. His lonely little studio was brightened by none of these things, but it was the scene of indomitable hard work. In the winter of 1858-59 he had completed his first picture—"The Fifth Battalion of Chasseurs at the Gervais Battery." He took it to his sometime master, M. Picot, to report progress and ask advice. The artist was intensely surprised at the vital qualities of the work. Some faults he found—a hotness of tone, a want of emphasis in the values of the foreground. De Neuville, though so self-reliant when the world cast him on his own resources, was not a man to reject the advice of experience when given with due thought. He altered his picture, and had the pleasure of seeing it placed in the Salon and awarded a medal. More precious, however, to the young man than the hard-won praise of a contemptuous former teacher, and than the prize of a Salon jury, was the encouragement given by Delacroix, who saw in his work that quality of movement which was to distinguish future pictures so eminently. Alphonse de Neuville was admitted to the intimacy of the master's studio, and found there a helping hand which drew him precisely on the way which his own nature prompted him to follow. "Study movement," said Delacroix; "movement is more than form."

In 1860 M. de Neuville received a commission from an artistic society to paint the taking of Naples by Garibaldi. He went to the spot to study the scene and the people, was present at the siege of Capua, and enjoyed himself greatly among the excitements of war in a lovely country. The result was a tolerably bad picture, fifteen feet long, which subsequently had an ignominious fate. But in the following year he achieved a canvas of thoroughly solid merit—"Chasseurs of the Guard in



INTERCEPTED DESPATCHES.

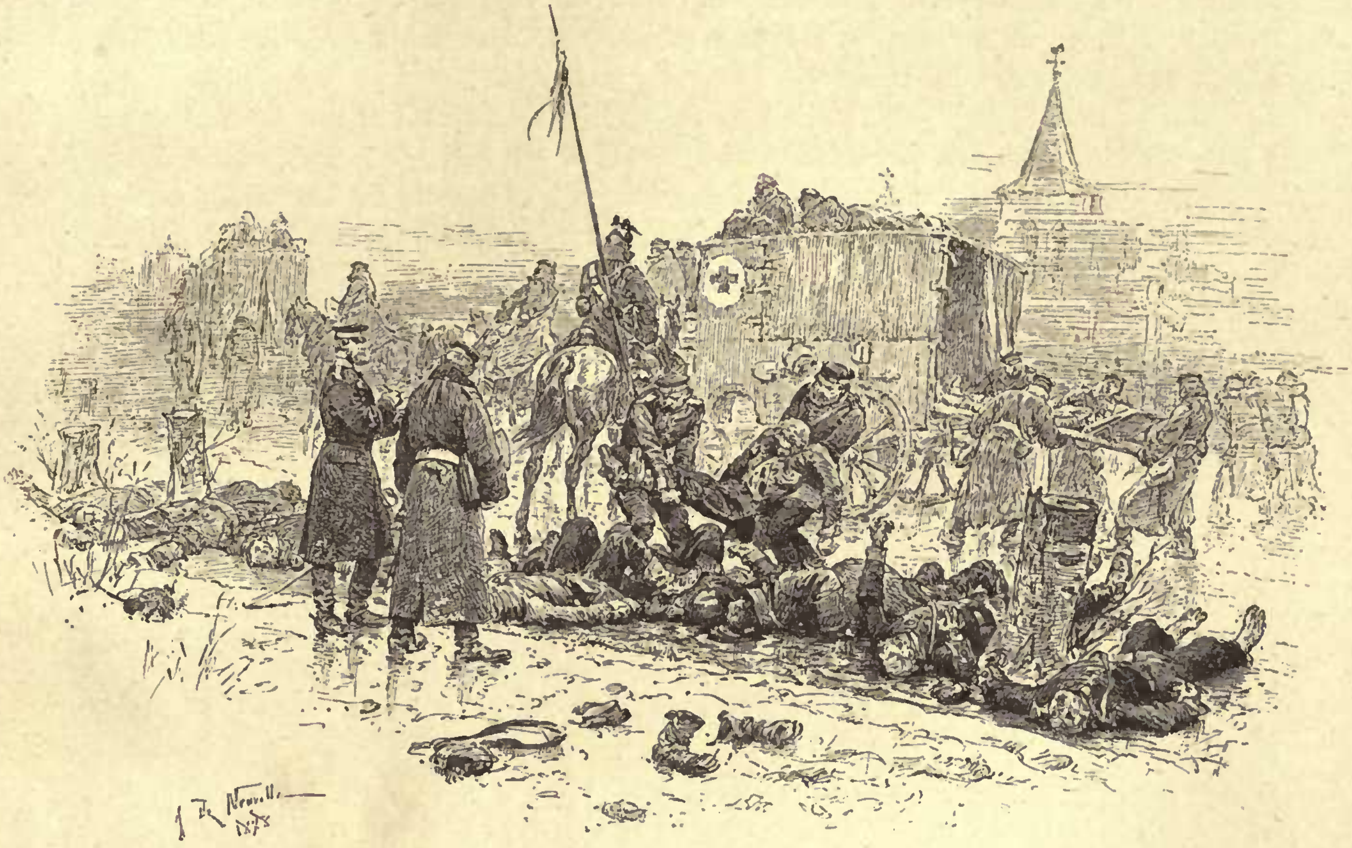
(By Permission of Messrs. Goupil and Co.)

the Trenches of the Mamelon Vert"—which obtained a second medal. By two more such successes at the Salon his work was placed *hors concours*—that is, free of entrance without any possibility of exclusion. Artists and critics were treating him with serious respect; nevertheless, commissions were not exactly plentiful; and it was at this time that M. de Neuville was obliged of necessity to turn his hand to illustration. He became, in effect, the most industrious of workers in black-and-white. His biographer, to whom we have already referred, declares that the walls of the *maison* Hachette (his publishers) might be papered from the cellars to the lofts with his drawings. Among the most memorable works of this kind are the illustrations to Guizot's "History of France."

In 1864 M. de Neuville was able to rest for a while from illustrating and to return to the brush. He painted "The Attack upon the Streets of Magenta by the Chasseurs and Zouaves of the Guard," which made a brilliant success, and was bought by the State for the artist's native town. This was followed in 1866 by a "Zouave Sentinel," and in 1867 by "The Battle of San Lorenzo." At about this time the modern character of his painting of soldiers was beginning to assert itself more strongly. He was shaking off the last vestiges of the impersonal, generalised, and classical manner of his predecessors; in subject he was, of course, at the same time abandoning battles more and more, and cultivating episodes, studying the habits and ways and temperament of the soldier—his simplicity, carelessness, directness, good faith, the seal which service sets upon the varied natures of the ranks. M. de Neuville's Salon picture in 1868 was bought by the State for the Museum at Lille. It represented the *Chasseurs à pied* crossing the Tchernaïa, and was the most characteristic of the artist's work up to that period.

And now upon that vivid dramatic mind, which had imagined so much and realised so intensely, was to be placed the sign of fact and experience, giving his art the value of the truth—the truth with its turns, its unexpectedness, its paradox, its inimitable power. The war of 1870 gave this dolorous crown to the artists of France. Immediately on the outbreak of hostilities, M. de Neuville took service as an engineer officer of the auxiliary troops, and subsequently was attached as commissariat officer to the staff of General Callier. In the hard and cruel service of that terrible winter, in the snow and cold and misery of bivouac and battle, on the field of Le Bourget and Champigny, he learnt to know and love the nature of the soldier, but to hate what he well calls the stupidity of war, its blundering, blind massacre and destruction of the sentient characters, the endless varieties, the infinite individualities of men. It was then, indeed, that he must have recognised how well he had done in choosing anecdotal instead of historical war. Seen from a classic distance war seemed something too detestable for art; but looked at close, all was human—the shiver of the soldier in the frost, the pathetic grotesque position in which he slept, the position in which he died, the mean, poor, and pitiable heroisms of his life and death. M. de Neuville found, of course, that art must exercise a certain reticence; the whole truth cannot be told, as every one knows who has had a glimpse of a battle-field in the absolute sincerity of the photograph, but this is a matter of degree and not of kind.

That campaign made by an artist bound to the work of a soldier must have been a curious one. The observant eye must have been quickened by a sympathy more than artistic, and the participation of cold and weariness and horror must have given a more intimate sincerity to every line sketched afterwards from painful remembrance. Nor did the experience of 1870 ever pass from the mind of the artist, who studied in a life-academy compared to which the classes of all the schools of art are like a play of puppets. The first-fruits of his service was "The Bivouac before Le Bourget," exhibited at the Salon of 1872, and in the following year appeared that most memorable picture "The Last Cartridges," which gained the cross of the Legion of Honour, and established the artist not only in the estimation of the painters and critics, but in the affections of all French people. Even amongst ourselves the work is too well known by means of reproductions to need a detailed description. It is enough to remind our readers that it showed a handful of French Chasseurs who have defended themselves in the upper room of a shot-riddled house until their cartridges are exhausted, and they prepare, whole, unwounded, and at leisure, for the inevitable massacre. The most significant figure of the little garrison is the boy who has thrust his idle hands into his trousers pockets, and is sombrely waiting for death. The absence of all bombast, insincerity, and self-



KILLED AND WOUNDED: "APRÈS LE COMBAT."

(Reproduced in fac-simile from the Heliograph by Dujardin.)

consciousness, from this group is, of course, the source of its power. The picture was the foremost of its year; engraving, lithography, photography, and a dozen methods of fac-simile, brought it into the homes of civic and provincial France. Less brilliantly happy in subject, but of admirable truth, was "The Fight on a Railway," which followed "The Last Cartridges." Here a wounded lieutenant points the way to a crowd of "Mobiles" who go forward with a kind of headstrong resolution and persistence; a tall Prussian bars the way. In the same year was exhibited "The Sea-weed Harvest," in which the figures of peasant women are treated with an uncommon power, and the stormy sea and windy atmosphere are full of the impression of Nature.

The picture of 1874—"Attack by Fire upon a Barricaded House at Villersexel"—has been pronounced the artist's best work in its unity of composition, energy of feeling, and draughtsmanship. "Le Bourget" has been in England, and will assuredly be remembered for its vivid truth, its solidity, and effect of *fact*, and for the revenge taken by the artist upon his country's victors, whose Teutonism he has emphasised in all its coarsest attributes, with Gallic scorn. The scene, it will be remembered, is a homely village street, with its humble church—a familiar little theatre for an awful tragedy. A handful of French have defended themselves within the church until the shot poured in through the shattered windows has not left one of the garrison unhurt. The helmeted Prussians stand aside while a gun, just ordered up to finish the matter, comes clattering along the narrow village street. Meanwhile the garrison has at last surrendered, and out of the now open door are borne the broken, bleeding creatures, and laid down at the sides of the church steps. The Prussian commandant gives his orders with a most characteristic but in no way exaggerated air of business, expressed in his broad back. In "A Trench before Paris," an officer and six men of the "Mobiles" are asleep under a bank of snow before a fire dying out. They lean together, and droop, and crouch; handkerchiefs bound round their frozen ears, their *képis* thrust awry, their hands wrapped round in their blankets—their positions are the uncouth attitudes of real sleep in cold and misery. Through the dark snow-laden air peers the sentinel over the wall of frozen earth. "Prussian Prisoners in the Church of Villersexel" was another infinitely intelligent study of character, and was seen in this country; so was "The Fight upon the Housetops." As a piece of out-of-door tone, sunlight, and atmosphere, with great power and movement in the figures, must be mentioned "Sharpshooters in the Genêts." Nevertheless, M. de Neuville was neither a painter of sunshine nor a colourist; he had some disagreeable habits of blackish colour, and of hot, harsh grey effects without warmth. As a master of tones and also of values he was an accomplished painter, as was proved by his "Rorke's Drift." In execution and in draughtsmanship he was at times too facile and too impressionary for solidity. If we hazard the criticism that M. de Neuville painted a soldier's boots, with all their character, temper, habits, and history, rather than a soldier's feet, we are only expressing our conviction that he relied too exclusively on the

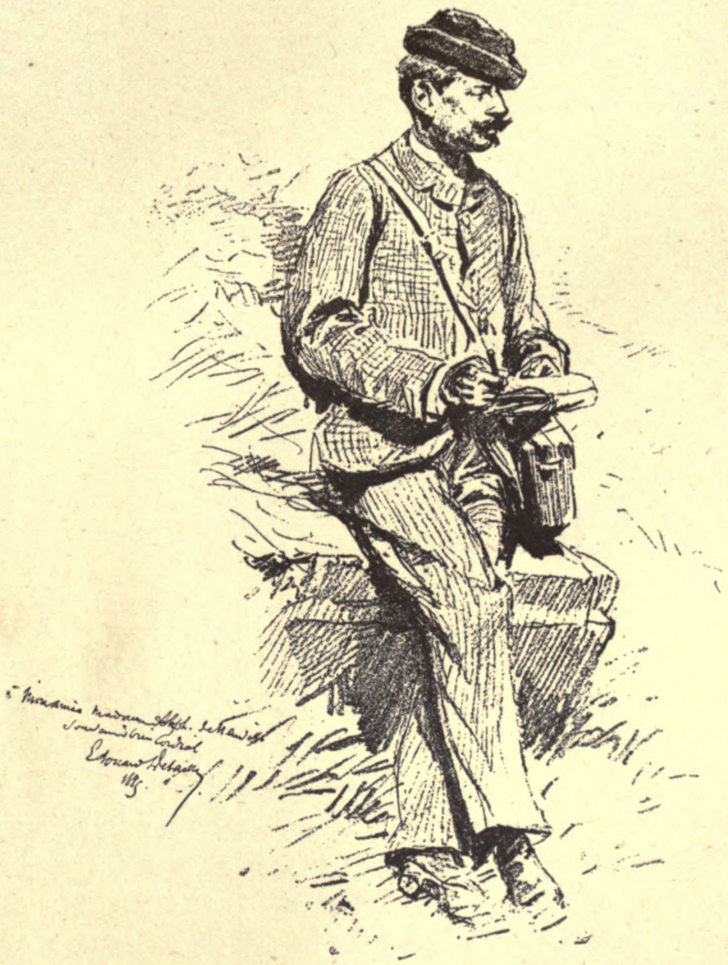
"FORWARD!"

impression. But this is only the exaggeration of a great quality; for he had the distinctively Latin faculty in art—intelligence of the eyes. This is the simple, single, and direct power, for lack of which intellectual England is comparatively poor in painters.

In his "Rorke's Drift," just referred to, M. de Neuville succeeded brilliantly —nay, triumphantly—in one of the most trying tasks of modern art. English painters have often attempted scenes of French warfare, but few French artists have ever identified themselves with a purely English military interest; and such an identification is a matter of very great difficulty to the French genius. M. de Neuville painted the German soldier with a memorable meaning, but he had also fought the German soldier, whereas with English military life and types he was entirely unacquainted. Add to this the remoteness of the scene depicted, and the fact that "The Defence of Rorke's Drift" was painted principally in Paris, and we shall not be judged to have exaggerated the drawbacks with which he had to contend. M. de Neuville took as his principal incident the rescue of the sick and wounded from the hospital which had been set on fire by the Zulus. The moment is that following the bursting of the flames; the cruel slaughter has just taken place within, but thirty of the patients are in the act of being saved from under the very hands of the enemy. Meanwhile the little platform in front of the blazing building, defended by its improvised redoubts of mealie-bags and biscuit boxes, is the object of attack, not at one point but at many, from a swarm of Zulus who are scarcely seen, being on lower ground and masked by the dwarf barricades. Major Chard and Major Bromhead are directing the defence at different points of the composition; Surgeon-Major Reynolds is in the act of applying a hasty bandage to the wound of the heroic Dalton; the Rev. George Smith is energetically serving cartridges at the same time that he does what he may to repress the strong language that is flying about the little stronghold; and Corporal Scheiss, of the Natal Contingent, is another conspicuous figure. The very dog, which belonged to Surgeon-Major Reynolds, is historical, though his part in the fray seems to have been negative. Note has also been taken by the artist of every peculiar characteristic of the night's warfare—the sheer downward firing of our men, who knelt upon the bags and boxes and delivered their volleys straight on to the heads of the Zulus; the reckless heroism of the enemy who tried in several instances to wrench the bayonets from our rifles with their hands, being at the next moment blown to pieces at point blank. Yet careful as the artist was about individual actions, his chief aim was to render the general pictorial aspect of the scene, and this he did with fine effectiveness.

After the war M. de Neuville's pictures had not been admitted to the Salon, as the Government considered them to be of such a nature as to interfere with their policy towards Germany; and consequently he was excluded from competition for the official prizes. It was during this period that he produced two of the characteristic pictures here engraved. Comment is needless where the brush has laboured so conscientiously as to leave nothing in need of explanation. "On the Road to a German Prison" is certainly among the very best representations of motion that art at any time has given us.

The restriction which has just been referred to, however, was at last removed; for in a liberal change of constitution granted to the Salon, M. de Neuville was appointed a member of the administrative commission, and again contributed as in earlier times.



ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE.

(*From a Sketch by Edouard Detaille.*)

TROPHIES OF VICTORY.

A. C. GOW, A.R.A.

ANDREW C. GOW was born in London in 1848, and began his regular studies at Heatherley's School of Art, practising water-colour drawing especially with so much ability that he was elected to the Institute at twenty years of age. Two years later he had his first picture at the Royal Academy—"A Suspicious Guest"—so that he gained while quite young an encouraging measure of success. Mere admission to the yearly shows is a kind of distinction waited for by many a painter beyond the age at which Mr. Gow was a regular exhibitor at the chief open exhibition in England, and a chosen member of what was in those days one of the principal exclusive societies. In 1872 he contributed "Captain Bobadil" to the Academy, and a water-colour of the "Relief of Leyden" to the Institute. And in the following year his Burlington House picture was the "Introduction of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the Kit Cat Club." In 1874 Mr. Gow had nothing on view except water-colours at the Institute. It was perhaps in 1876 that we may fix the date of a first conspicuous success—a picture that took the public eye by its motive, its well thought-out composition and dramatic intention, and by the many other large and lesser qualities which make for the effect of importance. This was the "Relief of Leyden," already well meditated by the artist in his water-colour version above referred to. This picture, which has since gone to the Sydney National Gallery, was remarkable for the simplicity of manner that accompanied its skill. The arrangement of the group, their variety and invention, show considerable artistic preparation. Close up to a crowded quay comes the heavy-laden barge, navigated by sailors, whose energetic action with their oars and poles is in clever antithesis to the forward movement of the other figures. Another effective contrast also is that between the congratulatory pleasure of the much-desired new-comers and the intense, physical, and pitiable joy of the famishing men and women on land, who are feeble and eager and absorbed in their own overwhelming wants. The colour is equally well balanced with the composition and the expression. Next year came an even more elaborate subject—"Tumult in the House of Commons, 1629" —taken from the "Domestic State Papers" of the reign of Charles I. In the rude room of the legislature the rude legislators, who have work in hand that will not brook delay, are holding down the Speaker in the chair. Of this picture it may perhaps be said that as in much other work by young painters, the well-deliberated figures are better in attitude than in action. The quality of movement, generally the first an artist desires, is seldom the first he achieves. Repose, however, prevailed in the pictures of 1878—"News from the Front" and "A War Despatch at the Hôtel de Ville," the one being a group of three poring over the news of some enterprise of their master, the great Bonaparte, and the other the proclamation through the wide-open window of some victory for the French arms of about the same period. The proclaimer stands on a chair, and there is excellent expression in his attitude.

To the Academy of 1879 Mr. Gow—always extremely well treated by the hanging committee—contributed "A Musical Story by Chopin," a most graceful group of men and boys around a piano, at which the dreamy child sits inventing on the keys; and "No Surrender." Here the scene is grim indeed, being akin to the situation given by De Neuville in "Les Dernières Cartouches." Mr. Gow's warriors have turned at bay in the loft of a house taken by assault. They have gained the loft by a trapdoor and a ladder, and they are drawing the ladder up after them. Two of their wounded also they have hauled up into the garret. It now remains only to do what damage may be done through the trapdoor while a shot is left; and then it will still be "no surrender." To the following year belongs "The Last Days of Edward VI.," a picture of most painful interest. To an open window the dying boy is carried, apathetic with the weakness of the last hours, and they lift him into the light, that the people may see their king is still breathing. Mr. Gow quotes from a letter written by Ambassador Scheyful to Charles V., on July 4th, 1553, as given by Froude in his history:—"As to the king's health, sire, it is still the same as I wrote you on the 27th ult. Since then he has been shown at a window at Greenwich, where many saw him, but in such a plight, so weak and wasted, that the people said it was death. This was done because the Commons began to murmur, and to say that he was dead." It is a pathetic presentation of the truth, so often illustrated in the days when Royalty was all important in the world, that if monarchs were idolised in life, in their death, with its many consequences of State, they had not the pauper's privilege of peace.

In another range of subjects must be classed the "Montrose at Kilsyth," one of the earliest of the pictures in which Mr. Gow showed his study of horse-drawing—which we are inclined to consider as an art in itself, distinct from landscape, "animals," and "the figure." Just as a horse has a right to the masculine pronoun, so he should be separated from the cattle and sheep in art—and certainly the quality of draughtsmanship which he requires demands the distinction. Mr. Gow's "Montrose" is a gallant figure, and he bestrides a charger of grand breed, excellently treated. A still more elaborate study of horses comes next—the "Jacobite Proclamation," a scene in a wood, where a hunt is apparently made the pretext for some turbulent politics. "Consuelo," a charming composition, and "Trophies of Victory" were at the Royal Academy in 1883, the latter being one of the painter's most careful and complete works. Its hero is that Prince Maurice, Count of Nassau and Prince of Orange, son of William the Silent, who was admired as the first general of his time, and who enlarged the borders of his dominions by his victories. In 1884 appeared "Bothwell" and "The Dog of the Regiment," and in 1885 a picture with a particularly original and charming motive—"Absolution to the Lost at Sea." On a windy headland of the Algerian coast the priest of "Notre Dame d'Afrique" stands to pronounce the prayer of absolution with his face to the waters. The young cross-bearer faces him, having on either side a younger acolyte; and beyond the boyish heads lies the far horizon. There is something uncommonly impressive in the absolute mystery and secrecy of the waves before this solemn conjectural benediction. And the painter has not strained the situation by any emotional expression; the act is performed with the simplicity of a serious but well-known routine. Of course the incident was studied on the spot—it is not one that imagination could invent, as, indeed, imagination could hardly idealise it. And next year appeared another result of the visit to the African coast—"Algerian Gossip," with which was exhibited "The Horse-Dealer." Another excellent subject, with its mingling of tumult and pause, of fight and psalmody, the painter found in his "Cromwell at Dunbar," inspired by Carlyle's words: "The Scotch army is shivered to utter ruin, rushes in tumultuous wreck hither, thither. . . . The Lord-General made a halt, says Hodgson, and sang the 117th Psalm, till our Horse could gather for the chase."

The illustrations to "King Estmere" are designed for the ballad which Bishop Percy held to be the most ancient in his collection, and which tells how the king and his bold young brother Adler rode to the court of King Adland to sue for the hand of the fair princess for Estmere. But when they came to the gates,

"Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes laced in pall."—KING ESTMERE.

(*From "British Ballads."*)

they found that the King of Spain had been just beforehand, and had got by threats the promise of the lady.

"The Kyng of Spayne is a foul paynim,
  And believeth on Mahound,
And pity it were that lady fair
  Should marry a heathen hound.

"Then Kyng Estmere pulled forth his harp,
  And played a pretty thinge."—KING ESTMERE.
(From "British Ballads.")

"But grant to me," says King Estmere,
  "For my love I you pray,
That I may see your daughter deare
  Before I goe hence away."

"Although it is seven yeares and more
  Since my daughter was in halle,
She shall come down once for your sake,
  And glad my guestes alle."

Down then came that maiden fayre,
  With ladyes laced in pall,
And half a hundred of bold knights
  To bring her from bowre to halle;
And eke as many gentle squieres
  To waite upon them alle.

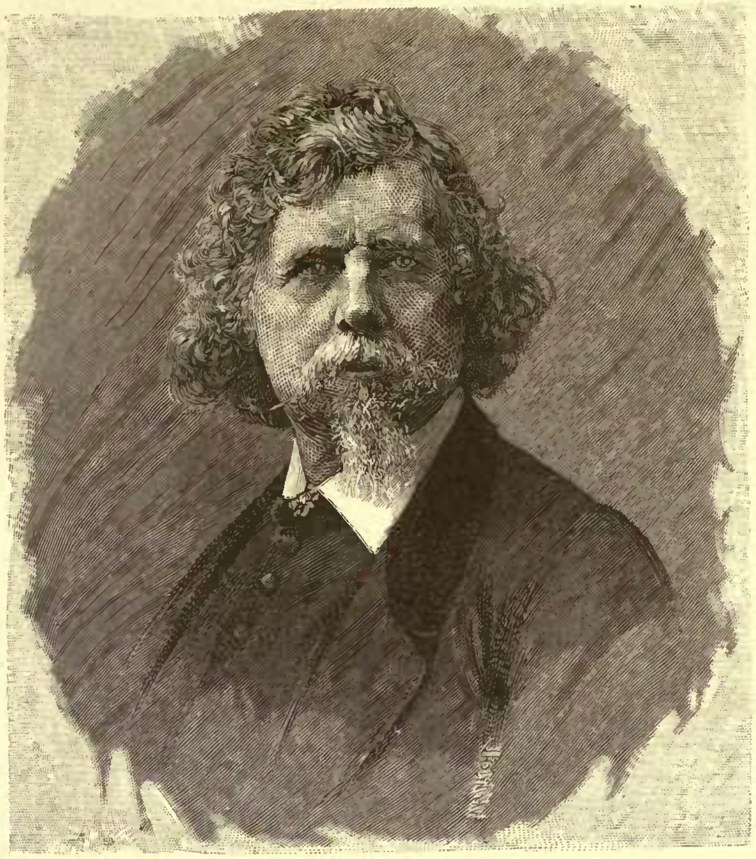
Then the princess, at the sight of her Christian suitor, with whom she exchanges fair and pious greetings, throws over the "paynim," and tells Estmere that she hopes his suit may speed. In spite, indeed, of the misgivings of old King Adland, whom Mr. Gow has presented as a good-natured soul, the young people promptly pledge their troth, and Estmere rides to his own country to get an escort to fetch home the bride. But scarce have the brothers ridden a mile before King Adland's daughter sends after them to say that the King of Spain is again at the gates, and that they must turn and fight or lose her. Then the wise young Adler advises his brother. There is a herb of the field that will turn black and brown the colour of those who are white and red; with this they will disguise themselves and go back as harpers to King Adland's court. Thither they come, protected by magic, and the "proud porter" admits them, though he knows them again, and Estmere flouts the paynim and harps so sweetly in hall, that the lady laughs loud laughters three in her delight.

"Now sell me thy harpe," said the Kyng of Spayne,
"Thy harpe and strings eche one,
And as many gold nobles thou shalt have
As there be strings thereon."

"Now sell me, Sir Kynge, thy bride so gay,
As she sits laced in pall,
And as many gold nobles I will give
As there be ryngs in the hall."

Then the brothers declare themselves in their songs to the lady, and fall upon the paynim king and slay him and his "Kemperye men," and bear the bride home to Merry England.

Mr. Gow is young, and has, in his own modest opinion, "all his work still to do," and if the list of his pictures is long for his years of labour, he himself looks upon them far less as achievements than as means and signs of study and progression.



Yours Truly
W. H. Beard

WILLIAM H. BEARD, N.A.

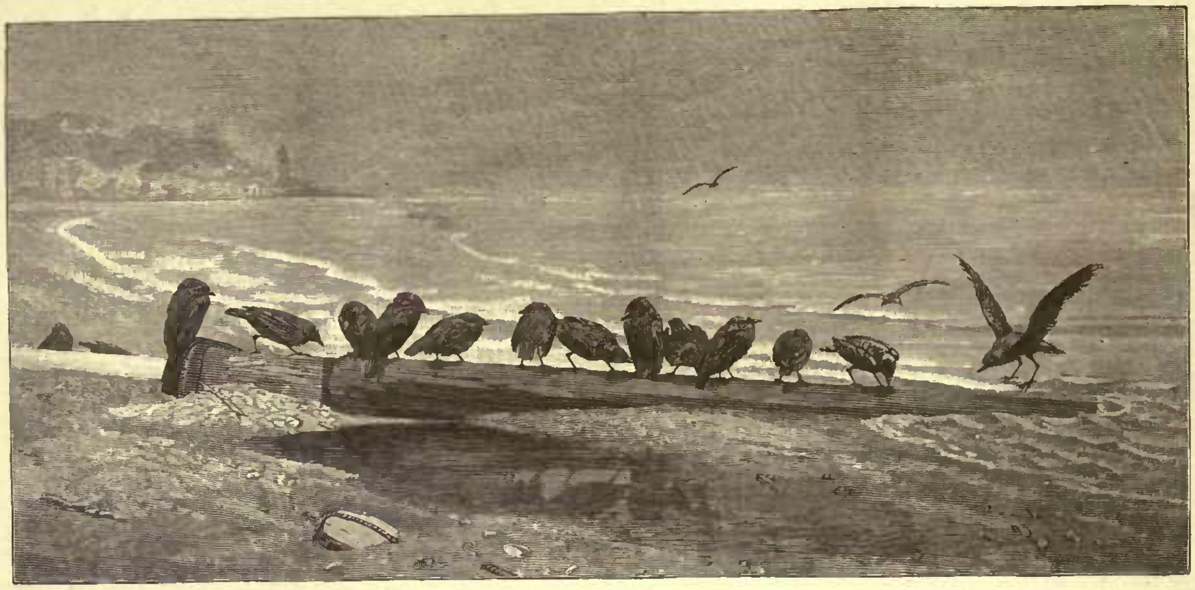
IT is to the State of Ohio that we must look for the birthplace of one of the most powerful and original artists America has produced. William H. Beard was born at Painesville, Ohio, in 1821. His grandfather, who was of English descent, was a Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. The impulse to express his thoughts with a pencil sought a vent early in the case of Mr. Beard. But at first it took a turn which one who has seen only his animal paintings would hardly expect to find in his art. It was the mysterious and the horrible that the lad sought to delineate. And in a small garret over a shop this uninstructed youth attempted to represent such scenes as the meeting of Satan and Death in "Paradise Lost." But aside from his absolute want of instruction, his representation of the Devil was the traditional grotesque fiend of the Middle Ages, with forked tail and horns. Young Beard's mother, who was a woman of considerable reading and fine natural powers, laughed at this ludicrous conception, saying that Milton represented Satan as at least a being of presentable person.

About this time Mr. Beard's elder brother James was painting portraits in Buffalo; William followed him thither, and received lessons from him. James next moved to New York City, where also William followed him, and remained there a short time. After this very moderate foundation for his chosen pursuit, young Beard started out on an itinerant course of portrait-painting through Ohio, taking the portraits of country clergymen or farmers' wives and daughters for a few dollars a head, or "taking the conceit out of them," as he afterwards quaintly observed.

Returning to Buffalo, he boldly commenced a series of compositions in a thoroughly original vein, which have won for him a unique and prominent position among the artists of the age. Notwithstanding the comic element which has become one of the most conspicuous features of his works, his genius has always been tinged with a sombre cast, together with a tendency to mysticism. It is to this characteristic that we owe such terrible compositions as his well-known "Power of Death." The mighty elephant, the grandest emblem of animal life and power, lies prostrate before the touch of the omnipotent spectre, who without an effort grasps and rends the scowling tiger now impotent in the clutch of the last foe, while the lion looks on appalled by the fearful evidence of a strength that is to paralyse and slay him in turn. We gain a forcible illustration of the wide scope of this artist's powers when we turn from this design to such works as his "Star of Bethlehem," and "He Leadeth me by the Still Waters." The latter, representing the Divine Shepherd guiding His flock through a pleasant land, is so beautiful and serene that it has aroused profound emotion in those who have gazed upon it. "Lo, the Poor Indian," is another very interesting work. But while we desire to emphasise the wide range of subjects chosen by Mr. Beard, it still remains true that he is most widely known for his fanciful fables of animal life. We ought rather to call them satires on the frailties of human nature, for it is under this transparent guise that he has attacked or instructed our race. Sometimes these scenes are wholly humorous, sometimes they are profoundly satirical.

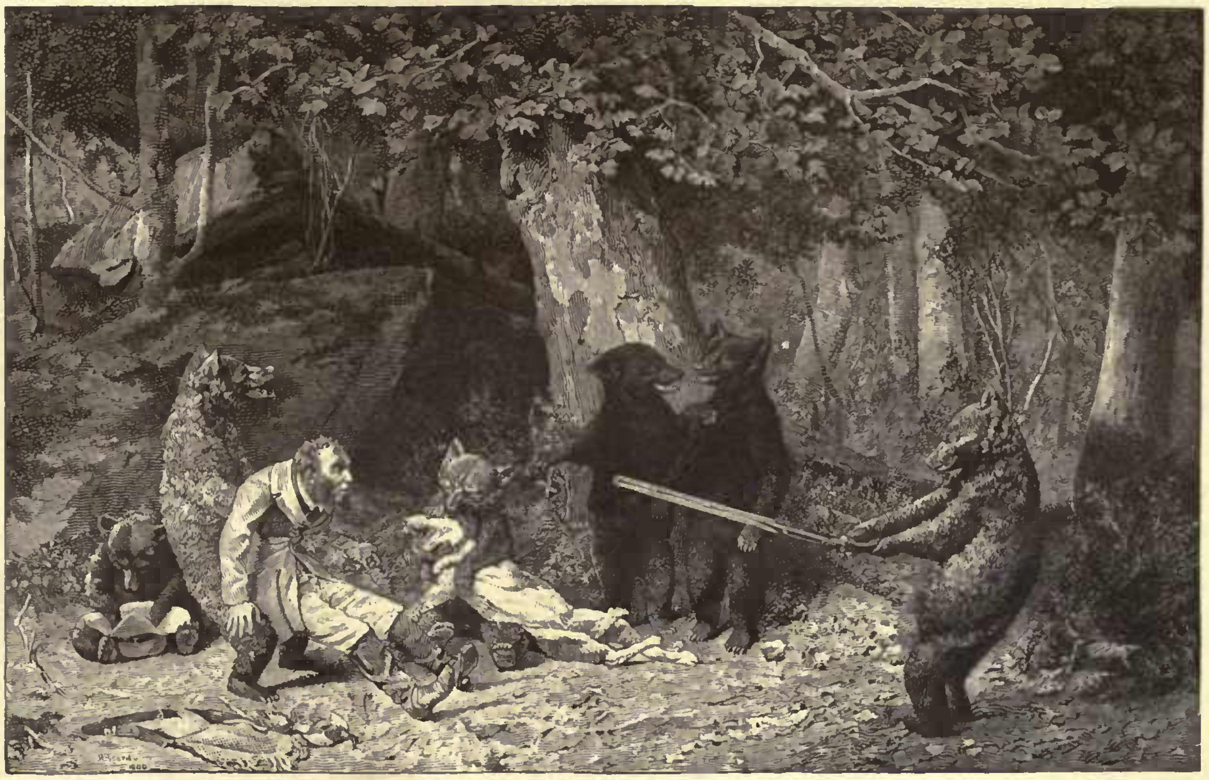
After eight years' residence at Buffalo, Mr. Beard, furnished with several commissions, sailed for Europe, where he passed two years, chiefly at Düsseldorf and Rome. On returning, Mr. Beard was made an Associate of the National Academy of Design. This institution was founded in 1828, and in its organisation resembles the Royal Academy of London. Its exhibitions are held in a building of marble modelled after the Venetian style, and it is in a thriving condition. The following year Mr. Beard painted the remarkable picture entitled "The Dance of Silenus." So lively a sensation did it produce that the artist was at once elected an Academician.

His rapidly-growing reputation now induced him to leave Buffalo and settle in New York, where the opportunities, especially for artists, are much greater than in a provincial town. In 1867 Mr. Beard painted "Raining Cats and Dogs," a wholly humorous scene, and in 1874 an altogether different picture called "The Wreckers," of which we give an engraving. After the noble ship has yielded at last to the buffeting of the billows and the storms, then the ravens come and croak over its shattered remains and complete the work of destruction. "Making Game of the Hunter" was painted in 1880, and was exhibited in 1881 at the National Academy of Design. In this work the painter indicated that his faculties showed no sign of decay, but with growing maturity continued to display undiminished technical ability and play of imagination. The preliminary group of plaster casts which he modelled for his painting was excessively comic. Every painter of figure ought to be at least a sculptor *in posse*, if not *in esse*. That a sculptor may also be a painter is far less likely; but that one who knows enough to project a figure or a ship in perspective on a plane surface should be unable to model it in wood or plaster seems inconceivable.


THE WRECKERS.

No work of Mr. Beard's is more elaborate, or more plainly shows the resources of his fancy, than the great painting entitled "Bulls and Bears in Wall Street." "The Travelled Fox" takes off a well-known species of traveller, and "The Flaw in the Title" represents a number of apes gravely engaged in endeavouring to break a contract, unfortunately not a rare proceeding in the present age. "The New Tenant" is a capital bit from every-day life. An old woman returns to her house, and is astonished to find that an owl has taken possession, and proposes to frighten her out of her rights. "The Fallen Land-mark," "The Fox-Hunter's Dream," "The End of Time," "Worn Out"—an old master, an old horse, an old everything, replete with a quaint pathos and humour—"The Cattle upon a Thousand Hills," and "Oh, my!" suggest by their titles the scope of this artist's subjects.

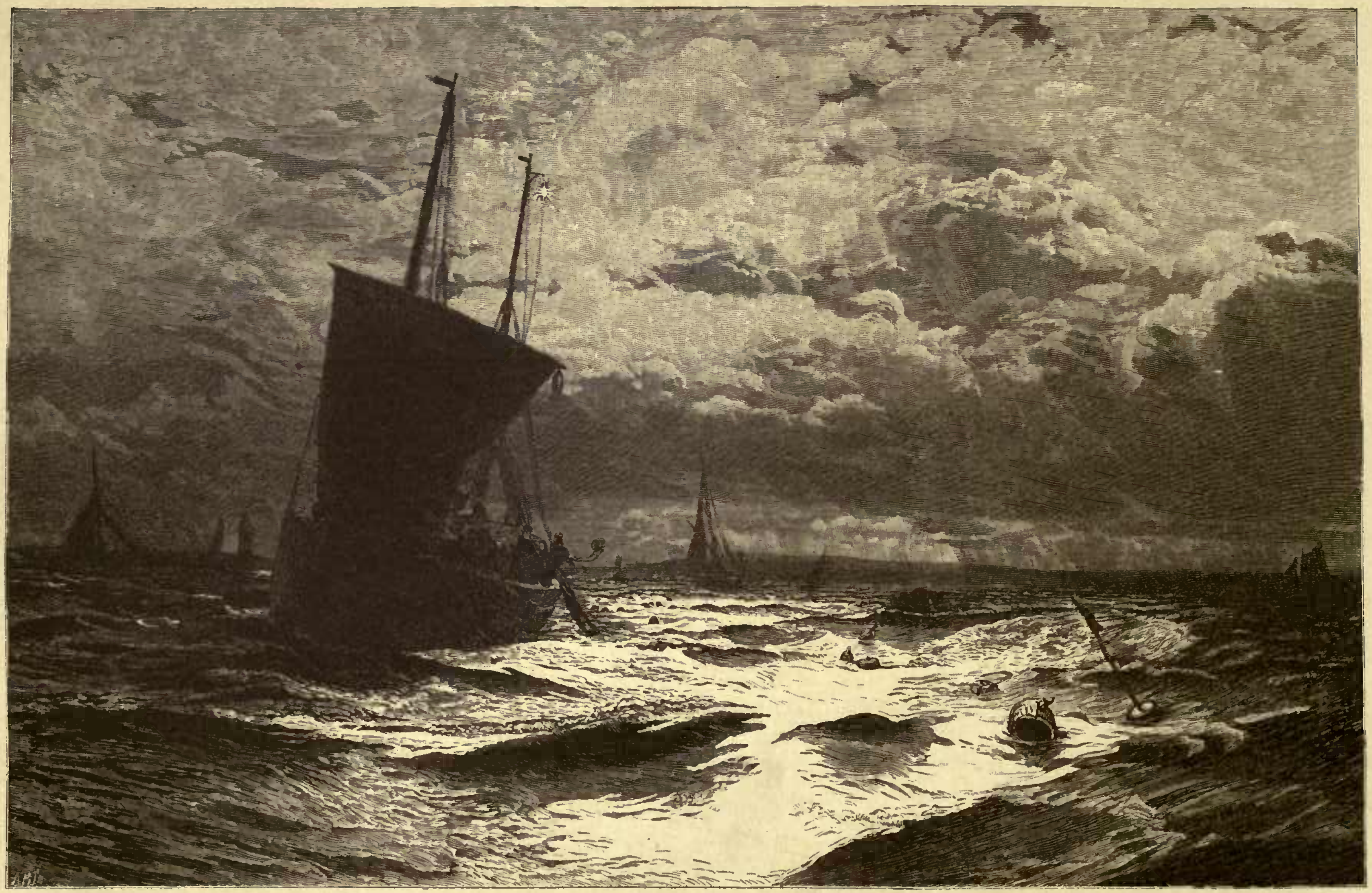
In all these works the *motif* or ruling thought of the picture is so vivid that one is liable to overlook the subtle analysis of character they display, and the likeness which Mr. Beard has discovered between certain animals and their corresponding human types. We have all fancied now and then that we traced a resemblance to the dog, the horse, the sheep, or the bird, in the features of some acquaintance. Sometimes this likeness is seen in the profile, sometimes in the general expression, or in the movements of the individual. At other times it defies analysis, while we are provokingly conscious of an undoubted likeness. Now Mr. Beard has carried the matter still further, and discovered that just as there is this physical resemblance, so the types of human character have corresponding types in specific races of animals. Thus the ape suggests one class of men, the bear another, the rabbit yet another, while the owl or the cat resembles in turn certain distinct phases of humanity. When we regard his paintings, therefore, we are at once struck with the propriety of the selection he has made from the animal kingdom to convey the moral he had in view. Of course, when he



MAKING GAME OF THE HUNTER.

makes animals play this parody of humanity, the painter sacrifices the realities of animal expression and action, as does the fabulist who makes his beasts and birds talk men's speech.

Mr. Beard's position in the ranks of art is of so varied a character that it is somewhat difficult to class him. His prevailing trait, as we have seen, is imagination. It controls his being; even when he is brought into contact with active life he conveys the impression that his fancy is busily at work. Without saying, perhaps, that he is a dreamer, we are conscious that his thoughts are ready at any moment to wander off into dreamland. It is thus that he assimilates what he observes, and through the imaginative faculty also inclines so often to a poetic view of life. It is through the vividness of his imagination also that he is able to trace such nice distinctions in character. His prominence as a satirist and teacher of morals does not lead him to transgress the great law which so many painters of our time, as well as such critics as Taine, insist upon as fundamental—the principle that the artist as such has no business to be a teacher, that is, to paint a moral lesson, as it were. Mr. Beard has never made it his aim to be either a moralist or a guide. Whatever he has painted has come spontaneously, being simply the expression of feelings naturally suggested to him by his environment and the dramatic turn of his mind. Thus he fulfils the highest art-canon, that an artist should first of all be true to himself. It is no disparagement to his art, but rather an evidence of the extent of his powers, that in so doing he has by his pictorial apologues allied himself to the great school of teachers and observers of which Æsop, Lafontaine, and Gay, are illustrious examples.



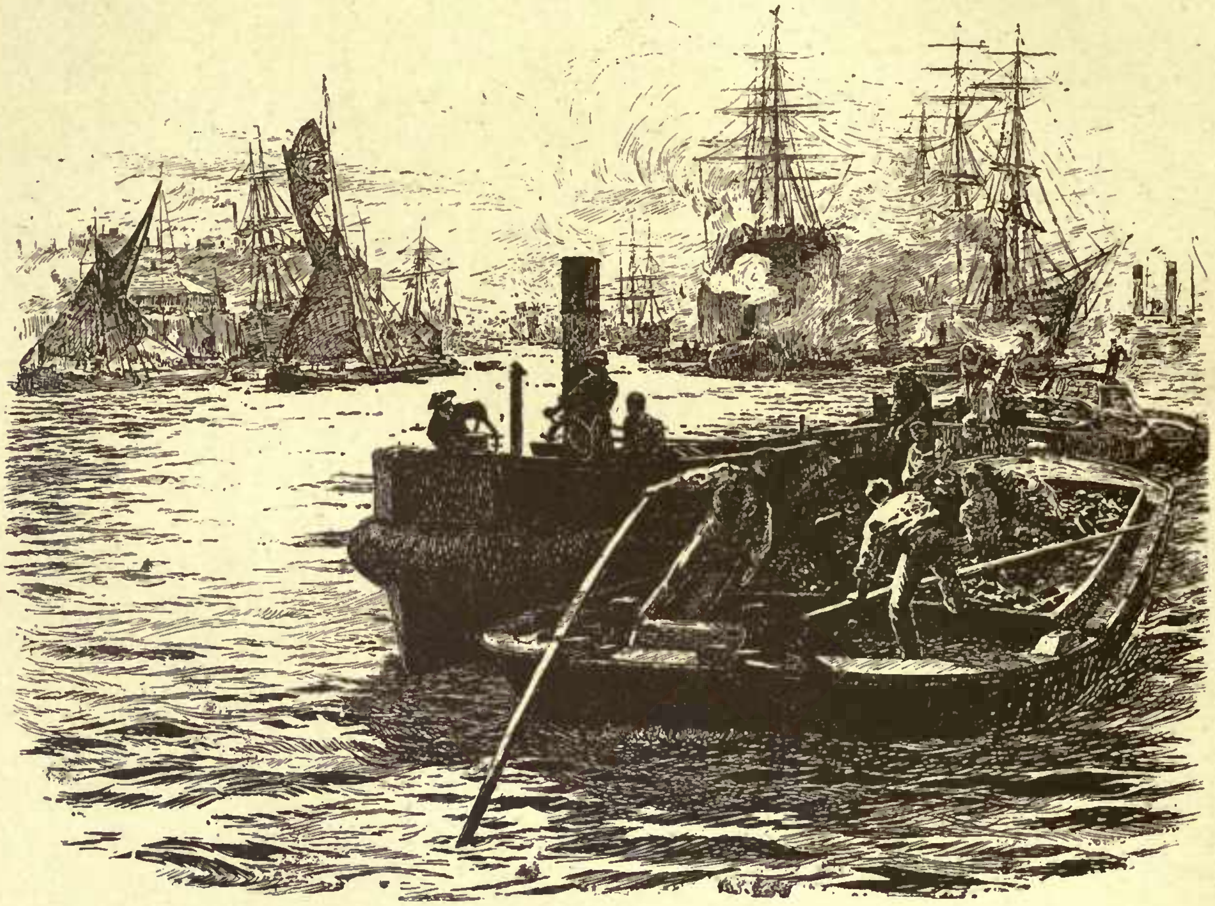
THE HERRING FISHERY.

(*From the Painting by W. L. Wyllie. New South Wales Art Gallery, Sydney.*)

THE HERRING FLEET.

WILLIAM LIONEL WYLLIE.

WILLIAM LIONEL WYLLIE was born in 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition. His artistry is inherited from his father, who is himself a painter of ability, whilst other relations are known in the world of art and often represented in the exhibitions. This being so, it seemed but natural that he should be an artist too; and as early as possible he was sent to study at Heatherly's, otherwise known as Leigh's School of Art, in Newman Street. In the spring of 1866 he entered the schools of the Royal Academy, and two years later exhibited his first picture, "Dover Castle," which was hung at the highest possible point at the old Academy in Trafalgar Square. In 1869 he was more successful, getting "Outward Bound" placed just above the line in the first exhibition at Burlington House; whilst in the autumn of the same year he carried off the Turner Gold Medal. In 1870 "London from the Monument"—a work which finds a striking companion in a large study in black-and-white of "London from a Balloon," which Mr. Wyllie, in conjunction with Mr. Brewer, has drawn for the *Graphic*—was honoured with a position on the line; the following year, two works of merit, "Hulks at Portsmouth" and "Rotten Row," were hung as pendants at an inaccessible, invisible height; whilst in 1872 his "Ave Maria" was placed as a sort of topmast pinnacle to the lecture-room. In 1873 appeared "A Wreck" and "Landing Fish at Ambleteuse," both fairly hung. Better luck came next year, when "The Goodwins"—a long narrow picture of the famous sands, with two wrecks and a rainbow—made considerable impression. In 1875 he was, as he bluntly puts it, "kicked out;" in 1876 "The Blessing of the Sea" was skied; but next year a small picture of "Tracking in Holland," novel in treatment and strong in colour, appeared on the line, with his brother's "Digging for Bait," which was bought for the Chantrey Collection. In 1878 "Summer Clouds" was hung on the line, and "The Silent Highway" above it; but next year a Swiss landscape, entitled "Land Lost between Sky and Water," was relegated to a nice dark top corner. In 1880 he was on the line once more with "Coming up on the Tide," a fine impression of tugs and shipping in a golden sunset. Since then success in the matter of hanging has been steady. In 1881 "Rochester River"—colliers, tugs, and barges, in fog and smoke lit by sunset—was on the line with "Beckton Gasworks;" in 1882 "The Port of London"—two screw-steamers discharging cargo into lighters at sundown—was on the line; whilst "Our River" was hung just above the line. It presents, with much fidelity and feeling, a scene below bridge at early morning, such as few but artists of Mr. Wyllie's stamp, and the people of the river and the docks, ever see. The genuine London fog we all know, unfortunately; but the early morning fog of the Thames below bridge is to most of us a raw mysterious dream. Here it is, however, even as in life, with its copper-coloured sun on the

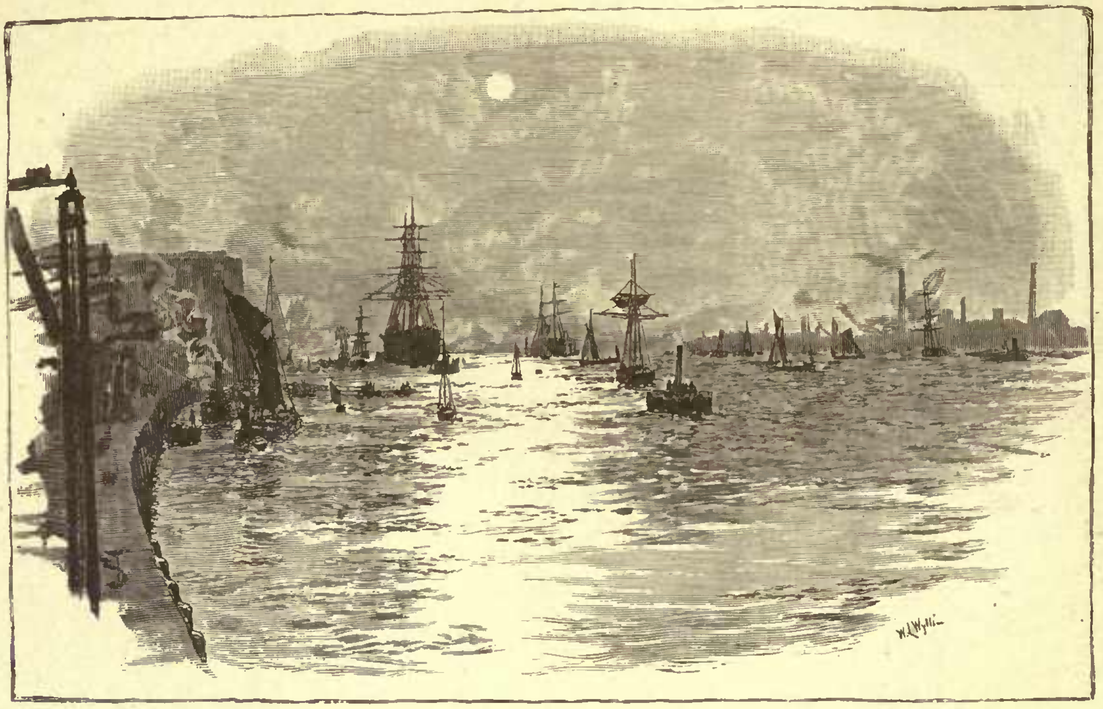


"TOIL, GLITTER, GRIME, AND WEALTH, ON A FLOWING TIDE."

horizon, and ghostly clam and drift. In the foreground disorderly barges blundering out of dock; further off a tall ship gliding to her resting-place, her sailors on the yards furling the canvas for a spell in the greatest port in the world. One of the best things that Mr. Wyllie has done, this picture greatly enhanced his reputation. It takes a leading place in the collection of the South Australian Institute, for which it was bought by the Government of New South Wales; and in the nature of things it must needs be popular with our colonial cousins, for whom it reproduces sights which many remember and traditions which all admire. "Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth, on a Flowing Tide," was the best water-piece in the Academy, and is one of the best things in the Chantrey Collection, for which it was bought. We reproduce it here from a drawing by the artist himself; and though it must needs lose something by the process, yet its essential qualities remain, and even gain, in black-and-white. The strong contrasts, the broad glory of the sunlit air and water, the full, mysterious flow of the tide, the quiet and swift activity and the breezy pleasure of the scene, are suggested with good effect and strong reality. And we may note, too, the painter's command of detail, here displayed in an uncommon degree and without weakening the general effect. Clearly he understands his ships; and that barge in the left middle distance is heavy laden, and presses painfully up stream with full sails and an aching mast. Look, too, at the careful

BLACK DIAMONDS.

drawing of the foreground barges, and the truth with which he has rendered the liquid glitter and movement of the ripples. That black and busy tug, again; we seem to have met her in life, toiling and panting with her grimy convoy. And then consider that bargee pulling at the sweep; his gesture has been truly caught, and the foreshortening of the bending oar is a little triumph in its way: the resistance of the water and the weight and strength of the man have been justly measured and minutely recorded. In the rare quality of movement Mr. Wyllie has hardly an equal.

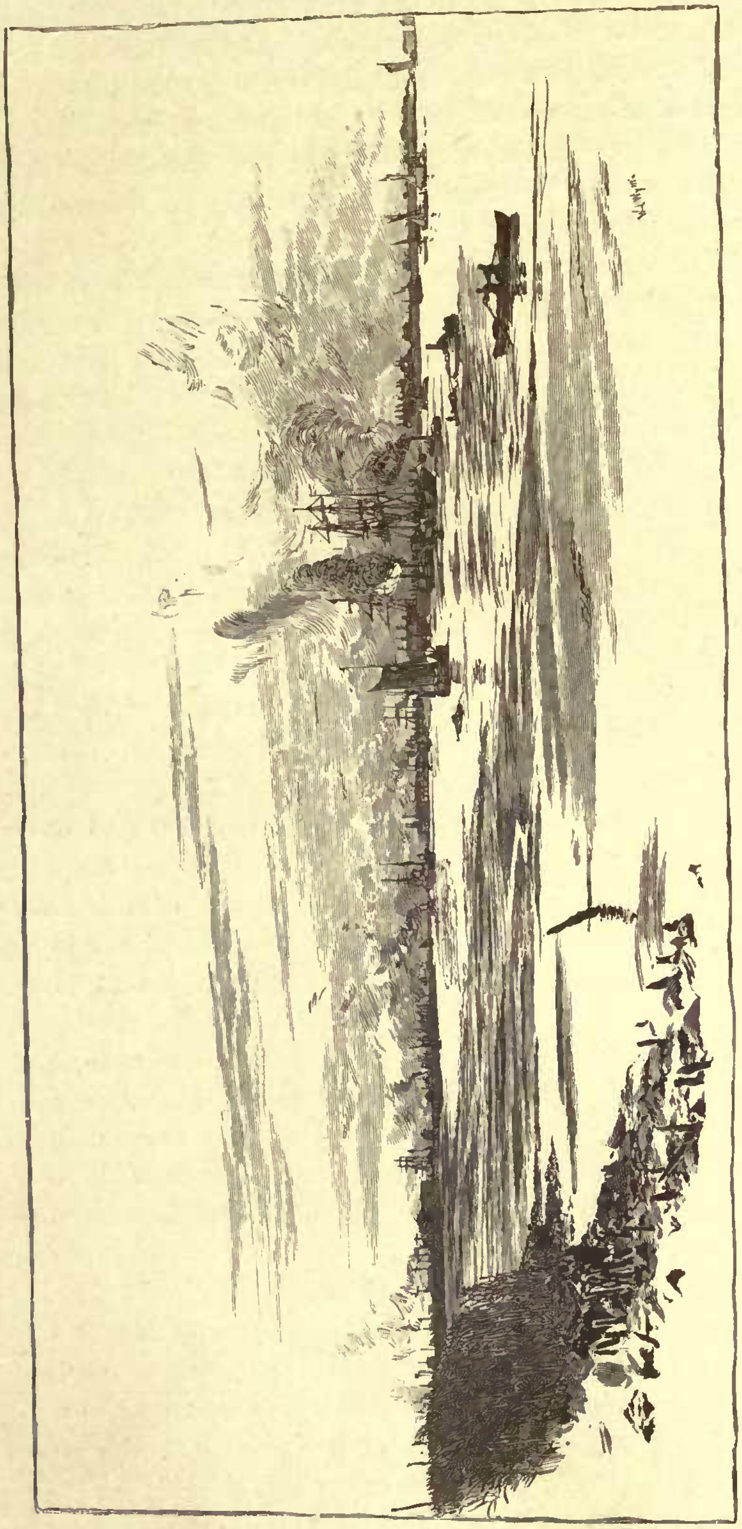


WOOLWICH. (*From "Greater London."*)

To these we must add sundry water-colours exhibited at the Institute and elsewhere, and the very pleasant collection of sketches of the Thames from London to the Goodwins at the Fine Art Society, which were fair examples of the nature-studies with which, as we shall presently show, his portfolios are filled. Then there was the excellent "Black Diamonds" in the Institute of Painters in Oil, a work which we reproduce. Its main qualities are accuracy of effect and a rather freer handling than usual; and it is an excellent illustration of that sense of values which is so strong in Mr. Wyllie's art, and so weak in the art of too many of his English contemporaries.

Seldom, indeed, has a painter come to the front so rapidly, and at the same time so meritoriously. Perhaps that has been said a hundred times before now of a hundred other artists, but never, perhaps, with equal truth. A short fourteen years after he exhibited his first picture he had won his place in the front rank of English painters of sky and water, he had scarcely a rival as an exponent of the fact and wonder of our glorious Thames, and as an illustrator in black-and-white he held a position in the matter of ships and sea and atmosphere not less eminent than that from which Mr. Small dominates the figure draughtsmen. That, surely, is an exceptional result of fourteen years' work in art, for art, we know, is long. It has been attained partly by a certain originality of view and partly by a manly individuality of method; but chiefly by an unremitting study of Nature, and a constant application to the manual business of the painter's art.

First let us consider Mr. Wyllie as a student of Nature—an observer of tides and mists, ships and sunsets, and streams and seas and winds. Many of us have wondered, perhaps, where so young a painter got all his knowledge of fact and effect. It is easily explained. From his earliest years he has known and loved the river and the sea. All his life he has been a cruiser; and we believe he paints ten times better on board his yawl than he does in his studio at St. John's Wood, or even at his head-quarters at Gillingham; if he were not an artist he would surely be a sailor bold and free. For long he has had a craft of his own; a possession which, we believe, dates from his arrival at that Pons Asinorum of the British art student—the schools of the Royal Academy. At that serious moment Mr. Wyllie encountered a remarkable individual who explained "how to build a boat with three planks." Odd to say, he tried the experiment; and, odder still, it succeeded. She was a capital little vessel; but in course of years gave place to an old ship's longboat, to which were added masts and sails, and original plate-glass ports. This curious craft was manned by a Thames waterman who had never been to sea; and some tremendous adventures were suffered (or enjoyed) in her. She provoked tempests of chaff from bargees and other inhabitants of the river, who, being conservative to the marrow, resented the plate-glass ports, and expressed themselves with such ripe and racy humour as might turn a Jehu green with envy. Mr. Wyllie's present vessel is a yawl of nine tons register (17, yacht measurement), built at Boulogne. She is christened "Ladybird," is elegant to look upon, and by no means unsnug to live in; but being of distinctly "furrin build," she is chaffed as unmercifully as the boat with the omnibus. Flat-bottomed, with a centre-board, and possessing wonderful steering power and very light draught, she can be run ashore literally anywhere—a sort of independence absolutely necessary to an artist, to whom point of view is everything. So erratic is the course which Mr. Wyllie steers in search of points of view, so remote and (apparently) unapproachable are the spots on which he grounds, that he has built for himself quite a brilliant reputation as a daft and incapable navigator. Kind-hearted tug commanders with an eye to business, when they sight "Ladybird" helplessly stranded, spontaneously offer to "take her off" for the ridiculous sum of five pounds, and cannot for the life of them understand the skipper's refusal to accept their aid; and we believe they end by regarding him as a lunatic adrift. In these craft for years Mr. Wyllie has cruised in many waters, under all conditions of light and weather.



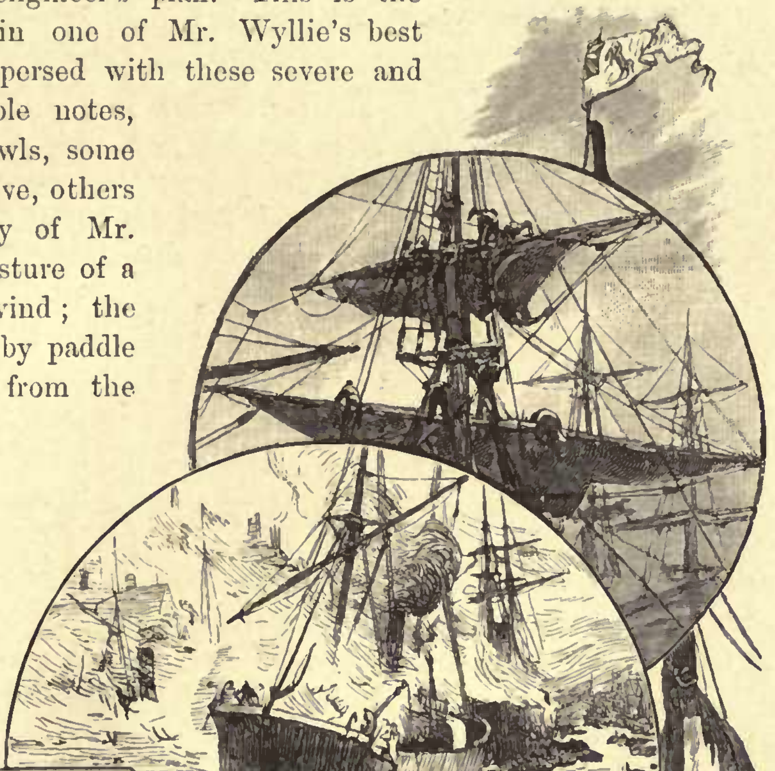
BARKING REACH. (*From "Greater London."*)

Thanks to them, he has learnt by heart the Lower Thames and its affluents; thanks to them, the Channel, with its coasts on both sides, and its sands and islands, have become even as old friends; thanks to them, he has studied the Zuyder Zee, in storm and mist and sunshine, and explored nearly every canal in Holland.

It would be surprising indeed if Mr. Wyllie had profited nothing by such a training as this. As a matter of fact he has profited much; and he is what he is, not because he learned the rudiments of his art at the schools of the Royal Academy, but because from morn till night and year to year he has been in constant intercourse with Nature. On board his yacht it is his custom to be up and breakfasting before sunrise, so that not a moment of light may be lost, nor a single effect of air or colour escape his eye. The results are visible in his exhibited work, and in the pictures we have reproduced; but they are best seen in his sketch-books and portfolios. These are crammed with material of two kinds, the realistic and the impressionistic. The first consists of very careful and elaborate studies of detail; painstaking records of facts, that is, facts of form rather than of colour, though colour is not wanting. Here, for instance, is a fleet of lighters, realised with scrupulous accuracy; there the impressive ruin of one of those beautiful and stately "wooden walls" (the like of which will never gladden our eyes again), carefully and lovingly drawn, timber for timber and line for line; with—such is Time's irony—a foreground suggestion of a gang of convicts. This sketch has been turned to account in an Academy picture with the title "The End of the Story."

In strange contrast with these we have literally the counterfeit presentment of that neat and mighty compact of utilitarianism and applied science, the modern ocean steamer; while here is the iron bridge at Rochester, a study so hard and accurate that, but for the river and the craft introduced to indicate its pictorial proportions, it might be taken for the engineer's plan. This is the original study for the bridge in one of Mr. Wyllie's best Academy pictures. But interspersed with these severe and literal records are innumerable notes, blots, sketches, scratches, scrawls, some slight but not the less suggestive, others vigorous with the individuality of Mr. Wyllie's known work. The gesture of a sail as it is lowered in the wind; the curdling swirl of water lashed by paddle or screw; the fantastic vomit from the funnel of a tug towing grimy barges, or, perhaps, a graceful clipper home from the golden East; a burst of sunshine on the dirty, vapour-laden Thames; the great ribs of what was once a

BARGES BEATING DOWN FIDDLER'S REACH.



THE POOL: EBB TIDE.

three-decker towering gaunt against a wild sky of storm and sunset—these and such as these have been seized with true insight, and rendered or suggested with a vitality and veracity achieved only by long and keen observation of Nature and valiant battling with that "organised obstruction" which is persistently offered by wayward colours and the obstinate irresponsible brush.

Mr. Wyllie's chief originality lies in his treatment of sky and water atmosphere. He has hit upon a type of effect which, though anything but uncommon in life, is apparently quite new in the history of water-painting; and novelty of that sort is in itself a large element of success. The truth of this was proved by Rossetti, whose chief claim to serious consideration is—to some of us, at least—that his view of things was new. Some part of this novelty in Mr. Wyllie's work is due to the fact that his actual point of view is nearly always on the deck of his yawl. To glance at his pictures is—as the case may be—to feel yourself on the sea or on the river. His perspective is essentially naval. It will be said, of course, that other artists have studied in this way long before now; Turner, for instance. True; but Turner's method was hampered by an academical convention which refused to sanction the placing of the horizontal line above a certain point on the canvas. Mr. Wyllie being an impressionistic realist, whose traditions are mainly his own, and, albeit an Academy student, curiously independent of academic rule and teaching, can afford to place his horizon within an inch of the top of his canvas, if from the natural point of view it appears there—which is the difference between the academic painter of romance and a poetical painter of fact.

Another constituent of his originality is his admirable application of the science of values to the treatment of cloud and vapour. Mr. Keeley Halswelle, it is true, has made considerable essays in this direction; but then Mr. Halswelle paints clouds with a certain solidity. Mr. Wyllie's sense of "values," indeed, is strong and just, and his use of it in a broad and simple way has infinitely more to do with his success as a painter of light and air and vapour than glazings and scumblings and muzzy makeshifts of that sort. This is shown very well in his pictures of the bombardment of Alexandria, in which the thick vomit of great guns, the bulbous clouds blown from bursting shells, all the phenomenal vapours of an iron-clad bombardment are realised with a command of this great quality, only equalled by the truth with which their forms and textures have been recorded. It is particularly observable, too, in the sky and distance, and in the smoke and steam and cloud in "Black Diamonds." In that picture the interminable fleet of moored lighters is a wonderful study of values in itself. The truth is, however, that this essential quality, which is so rare in English art, is more or less discernible in all that Mr. Wyllie does, whether it be in oil or water, or black-and-white.

As a painter of water his ability is not a whit less unquestionable. Here, however, he meets powerful rivals in men like Hook, and Henry Moore, and Colin Hunter, who, if he has been somewhat careless of late, has done good work in years past, and may be expected to do still better. Still there is water-painting and water-painting; and in some departments—as a delineator of certain aspects of the river, and certain conditions of the sea—Mr. Wyllie stands alone. An admirable instance of his wave-painting is seen in "The Herring Fishery," which with Messrs. Vokins' suggestive and charming example, the "End of the Day," has been engraved. One of the justest criticisms in "Modern Painters" is that in which Mr. Ruskin says that efforts to express the sea "end in failure with all but the most powerful men," and that even with those few "a partial success must be considered worthy of the highest praise." That Mr. Wyllie has achieved the "partial success" meant here—and something more, too—is pretty certain. He can assuredly suggest, with force and understanding and feeling, that "low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath;" he is master of the contrast and conflicts between surface waves and the under-strength of the invincible ocean roll; and he can draw with singular skill a certain heavy, lumpy, storm-wave. In a considerable degree this wave-drawing is demonstrated in "The Herring Fishery," in which the curling crest, and the shadow of it thrown by the moonlight on the body of the wave, are particularly good; but it is seen to still greater advantage, because rendered there with greater freedom, in his black-and-white. The small fry of contemporary water-painters have taken the silvery Thames under their special and presumptuous patronage; they have libelled its glory with dulness, its beauty with colour which is hypothetical, and its romance with an atmosphere that does not exist. The Thames they paint

THE END OF THE STORY.

was never seen outside those harbours of the commonplace, their own studios. The Thames Mr. Wyllie paints is the Thames as it is, with all its grime and much of its wonder, all its business and some of its pathos, and suggestions (always right and often vivid) of its contrasts of hurry and rest, its minglings of dignity and degradation, its material embodiment of British supremacy and prosperity, and its enormous testimonies to the dark romance of these coal-and-iron times. In all this he is unrivalled by living men; and even if he had done nothing else he would be entitled to a front position in the van of modern English art.

He has, however, done much more. His sea pictures are not less admirable, both in *technique* and in idea, than his invaluable contributions to the history of the Thames. Such work as the "Goodwin Sands" and "The Herring Fishery" would be every way remarkable in a much older painter. His sentiment is fresh and natural, his power of expressing it is unquestionable, and his method, though not as yet mature, is not merely individual, but intelligent and sound. His black-and-white in the *Graphic* and other periodicals is, as we have said, on a level with Mr. Small's in point of strength and truth and feeling; whilst as an etcher he has lately shown a capacity promising to be commanding. For of late he has made steady advance. His water-colours were always good; and if at first his oils were inclined to be leathery in tone and texture and heavy in colour, the war pictures at the Fine Art Society and "Toil, Glitter, Grime" showed that to a great extent he had mastered those defects, and could paint with a better sense of colour and a freer hand. There is every reason to expect, therefore, that his etching will improve likewise.

THE END OF THE DAY.

(*By Permission of Messrs. Vokins.*)

In conclusion, it seems necessary to say something on the subject of certain tendencies which are developing in Mr. Wyllie's work. Selection is an essential principle of art; and, consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Wyllie in earlier years has acted upon it with conspicuous success. "The Goodwins" (1874), and "Summer Clouds," and "The Silent Highway" (1878) are instances in point. In these, and in the first and last particularly, a general and even a universal idea has been chosen, and in the simplest and largest manner then at his command, set forth by a small number of strong, simple, and essential facts, carefully selected from the infinitude of facts which an artist always sees, but never really wants. In working thus, Mr. Wyllie rightly followed the traditions of all good art. Of late, however, he has displayed an ever-increasing regard for detail—a steadily growing disposition to crowd his canvas with facts that have nothing to do with his idea, which, instead of defining, they obscure. This tendency mars the artistic value of "Shooting the Bridge," which is hardly a picture in the high sense at all, but a clever and elaborate accumulation of facts that, being unselected and unarranged, express no thought and touch no feeling. The tendency is the more respectable of two—one or the other of which almost invariably develops in the work and style of a successful painter in England. For when the gold flows in, and his name is in the mouths of the people, your successful painter either loses his head, grows careless and scamps his work, or else sits down for the rest of his life to pile up facts, and nothing but facts, with more or less indiscrimination. The latter is, as we have said, the more respectable; but still it is not art, and in the case of a man of Mr. Wyllie's gifts and attainments it would be a mere waste of power. From him we have a right to expect something higher than mere topography, however skilful, or than mere pictorial inventories, however full. Nor, indeed, should we conclude that this variation of manner is more than a phase in one of the most original careers of modern art.

BENJAMIN VAUTIER.

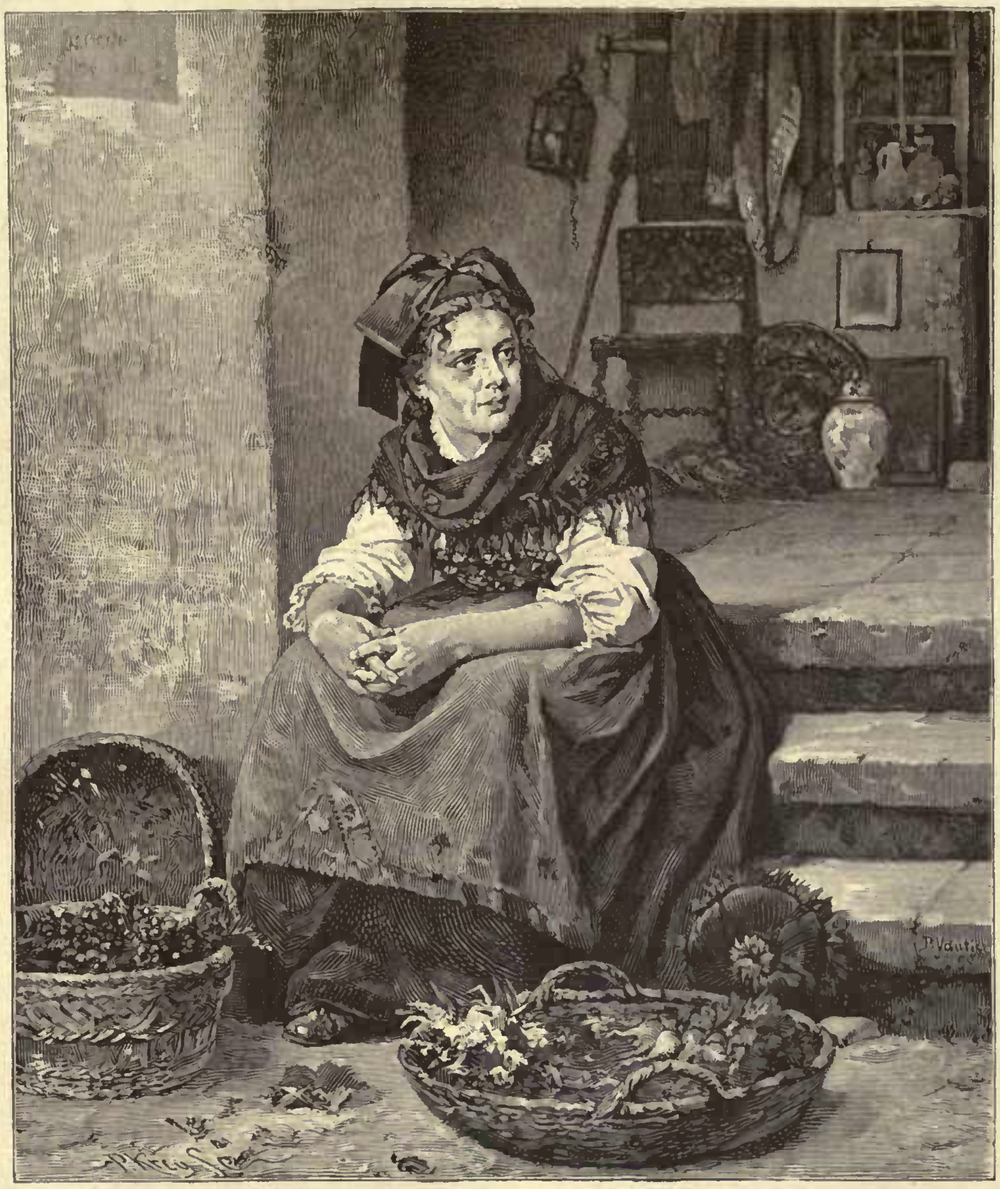
ONE of the notable features of our century is the interest shown by artists, literary and pictorial, in the lower classes, in marked contrast to their attitude in the last century, when the people was scrupulously ignored as unfit for eyes and ears polite. In our own country this interest has with few exceptions confined itself to literature. The reason for this is not far to seek. The English peasant, who has dropped such distinctive costume as he ever wore, and arrays himself instead in a shabby-genteel imitation of his social superior, is far removed from the picturesque. But the foreign peasant has not yet doffed his national costume; he has still enough left of the proper pride that makes him prefer being well and appropriately dressed in his own sphere to being shabbily and inappropriately costumed outside of it; and though a tendency to cast aside national costume is increasing in those portions of the

Continent infested by the tourist, the movement is far from universal. On the Continent, therefore, we find painters who have devoted themselves wholly to limning the ways and manners of the people, and among these the Düsseldorf artist Benjamin Vautier holds a high place. Though not a German by birth, he has become one by abode, by artistic training and mental proclivity ; and when Germany enumerates her greatest living peasant painters, Vautier's name is found ranking with those of Knaus and Defregger.

Benjamin Vautier, who now stands at the apex of his fame, was born at Morges, in the Valais, April 27, 1829. His childhood was spent on the placid sunny shores of the Lake of Geneva, with its half-southern climate, its lovely natural beauties, gentler far than are encountered as a rule in Cisalpine Switzerland. His father was a Protestant pastor, pious, learned, and somewhat rigid, of the old school of Calvin. From his babyhood a pencil was the boy's delight, and at school he was more often found drawing than declining his Latin nouns. This artistic vein came to him from his mother, a woman of lively fancy and refined tastes. His brother, too, loved to draw and paint. But there were no opportunities around young Vautier of cultivating this bent. Switzerland, barren to this day of artistic treasures, in those times held rigidly aloof, especially in the Protestant cantons, from anything that resembled art, with a proper Puritanic horror of all that might feed the lust of the eye. An illustrated print, *Le Magasin Pittoresque*, was for many years all the boy beheld of modern art. When he was thirteen his father sent him to the gymnasium at Lausanne, in the hope of educating him for his own profession. While Vautier was at this school the democratic revolution of 1847 caused his father to lose his post: for the result of this movement was that henceforward the clergy were to be elected by the people, and the elder Vautier was regarded as too stern to suit the taste of his vivacious and bibacious fellow-citizens. Poor and placeless, he had to emigrate to France. This change of fortune made the younger Vautier determined to lose no more time in beginning to learn a profession whereby he could earn his livelihood, and he had long ago chosen that of art. His father frowned on the plan, but thanks to his mother's help he succeeded in attaining his end. Biographers of Vautier have attributed his father's opposition entirely to his Puritanism. Vautier defends his parent from what he holds an unjust aspersion. The fact that art was not in those days held a respectable profession in Switzerland, but ranked rather with conjuring and circus-riding, may no doubt have had its effect.

Young Vautier went to Geneva, where for a year he applied himself steadily to the study of drawing, and then turned his attention to enamel-painting, in which branch he could at once begin to earn a living by decorating brooches, watches, and other knick-knacks for the jewellers. He found work with a goldsmith, but under the hard condition that he must pledge himself to remain four years in his master's employ, or pay a heavy fine. The daylight hours of two years were thus spent in task-work, but the evenings were his own, and could be employed as he liked best. He used them for studying, sketching, and portrait-painting, and with such success that he not only sold his works for fair prices to dealers, but attracted the attention of Lugardon, the historical painter, and of Calarne and Diday, the landscape-painters, then resident at Geneva. Lugardon offered to take him into his studio, and, accepting the offer, he paid out of his savings the fine of 1,200 francs for breach of contract. For two years he worked on steadily, first with Lugardon, then alone, until a new direction was given to his ambition by the arrival from Rome of the genre-painter Van Muyden. Van Muyden was interested in the young man's work, but saw that he required larger experience and a variety of influence to develop his natural abilities. He advised him to go and study at Paris. To this project the elder Vautier said nay: he did not approve of that capital as a sojourn for young men. Vautier was too good a son to run counter to the interdict. He therefore applied to Van Muyden for advice as to what he should do instead, and was recommended to go to Germany. Germany in those days meant Munich or Düsseldorf. In the former city there reigned the stern monumental art, with pseudo-classic leanings, of Cornelius, Kaulbach, and Schnorr; the latter, though under the presidency of Wilhelm Schadow, who strove to keep alive academic traditions, had already evinced the determination towards the softer, gentler treatment of Nature which has become the key-note of the school, and has touched it with the blight of sentimentalism. But this blight had not yet descended when young Vautier arrived in 1850. It was not Schadow's intention to make of his academy a genre and landscape school, and he rigidly set his face against anything of the kind: with the result, however, that men like Leuze and Achenbach, who might have been his best pupils, kept outside, and formed the nucleus of that new academy that was to supersede the old. When Vautier showed his studies to Schadow, the old pedant, wedded to his own ways and incapable of seeing merit outside his own dogmas, rejected them contemptuously. "This is all useless French rubbish," he said. "You must begin again from the beginning." The fact was that Vautier had worked according to the simpler and more expressive French method of treating surfaces, instead of practising the elaborate shading and treating of form employed by the Germans; and this, to Schadow, was a crime.

This reception so disgusted him, that he abandoned the idea of entering the academy, and for six months worked on alone. In the autumn he thought he would make a second attempt, and presented himself at the annual competition with the same sketches and some new studies. This time the masters voted in his favour, and he entered the painting school. Here, however, he only remained eight months. Schadow was rapidly growing blind; the other masters were negligent; the whole academy was going to decay. So Vautier entered Jordan's studio, and worked hard. He was still uncertain what department to choose, and was composing now this picture, now that, when of a sudden Knaus burst upon the German art-world with his "Kirmess," quickly followed by his other scenes from peasant life, "The Smithy" and "The Gamblers." The sight of these works opened out a new vista to Vautier, as to many other young artists, and gave the Düsseldorf school a road of its own. Vautier, delighted beyond words, at once left Jordan's studio, and began to work on his own account in this new direction. A visit paid in 1854 to the Bernese Alps, where he met Girardet, who drew his attention to the picturesque beauties of the low life there, fixed his determination and decided his future. A new world had been opened to him, a world with which from childhood he had been familiar, but to whose inherent beauties his eyes had only just been unsealed. He remained a whole summer painting in the Oberland, then once more consulted his old friend Van Muyden, and afterwards set off for Paris, where Knaus had pitched his tent.



BRIGITTE.

THE COUSIN FROM TOWN.

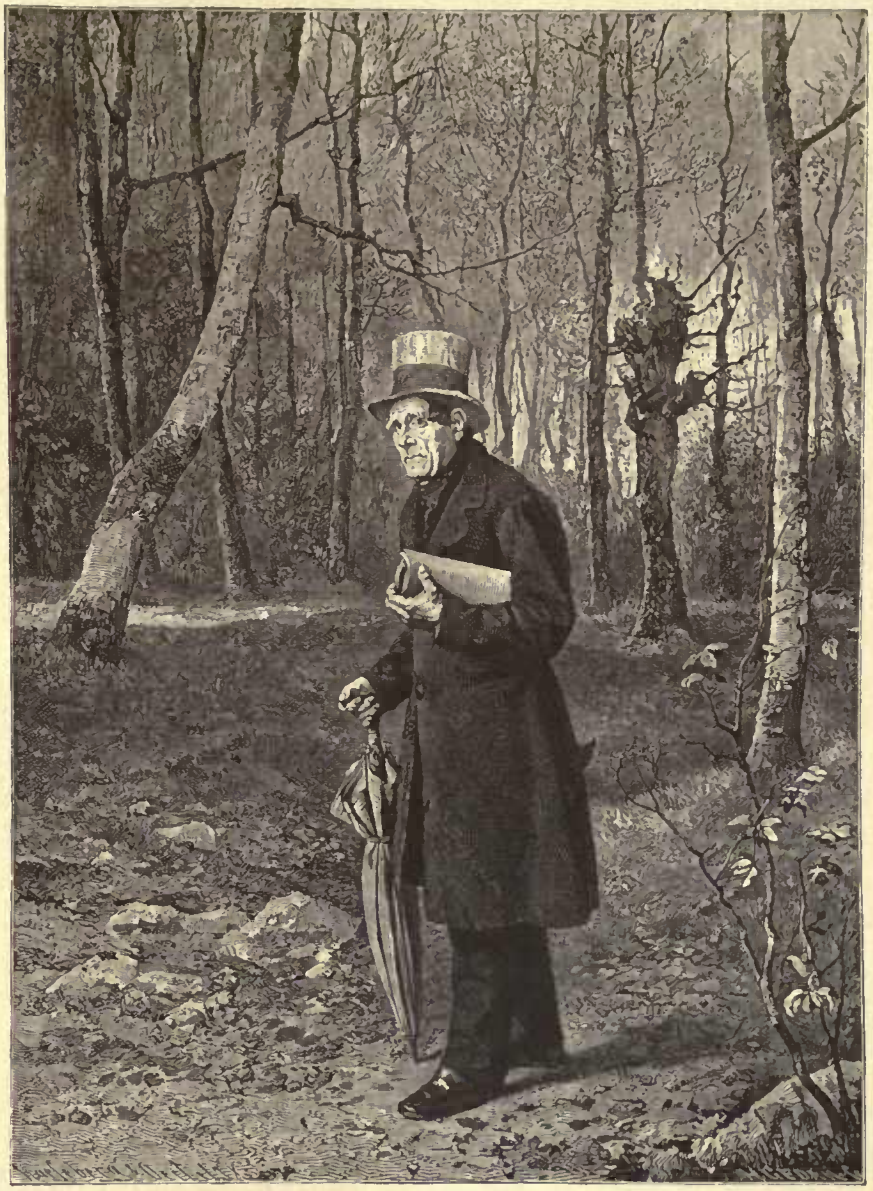
He soon saw that Paris was the city where artistically there is most to be learned, and it was to his great grief that he saw himself forced to leave the French capital after only a six months' sojourn, owing to a neglected cold. He was obliged to visit the baths of Wildbad. This illness, and the trip it necessitated, exhausted Vautier's slender savings, and he had to think of earning rather than learning. He once more went to Düsseldorf, and set about the completion of a picture begun at Paris, which, exhibited at Munich in 1858, attracted the attention of the public and won him his first success. It represents the interior of a Swiss Protestant church. The congregation, consisting chiefly of women, are chanting a chorale. Prominent is a group consisting of a devout maiden, her still youthful mother, and her venerable grandmother; the girl is the ideal of pious maidenhood. Had the fair maiden, whose hand immediately after his success Vautier asked in marriage, sat to him as an unconscious model? History revealeth not. His wife came of a good and wealthy family. Whether she brought him any of this world's goods is not known, but the mere fact of marriage necessarily tied Vautier down to a settled abode, and he pitched his tent in Düsseldorf, where he resides to this day. The happiness he found at home, the success he found abroad, stimulated him to fresh efforts in the groove he had discovered. The next work he exhibited (1859) had also a Swiss *motif.* It was called the "Auction at the Castle," and pictured the dispersion of ancestral relics among an ignorant population.

But Vautier did not confine his peasant idylls to the Bernese Oberland. Visits to the Black Forest had revealed to him the picturesqueness and *naïve* simplicity of its population, who in manners and characteristics greatly resemble the Swiss. So he set to work on their life also. Amongst the most notable results of this attachment is the "Sewing School;" as also a picture exhibited in 1860, which shows a group of peasant women returning from church, and finding their husbands at the tavern. This latter work was the first in which the painter appeared quite himself, freed from reminiscences of his two masters, Van Muyden and Knaus; and from this time onward he has always been himself. As we have said, Knaus and Defregger are the leaders of modern German peasant art. The characteristic of the latter is *naïveté*, of the former humour—a humour, however, apt to degenerate into grossness. While the key-note of French peasant painting is sadness, the German peasant painters still retain a belief in Arcadia; and though their Arcady is rather of the tavern than of the Dresden china type, the fundamental idea is the same, namely, that the life of those who are nearer to Nature is distinguished by light-heartedness and freedom from care. It is probably Vautier's French blood which has saved him from the excess of the German school. He has neither the noisy gaiety of the one sort of peasant painters, nor the tendency towards easy pathos of the other, but has developed an elegance of tone and feeling all his own. He indulges in no departures into the domain of the vulgar and ugly, no excursions into the regions of the tavern. He never exceeds the bounds of the permissible; he knows how to keep measure.

It is obviously impossible within our limits to enumerate all Vautier's works, but we shall mention a few of the most famous. One is the "Sunday Afternoon in Swabia:" a row of rustic swains sitting upon a rail against the passing of the village maidens, upon whom they contemplate an amorous raid: a picture full of life and movement, and quite clean of vulgarity. Vautier says that he spent weeks in the village where this scene occurred, and watched it repeatedly, over and over again, before he gave it pictorial expression—a proof that he spares no pains in the preparation of his pictures. In 1865 he gained the gold medal at the Paris Salon with his "Swabian Peasant Parlour:" an interior where a wily dealer is endeavouring to persuade a thick-skulled peasant to buy a certain worthless property, while the peasant's wife, astuter than her spouse, protests with all her might; it is a capital anecdote, full of energy and truth to life and character. The next year he again exhibited at the Salon, the famous "Repast after the Funeral," now in the Cologne Museum. Once more he bore off a medal, and the picture became one of the sensations of the season. It depicts the meal given, according to a ghastly Swiss custom, in a house of mourning after the funeral. In a close-packed peasant parlour are assembled a large gathering of friends and neighbours, more or less sympathetic. The atmosphere of oppression that would prevail in a room so crowded and small prevades the composition: with its sharp contrasts of the bounteous meal, the carousing guests, the feigned or frigid sympathy of the eaters, the real mourning of the widow and her young dumbfounded son. But while full of gentle pathos, the picture is not cruel nor heartrendingly hopeless—is not such as Israels would have painted. The Dutch artist sometimes forces the note of melancholy. Vautier never belies his equable temperament.

Every one is familiar by engraving or photograph with his "Crossing the Lake of Brienz." In a boat sits a young peasant couple; on the bench in front of them rests the coffin of their first baby. They are taking it to the other side of the lake for burial. The husband presses the hand of his wife in silent pain: deep is the sorrow that could extract from this lumpish peasant such an expression of feeling. In pronounced contrast with their suffering is the grand and sunny mountainous nature that environs them. Another funeral scene is laid in the Black Forest. It so happened that the year it was exhibited Knaus also came forward with a picture on the same theme, and it was interesting to note the different mode of treatment chosen by the two painters. Vautier's is full of fine psychological intuition, and its painful character is skilfully relieved—and with perfect propriety—by a certain ideal atmosphere that allows for and suggests the elements of happiness and hope.

That Vautier is not always equally happy in theme and treatment goes without saying. Where is the modern artist who is? He fails as a rule when he tries to depict the manners of the drawing-room. He is wise enough rarely to attempt this. There is a marked divergence of merit between his transcripts from Nature and his composed pictures. The latter have a stiffness of composition and an uncertainty of treatment the reverse of fortunate; for what chiefly delights us in Vautier is here wanting, namely, his vigorous representation of reality. Plastic form is another of his merits, and hence he succeeds in large and simple themes. This is why his women and children have a certain pleasantness, as witness the "Brigitte," engraved herewith. She might have stepped right out of one of Auerbach's Black Forest tales. Indeed, his young girls are Vautier's *forte*. They are fresh as daisies, strong comely maidens, untouched, untainted by *Weltschmerz* or Pre-Raphaelite yearnings, and he rarely paints a picture in which he does not introduce at least one such. Here is another of them in "The Cousin from Town," an adroit piece

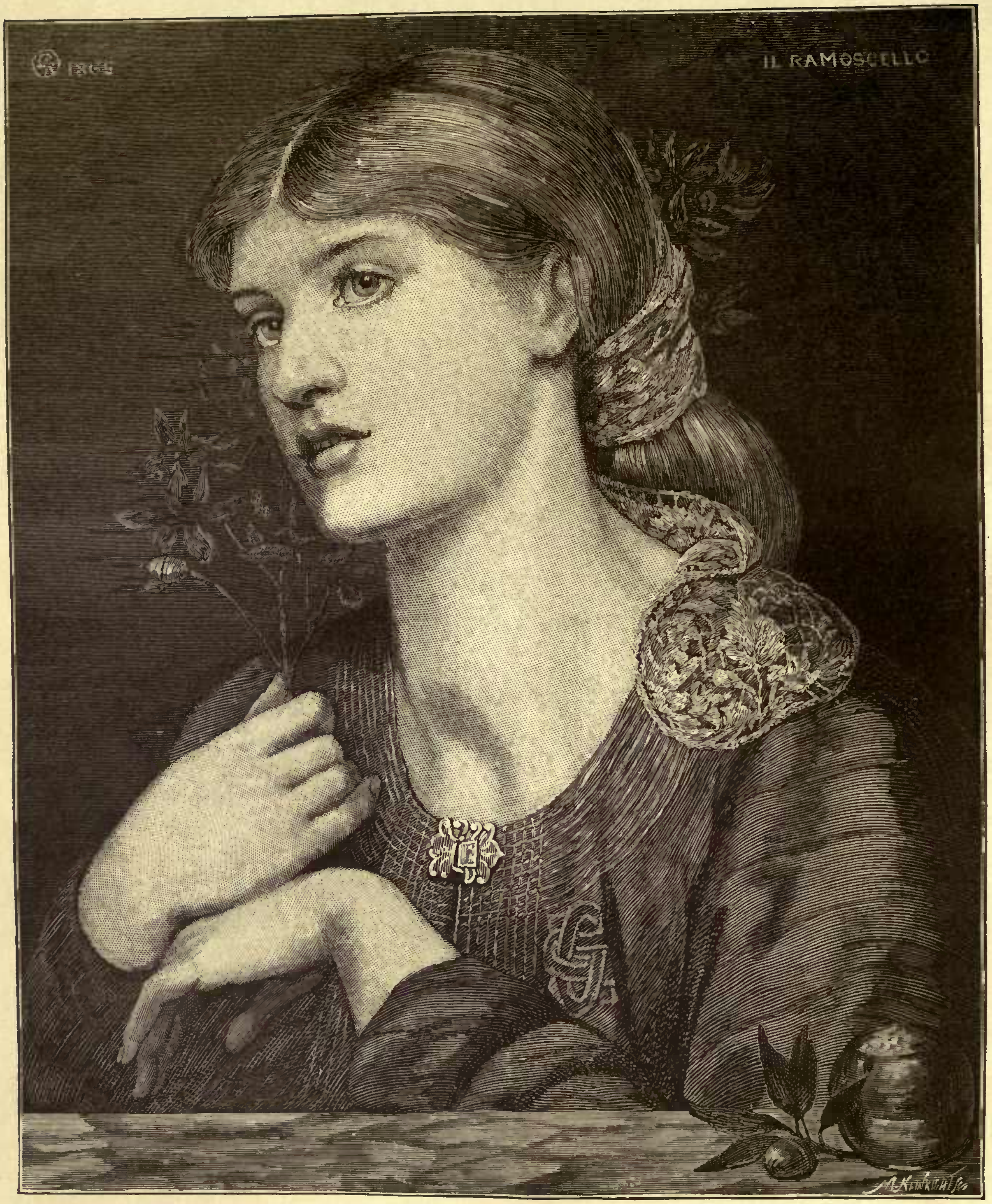


THE NOTARY.

of anecdotic painting, which tells its own tale quietly and clearly. It is evident that the peasant children have heard much of the fame of their town cousin, and are prepared to meet him in a genial spirit. But not picture-books, cart, horse, nor even a rosy apple such as the little greedy boy does not usually despise, can overcome his native shyness. His mother coaxes him in vain, his grandfather looks on amused. Meanwhile an intimate conviction takes possession of us that when the time comes for the peasant children to return the call, they will be yet more unhappy in surroundings still stranger—the surroundings of urban life and urban manners.

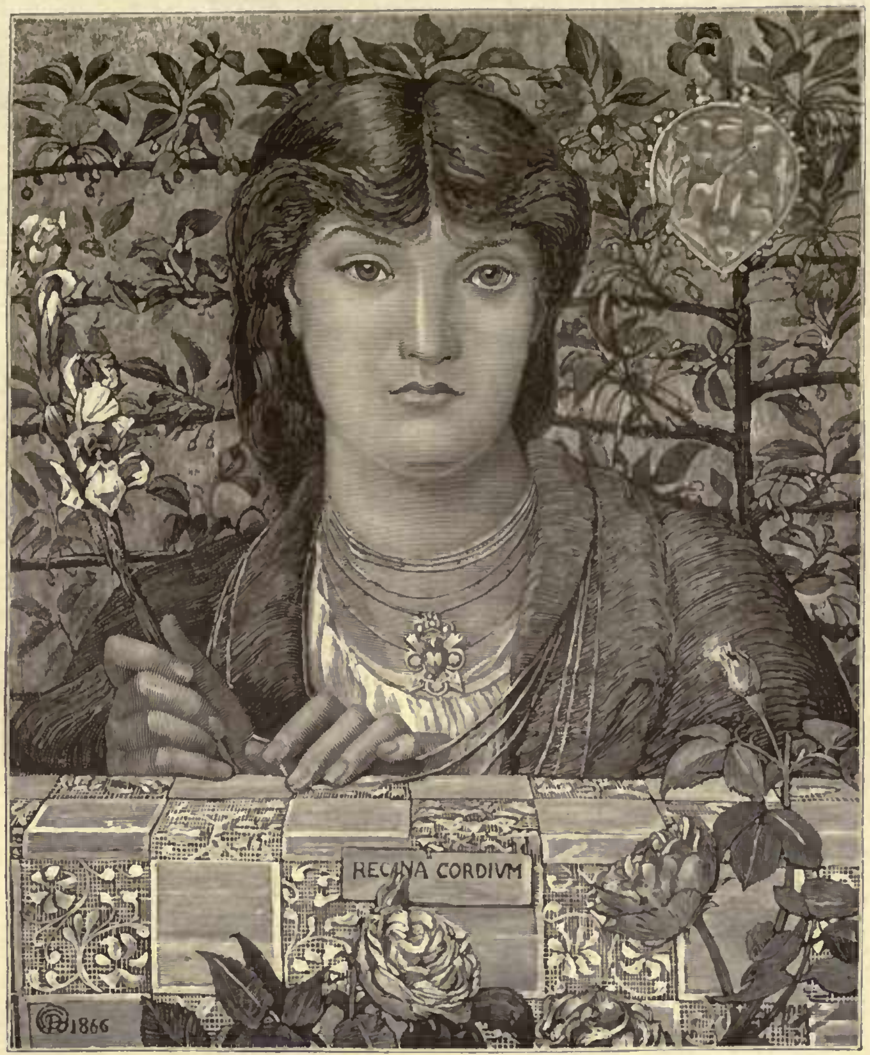
If Vautier is not fortunate with his ladies and gentlemen, he is, however, happy when he paints the class between the gentry and the people, and especially when he essays the manners and customs of the petty bureaucracy with whom Germany swarms. Of these pictures our "Notary" is a clever example. Here is an elderly, shabby-genteel personage, full of the pride of office, traversing a wood with as much dignity as his naturally undignified appearance will permit, to execute some petty legal observance in a neighbouring village. He is on the alert, as beseems an officer of justice; and though the wood looks harmless and lonely enough, he seems to have heard a rustling in the leaves which makes him suspect he has an audience, and assume the consciousness of office.

As a rule, Vautier's pictures are well composed, but occasionally they break up too much into episodes. His weakest point is his colour. It is apt to be dull, conventional, and dry—the faults of the Düsseldorf school. On this account he loses less than most painters when we behold him only in black-and-white. In this department he has not done much, but what he has done is excellent: his illustrations to Auerbach's "Barfüssele," for instance, where Black Forest story-teller and Black Forest painter are fortunately linked together, complementing and supplementing each other in this, the freshest and least mannered of the novelist's many tales. Vautier's illustrations are no fewer than seventy-five. Yet more numerous and equally appropriate are those he has drawn for Trumermann's "Oberhof," the Westphalian peasant idyl that is interwoven into the author's *bizarre* romance of "Münchausen." The editor hit upon the very happy idea of separating the caricature of baronial life from the peasant story, and readers are thus able to enjoy what is otherwise, to foreigners at least, an uncouth and impossible work: the "Oberhof" alone, divorced from the distorted novel of high life, making a goodly volume. The theme has given Vautier an opportunity of displaying all his fine powers of observation and knowledge of peasant life and nature, of which he has availed himself with dexterity and ingenuity.



IL RAMOSCELLO.

(After the Painting by D. G. Rossetti. In the Collection of the late W. Graham, Esq.)



REGINA CORDIUM.

(By Permission of J. H. Trist, Esq.)

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

A CERTAIN mystery hung always over the name and the work of Rossetti while he lived. To the world at large his performances alike in poetry and painting were for years known only from hearsay. At length, in 1870, he published a volume of verse which proved him to be truly a poet; but his pictures, with very few exceptions, still remained unknown except to the members of a small private circle. By the group of Rossetti's immediate friends and disciples these pictures, which the public never saw, were from the first regarded with an admiration language seemed inadequate to express. The work that long appealed so powerfully to a few was, since the artist's death, submitted for the first time to public criticism. A winter exhibition at the Royal

Academy, and another held more privately in the rooms at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in Savile Row, afforded to those who sought it an opportunity of estimating Rossetti's powers as a painter for themselves. What, we have now to ask, was the impression made, and what is the verdict to be recorded?

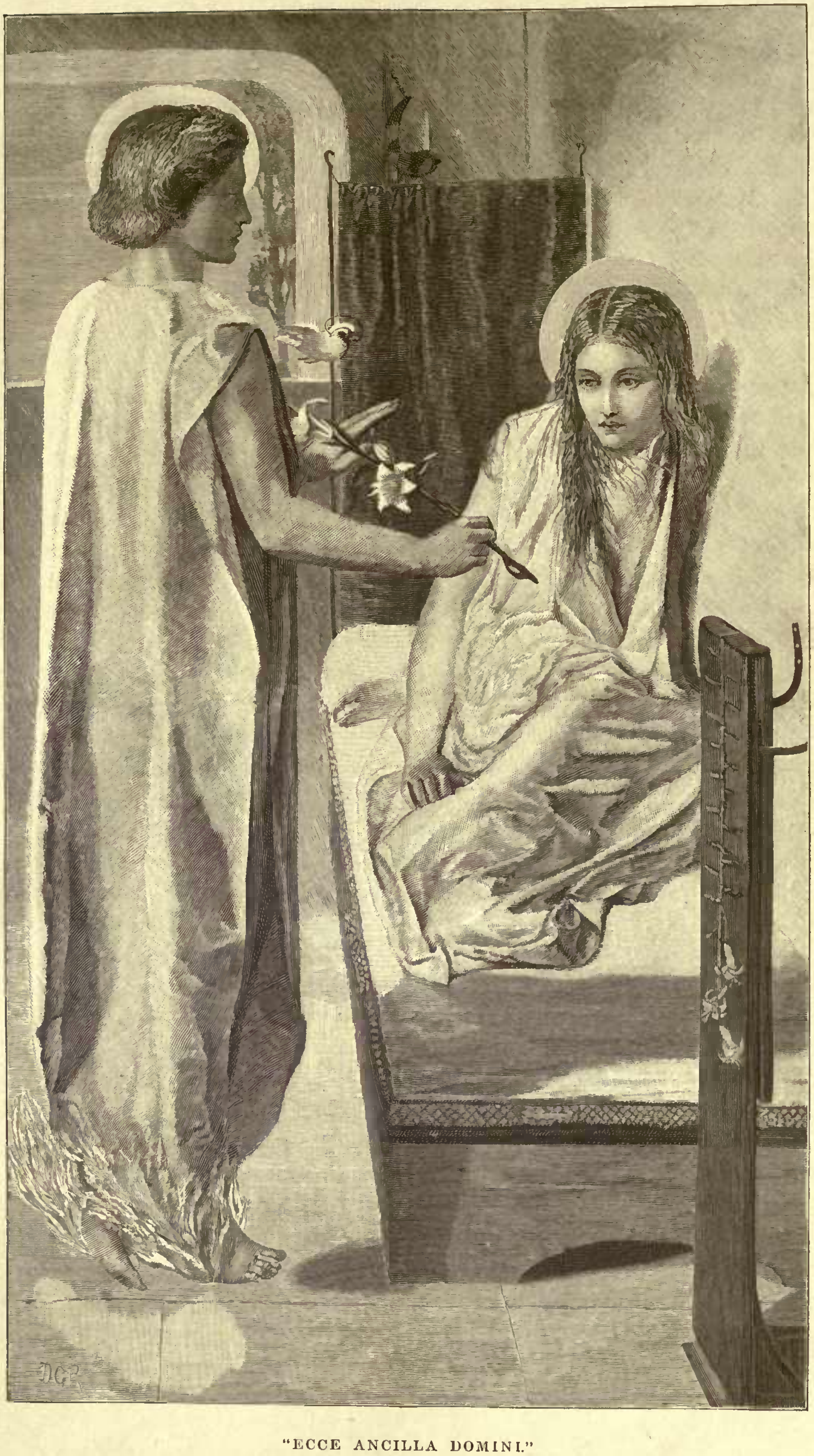
The court whose judgment has been invited is after all, from the nature of the case, a limited one. The great majority of persons have no eyes in art for anything which is not either a direct reflection of their every-day experience, or else a repetition of conventions with which habit has already made them familiar. To them the work of Rossetti can hardly appeal. His art is as remote from realism on the one hand, as it is from commonplace artistic fiction on the other; it is at once acutely original, and almost exclusively poetical and imaginative. Not that we would by any means be understood to imply that in order to be poetical and imaginative, art must necessarily deal, as that of Rossetti most commonly did, with far-fetched and visionary conceptions. The most substantial triumphs of poetry and imagination are doubtless their triumphs over flesh and blood; the strongest and most enduring art is that which finds its material in the normal operations of Nature and destiny, discovering and asserting elements of mystery and impressiveness, of tragic or heroic import, in the ordinary relations of human beings to the universe and to one another. To do this, to do it with convincing and commanding power, is, let us admit, the task of the great central artists of the world; but then of these how small has at any time been the number! and how difficult has at all times been their task! In the modern ages especially, how all but insuperable seems the difficulty which besets the artist, of reconciling the claims of beauty and interest in his work with the claims of reality and truth. So many elements of beauty and interest have been banished out of life, so many of comfortable dulness or comfortless turmoil have been substituted. The outward and collective aspects of our civilised existence tend daily to grow more monotonous and inexpressive—dim, colourless myriads swarming in smoky twilight through featureless wildernesses of stucco and brick, what in good truth is an artist to make of us? We speak especially of the pictorial artist; for the writer the case is not so hard, since the principal business of literature is the mind and heart, and civilisation cannot so tame and vulgarise men's inward and spiritual parts as it has proved itself able to tame and vulgarise his outside. Occasionally, indeed, there appears a painter having an eye for the dignity and beauty still latent in familiar things, one who can reveal an affinity between the commonest shows of life and the rarest—between the gestures to be observed every day in field or street and those immortalised in Parthenon sculptures and Vatican frescoes. Such painters, each occupied, in his tentative, imperfectly accomplished, English way, with the finer aspects and more poetical suggestions of the actual life round about him, were Mason and Walker among ourselves, such was a sterner and more masculine master in France, J. F. Millet. But for the soul athirst for pictorial colour and splendour and variety, satisfaction in the actual world truly is hard to find.

It is precisely this character of curiosity and strangeness, of beauty not found at hand but sought longingly and far, which constitutes the so-called romantic element in modern art. Now Rossetti was essentially a romantic: we have even heard him express a doubt whether familiar themes and surroundings, and everyday passions and affections, were capable in the modern world of yielding effective material to art at all. At any rate, his own instincts led him irresistibly to the choice of material of an opposite kind; and if his work differs from that of other romantic artists, it is chiefly in that he was more than they were to the manner born. In the midst of the Nineteenth Century he belonged by nature rather than by effort to the Middle Age, the age when the colours of life were most vivid and varied, and the sense of supernatural agencies most alive.

A mind teeming with coloured and mystical imagery, and a sustained high temperature or intense habit of the soul—these, then, were the gifts with which Rossetti grew up, and began before the close of boyhood to attempt both poetry and painting. The time was one more favourable in England to literature than to the sister arts. The great poets of the opening century had been acting upon the minds of two generations, and even of those most decried at the outset the virtues had by this time made themselves felt; while of the new generation the chief poet was Tennyson, in whose chiselled and jewelled verses themes alike classical, mystic, and modern, were embodied with equal accomplishment and grace. A poet beginning to write at such a time and in such an atmosphere was without excuse if his work lacked at any rate form and finish. Accordingly we find that the poetry of Rossetti was remarkable, first as last, for the qualities of technical expertness and resource.

With Rossetti as a painter the case is different. The years during which he grew to manhood were those when the state of English painting was at its worst. In landscape, the genius of the aged Turner had wasted itself in fantastic experiments, while the sane examples of the Norfolk school and of Constable, operative and fruitful as they had proved beyond the Channel, had found no following at home. In figure-painting there at the same time reigned almost exclusively a spirit either of lifeless academic convention or else of flimsy domestic and historical anecdote. In such a state of things a spirit like the young Rossetti felt as if he had nothing to learn from contemporary teaching. The schism which he headed among the students of his time was a movement, half indeed of serious and enthusiastic purpose, but half also of whimsical and contemptuous revolt against what he held to be the brainlessness and triviality of the time. The name "Pre-Raphaelite" was so far justified, in that, as the primitive painters of Italy and the Netherlands had been men of fervent soul seeking to recover the means of expression in a lost art, so also these young Englishmen had in them something which truly craved expression, and so, at least in their judgment, had the true aims and methods of painting been in their time once more as good as lost.

Great needs to be the courage of the artist who thus rebels against authority,



"ECCE ANCILLA DOMINI."

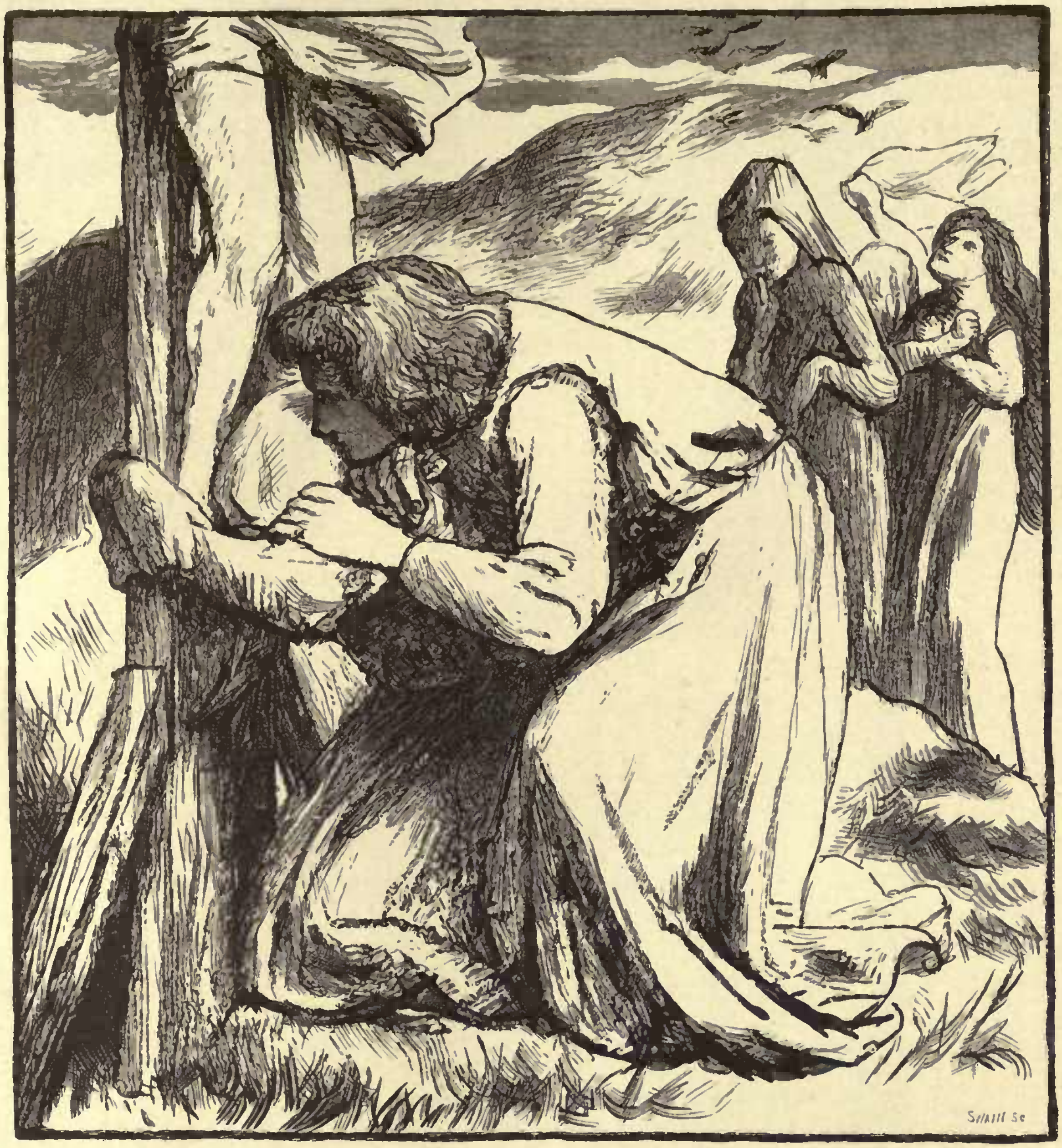
(In the National Gallery.)

and declines to profit by the teaching of his time. In the technical and material processes of art it is so easy, comparatively speaking, to reach mastery by mounting on the shoulders of others, so difficult to fight your way to it alone. Let the seceder possess what gifts and make what efforts he will, his work is certain to retain for long, if not for always, a character of crudeness and inexperience. When we look at the work of the early, the original Pre-Raphaelite schools of Europe, we are not put out by faults of proportion and perspective, because we know that the laws of proportion and perspective had not yet been discovered; but when we look at the work of a modern artist, and perceive these or kindred faults, we feel that he is not technically up to the standard of his time: that, in a word, he is in some degree not a master but an amateur. Now, taking the paintings of Rossetti all together, it is impossible to deny that they bear in some measure to the last this stamp of technical inexperience and amateurship. Some brilliant and original excellences, even of the technical kind, he indeed in the course of practice acquired; but they are rarely quite harmoniously balanced, or free from an admixture of failure in other directions. To some of Rossetti's contemporaries, his vivid realisation of mediæval life and legend, his glowing and rich vein of symbolism, whereby spiritual conceptions of a new and highly impassioned kind were invested with appropriate bodily form and colour, were things that spoke with a peculiar and thrilling power. In their eyes what mattered the artist's shortcomings, provided he was capable of thus stirring them to the deepest fibres of their souls? To others, in whom the same fibres are less awake, it must be expected that of such work as this the weaknesses, exaggerations, and self-repetitions, will alone or principally be perceptible.

Rossetti's artistic career as a painter may be most conveniently divided into three periods. The first period extends from the artist's boyhood to about his thirty-fourth year (1847—1862); the second from 1862 to 1870; the third from 1870 till his death. In the first period Rossetti's aim in art was almost entirely of the dramatic and narrative kind. The subject and inspiration are sometimes Christian and ascetic, sometimes literary and romantic; very often they are drawn directly from Dante, and only in one important instance from modern life. The scriptural and mystical vein seems predominant at the outset, and is best represented by two oil paintings, the "Girlhood of Mary Virgin" (1849) and the "Ecce Ancilla Domini" (1850), and one water-colour sketch, the "Annunciation" (1852). In these the sentiment is singularly pure and poignant, corresponding, as closely as painting can correspond with poetry, to that of the early lyric of the "Blessed Damozel." The two oil pictures, with their clear and fair keys of colour, and their careful precision of drawing (the intention insufficiently aided by knowledge), are as interesting an expression as can be found of the spirit of fervent and ascetic Christian piety which has inspired more than one group of painters in a century; as Cornelius and his companions in Germany, and afterwards Scheffer and Flandrin in France. The key changes as time goes on, and Rossetti's religious paintings towards the close of this same period became full of dramatic invention and flaming colour: witness the large and striking, by no means thoroughly accomplished, altar-piece from Llandaff Cathedral; the rich and subtle, though in truth over-elaborate, "Mary Magdalene at the Door of Simon the Pharisee;" or best of all, the admirable water-colour called "Bethlehem Gate," where in the darkness an aureoled dove precedes the flight of the Holy Family, one scarlet-winged angel peremptorily leading the mother by the wrist, while another closes the gate through which are seen the soldiers of Herod already at their work. Among our own illustrations is an example of this vein of Rossetti's work, in the shape of a rough and slight, but characteristic, drawing of Mary and John at the foot of the Cross; note the passionate feeling in the two chief figures, and the new thought in that of the disciple driving off a flight of crows or vultures in the background. Of Rossetti's romantic and literary predilections during this period, the evidence is contained, first, in the early designs in line or water-colour suggested by "Faust," by Coleridge's "Genevieve," by the story of Lucrezia Borgia, by that of some French marquise of the Brinvilliers type buying poison to murder her rival, and again by Mr. Browning's "Pippa Passes." Next, or almost contemporary with these, come the designs and water-colour pictures to the Arthurian cycle, in the production of which Rossetti was strongly influenced by the poetry of Tennyson, with others inspired by various legends of the Middle Age. Typical examples are the "Arthur's Tomb," the "Wedding of St. George," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," and the mystic and often repeated, "How They Met Themselves." Our illustration of "King René's Honeymoon" represents another theme several times repeated by the artist about the same time. Lastly, his master and poet of poets, Dante, inspired first of all the somewhat crude and boyish, though already ingenious and vivid, "Dante's Meeting with Beatrice," next the "Giotto Painting Dante's Portrait," the "Dante on the Anniversary of Beatrice's Death," and "Dante's Dream of the Death of Beatrice." These are all water-colours of the years 1850—1855, and are among the best and soundest, as well as the most thoughtful and deeply-felt work of the artist's life: the last is the same design which towards 1870 he worked out in oil, and on a heroic scale.

To this first period belongs also the beginning of Rossetti's single and exceptional, never-finished picture of modern life, called "Found."

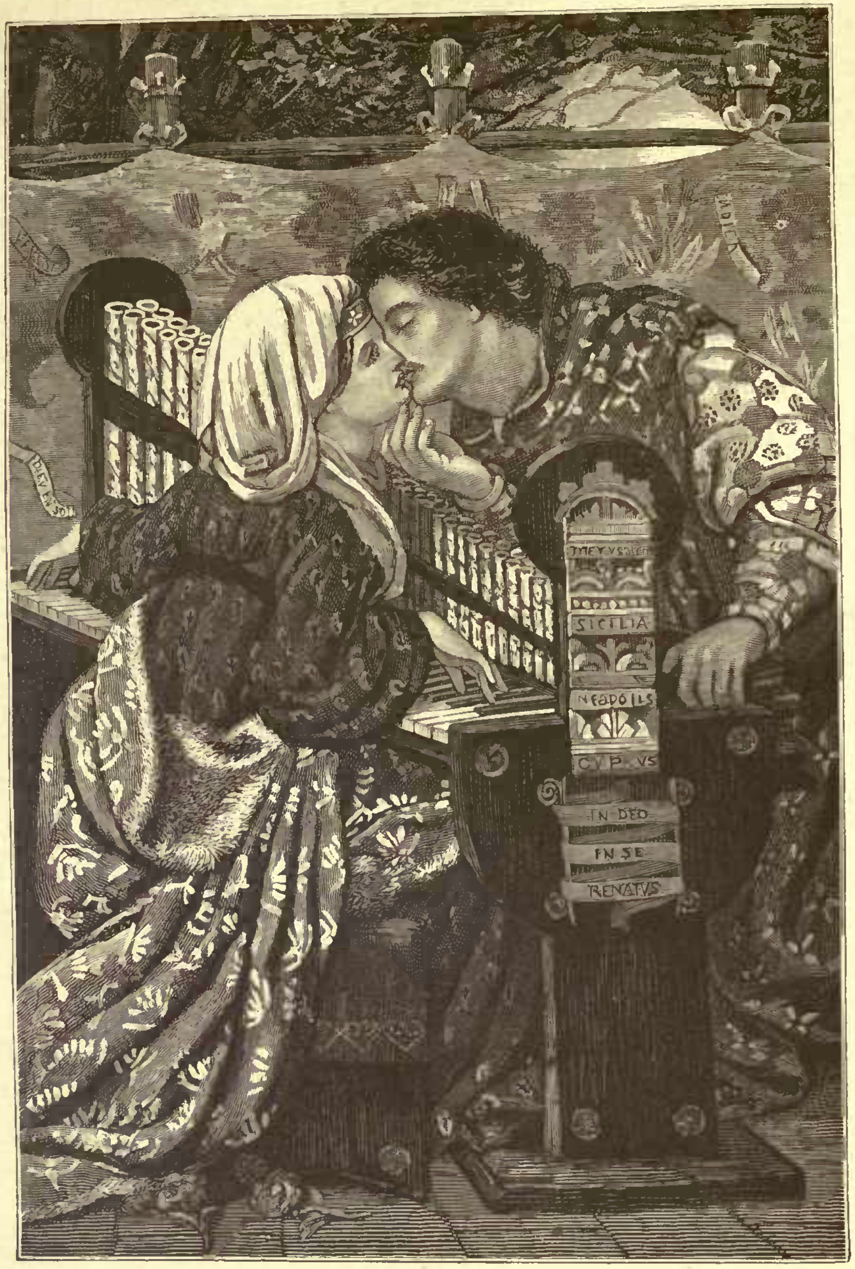
To sum up generally the characteristics of this period, the first are vividness and ingenuity of dramatic presentment, the idea so predominating over the matter that actions are allowed to appear as strained, and compositions as naïf, as they please, provided only the emotional and intellectual points are driven home. These are among the qualities whereby Rossetti's work is obviously and spontaneously allied to that of the Middle Age: others are his enjoyment of the quaint invention of costumes and furniture, and the weight of symbolical meaning which he makes every circumstantial detail and accessory bear. Others, again, are his neglect of the elements of chiaroscuro and atmosphere in painting, and his delight in and insistence on the element of colour. Many of the little pictures of this time flash and glow like jewels or the fragments of some gorgeous painted window. Sometimes this brilliancy and variegation of colour is carried to a point where harmony is left quite behind; in other instances, as in Mr. Boyce's beautiful version of the "Meeting of Dante and Beatrice in Purgatory," a water-colour of 1852, a scheme of extraordinary daring, as it were malachite and emerald, sapphire and turquoise and lapis-lazuli set side by side, is nevertheless so treated as to satisfy as well as



THE VIRGIN AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

(By Permission of A. Legros, Esq.)

amaze the colour-sense. Always interesting by their stamp of poetry and romance, and to those to whom they more especially appeal, thrilling by their poignancy of emotion, and originality and vividness of colour, these were the little pictures that had so powerful an effect on the minds of a few of Rossetti's contemporaries and juniors. Aided by his own magnetic personality and contagious fire of spirit, by his impulsive and generous temper, and his persuasive and authoritative power of speech, the work he did at this time made him, to every spirit susceptible of



KING RENÉ'S HONEYMOON.

(By Permission of J. H. Trist, Esq.)

imaginative and poetical influences with whom he came in contact, a focus of inspiration such as no other man has been in England in our time.

During the next period, from 1862 onwards, the dramatic and narrative aims which had hitherto predominated in Rossetti's painting gradually ceased to inspire it. A few, indeed, of his finest small water-colours in the old vein, with some added freedom of action and depth and variety of tone, still belong to this period: such are the "Hesterna Rosa," which in quality and expression curiously recalls the work of Delacroix, "The Merciless Lady," the "Fight for a Woman," and the "Return of Tibullus to Delia;" all four belonging to about 1865-67. But the characteristic products of the new time are single female heads and half-figures in oil. Such subjects Rossetti generally repeated in more than one different version or replica, and the more important of them he always carefully worked out first in the shape of a cartoon in coloured chalk. Occasionally the theme is still suggested by literature, as "Beata Beatrix," by Dante, and the "Bride," by the Song of Solomon; but more commonly it is of the artist's own invention. Rossetti's invention in this order of subjects is of two kinds. Either he simply takes some type of beauty that interests him, attires her in gorgeous and far-fetched ornaments, and strains all his powers to express as he feels it the mere sensuous charm of womanhood and rich array; or else he invests her with a halo of intellectual attributes and secondary meanings, making of herself a personification, and a symbol of everything that adorns her.

Central examples of the former class are "Monna Vanna" and the "Blue Bower," which mean nothing more than is apparent to the eye. A minor example, quiet in colour and comparatively simple in treatment, but of great beauty and delicacy, is the "Ramoscello," engraved here by the kind leave of its owner, Mr. William Graham. The name of the subject is taken from the spray of foliage the sitter holds in her hands. Of the other class of Rossetti's single figures, the symbolical and intellectual personifications, central examples are "Sibylla Palmifera" and "Venus Verticordia," the one personifying the mystery of beauty, the other the sweetness and the sting of love, and each so charged with meaning that fully to express it the painter-poet has had to employ both his arts, and to accompany his picture with a sonnet. A less important example, full of Rossetti's crudest faults of drawing, is the "Regina Cordium."

Beginning, after a few earlier essays like the "Bocca Baciata" (1859), with the first "Beata Beatrix" and the "Aurelia" (1863), the productions of this class and period include certainly all that is most technically accomplished, if not what is most strikingly interesting and suggestive, in Rossetti's work as a painter. He by degrees acquired breadth and ease and a real mastery in the design of these single female half-figures and heads. Certain qualities of oil-painting also he mastered with entire success. Depth of tone and chiaroscuro he as yet did not seek, but he attacked and vanquished the most daring problems of colour in equal and diffused light. For the combination of keen and flashing intensity with mystery and delightfulness of quality his painting of tissues and jewels and flowers at this period stands, it is no extravagance to say, alone in art.

In flesh-painting Rossetti's manner is less assured, but in those faces which he has not afterwards spoiled by retouching, he obtained a fine quality of bloom and charm, with much delicacy of modelling and shadow; the "Blue Bower," in spite of the unattractive facial type, is nevertheless, from its pure and un-retouched condition, the best example. The gloss and mystery of hair, also, Rossetti could render with admirable cunning, but what he most cared for in the face was the expression of soul, and accordingly it is on the organs of the soul, the eyes and mouth, that his chief efforts are concentrated. In the setting and colouring and expression of the feminine eye he in truth exhibits an extraordinary mastery. From the pale grey unshadowed ones that seem to swim in the head of the "Beloved," to the sombre orbs and "tenderest regretful gaze" of the "Proserpina," eyes so beautifully drawn and painted, and of such impassioned and such various appeal, are scarcely to be found in the whole range of painting. But with mouths Rossetti was much less successful. A few there are, in the pictures of this time, beautifully drawn and delicately modelled indeed; but before long he begins to let his ideals run away with him.

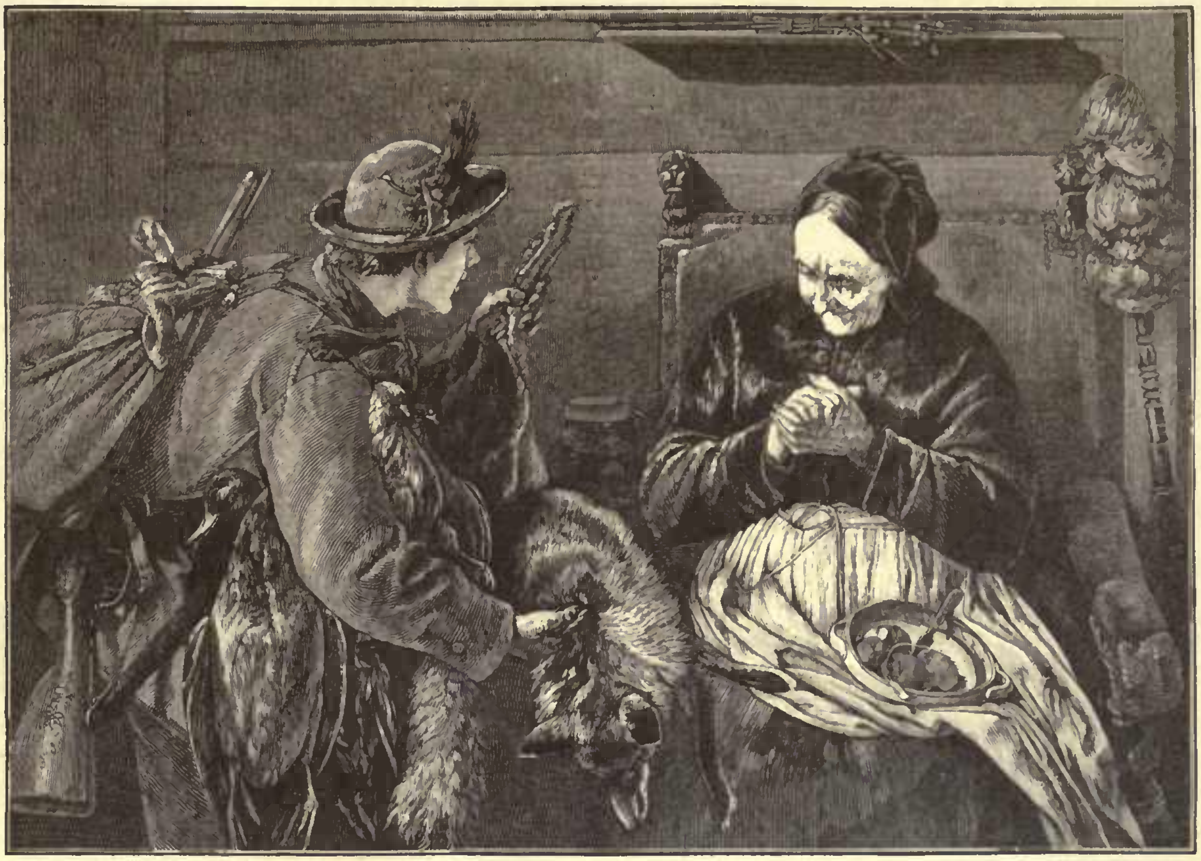
The great change happens about 1870, after the completion of the gorgeous "Mariana" and of the great "Dante's Dream." Many of Rossetti's admirers are accustomed to write of the works produced after this date—the "Veronica Veronese," the "Ghirlandata," the "Vision of Fiammetta"—in language of superlative and unmeasured praise, as though they were at least equal to the best of similar creations of the preceding years. To us it seems, on the contrary, that they exhibit for the most part a manifest falling-off in artistic sanity and self-control. They are always, indeed, the work of a poet, of a man who perceives through a medium of strong imaginative emotion, and who has striven, in these visionary shapes, to express a profound and fervent sense of the power of beauty and sex, and of the awe and mystery of life. There is always a fine intention to be discerned in them: in the conception, an abundant wealth of ideas of that involved, symbolical kind which lends itself equally to verbal and pictorial expression, and cannot be got perfectly intelligible in either: in the realisation, a striving after sweep and grandeur of design, with impressiveness of type and splendour and suggestiveness of detail. But the artist has become the slave of his own predilections. He has found a particular cast of beauty, with lips at once full and pining, and eyes overshadowed by a great thunder-cloud of hair—he has found this, and the length of throat, the litheness of limb and sinuousness of pose that go with it, so consonant to his imaginative mood, that he repeats them again and again, sometimes with a mechanical insistence and exaggeration, especially in the drawing and colouring of the mouth, that almost degenerate into caricature. Technically he aims more and more at depth of tone, and at the same time his sense of colour becomes sicklied.

Unfortunately during these latter years the desire came upon Rossetti to retouch, and as he thought improve, many of his earlier pictures. Most of those so treated have suffered cruelly in consequence; witness, especially, the almost ruined "Lilith" exhibited in the Burlington Club. Again, what a decay of the colour-sense is shown in the unwholesome pink stars and haloes, the dusky hotness and livid shadows of the "Blessed Damozel"! what a change, in the whole cast and temper of the imagination, from the mood in which the poem itself had been written thirty years before! In this new series of mystic and symbolic, or merely sumptuous and fanciful, female incarnations painted in the last twelve years of Rossetti's life, there seems indeed to be only one, and that is the "Proserpina," fit to be chosen as a thoroughly adequate and worthy example of his powers. We speak of the best of the several versions of the theme—that belonging to Mr. W. A. Turner—which is indeed as impressive and finely wrought a piece of poetical art as modern painting has to show.

Jos. Flüggen

JOSEPH FLÜGGEN.

JOSEPH FLÜGGEN received his first lessons in art in his father's studio. Gisbert Flüggen, a native of Cologne, following the irresistible attraction towards the German art-metropolis, took up his abode in Munich in 1836. He was, and is, esteemed as a *genre* painter, both at home and abroad, and some of his best work is to be found in private collections in England and Russia. On the 3rd of April, 1842, his son Joseph was born. A striking portraiture of the maid-servant, produced by Joseph at ten years old, induced Gisbert Flüggen to take the boy in hand and make a painter of him. No sooner had he left school than he became a student in his father's *atelier*. There his chief work was drawing *Studienköpfe*, or studies of heads, from which it would appear that Gisbert Flüggen preferred study from the life to drawing from the antique. The rapid progress which he made under his father's teaching, and his early development of independent tendencies in art, induced old Gisbert to place him in the Academy in Munich, where he worked under the well-known artists Schlotauer and Auschütz, and, later on, under Piloty. Wilhelm von Kaulbach also encouraged him with sympathy and advice, and proved himself in after-years the most ready and helpful of counsellors.



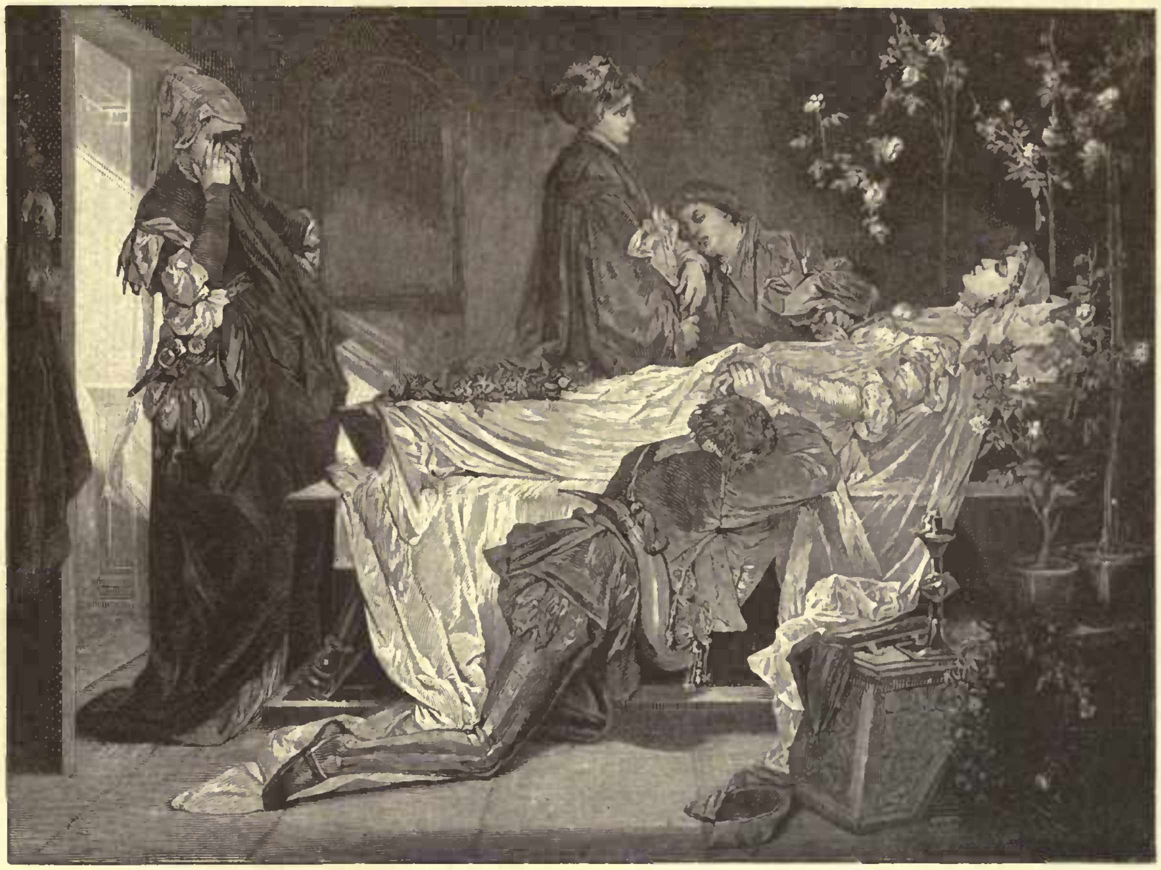
HIS FIRST FOX.

Flüggen inherits from his father a taste for antiquarian objects, and has, by diligent study of the art-treasures which are contained in Munich, attained to eminent distinction for his knowledge and understanding of art-ornament and his skill in its application. Few, perhaps, are better versed than he in the architecture, ornament, and costume of the past, particularly in those of the Middle Ages. Among those best qualified to judge—and especially among his fellow-artists—he enjoys great renown as an æsthetic archæologist. In the famous Munich *Künstlerfeste* he is one of the most earnest and energetic helpers. One of the triumphs of the *Hoftheaterfeste* of 1887 was a waggon of the time of Holbein, for the Weavers' Guild, designed and built by him. As with art-ornament, so with costume. He has a systematic knowledge of the various epochs of history; and, his artist's taste and enthusiasm aiding, he has got together a complete, appropriate, and characteristic collection of costumes, most of which he, with his own hand, has designed, cut out, and arranged from ancient pictures and drawings. His enthusiasm in this direction is really boundless. Upon the day of the *Künstlerfeste* he will be seen pale and broken and exhausted with long tailoring, and with the passionate vigils he has wasted on the composition and invention of costumes for the occasion — costumes whose picturesque quaintness and historical accuracy have enhanced not a little the beauty and the fame of these artistic gatherings.

Gisbert Flüggen died when his son was but sixteen years old. But he was young, strong, self-confident, and not afraid of the future; he was poor, but he could earn a kind of living; he was at work under Piloty, and he had time and opportunity for study; so that he was luckier than many others have been, and had no reason to complain of his destiny. Munkacsy, for instance, was not nearly so fortunate. He asked help of Piloty, but Piloty would none of him, and he had to go and learn elsewhere to be the famous craftsman he is. It must be added that Flüggen did his best to do honour to his chance, and took his place in the school beside Liezenmayer, Defregger, Max, and Makart. With Makart's call to Vienna the fellowship became to some extent dissolved; but the example remained, and Munich remained an educational centre for many a long day yet.

Flüggen is next found journeying in company of his friend, the artist Adolf Oppel, through France, England, Italy, and the Netherlands. The young men made excellent use of their time and its opportunities. Nothing that could contribute to their information and instruction, or further their acquaintance with the universal art-language, was left unvisited. England, in which the Past and the Present join hands in so striking a manner, was the country that pleased them best. They prefer London to Paris even now; it is not known if they go so far as to cherish Mulready and Maclise before Millet and Delacroix. Italy they saw as artists always see her. One of Flüggen's impressions of her beauty survives in a charming picture of his, the "Calma di Mare" on the Gulf of Genoa. The tour completed, and all the treasures arranged and stored, Flüggen settled down to work in his own studio in Munich. He left no variety of sentiment or subject untried. One of his earliest pictures, touched with the influence of Piloty, but with individual promise in it too, is "The Widow;" it represents an episode in the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. A "Milton Dictating to his Daughter" was bought, unfinished, off the easel. Almost contemporary with the "Milton" is a "Frederick with the Bitten Cheek," which takes one back to the Wartburg and St. Elizabeth.

A famous popular tradition was next laid hold of by Flüggen; and it was thus that Uhland's creation, "The Widow's Daughter," took on a visible form. The beautiful corpse, the broken-hearted mother, the sorrow of the youths, and the passionate anguish of the one who says, "Ich werde Dich lieben in Ewigkeit," are depicted with a great deal of feeling and a great deal of accomplishment. Equally lyrical in spirit are "Family Joys," "Happiness in the Palace," "Homewards," and the "Love Scene." They vary in costume and accessories, and in scene and time; but in sentiment and intention they are alike. The first was bought by Mr. Wallys, of London; "Happiness in the Palace" found its way into many a home through the medium of a steel engraving by Jacoby, of Berlin; and the possessor of "The Widow's Daughter," Baron Leitenberger, added the two last to his collection. An historical picture, well grouped and arranged, brilliantly coloured, and genial in sentiment, is "Regina Imhof, Bride of George Fugger, Receiving the Wedding Presents." Flüggen, too, has dealt not a whit less ably with the themes he has selected from the works of a modern German writer, Scheffel; as witness the "Audifax and Hadamuth" and the "Frau Hadwig and the Friar." Mention may also be made ot "The Goldsmith's Daughter," from another ballad of Uhland's, the Madonna-like "Mutterglück," a mother with her child, full of tender feeling and delicate drawing and colour. A picture which stands in the foremost rank among the historical work of the modern German school—for the simplicity of the conception, the severe correctness of the costumes and the architecture, and the happy combination



THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.

of boldness with finish—is the "Baptism of the Emperor Charles I." Mediæval romance, which has found a most popular exponent in Richard Wagner, exercised, as we know, a charm on Flüggen from the first. It is not, therefore, surprising that he should have selected Wagner's work for illustration, and have done his best to co-operate with the ambitious and successful musician in the work of achieving an artistic expression—new, original, and very modern—of that legendary Teutonism which, at Munich and in æsthetic London, is so much the fashion. He has painted four scenes from the "Meistersinger," four from the "Tannhäuser," one from the "Fliegende Holländer," and one from the "Walküren." Quite in another direction is a fresh and spirited picture, the subject of our illustration—of a modern sportsman displaying to his admiring mother his first booty from the field. Flüggen, who is a passionate sportsman, probably painted this work as lovingly as he achieved the artistic arrangement of the procession of the national German *Bundeschiessen* in Munich, which resulted in effects worthy of Makart. It is pleasant to note that, notwithstanding all this hard and ambitious work, he has found time to win name and fame as a portrait-painter. Among his most successful presentments are those of Frau Wagmüller and the Wirtemberg Minister Von Varmbüler, and the full-lengths of the late King of Bavaria and his grandsire, Ludwig I., who devoted so much pottering dilettantism to the transformation of Teutonic Munich into a sham Renascence city.

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